## H. G. Wells looks at The New Deal

May 18, 1935

# Collier's

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## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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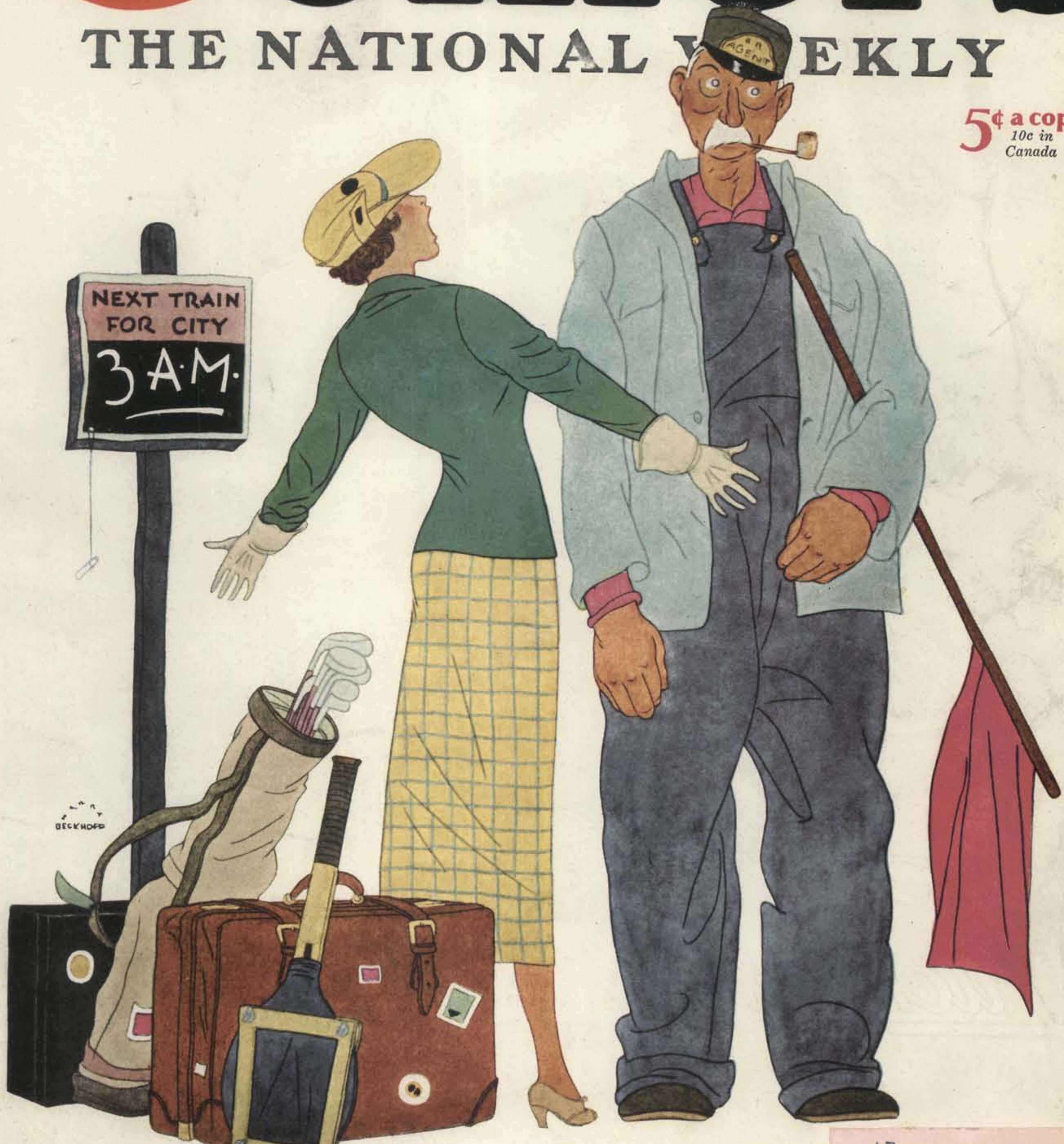
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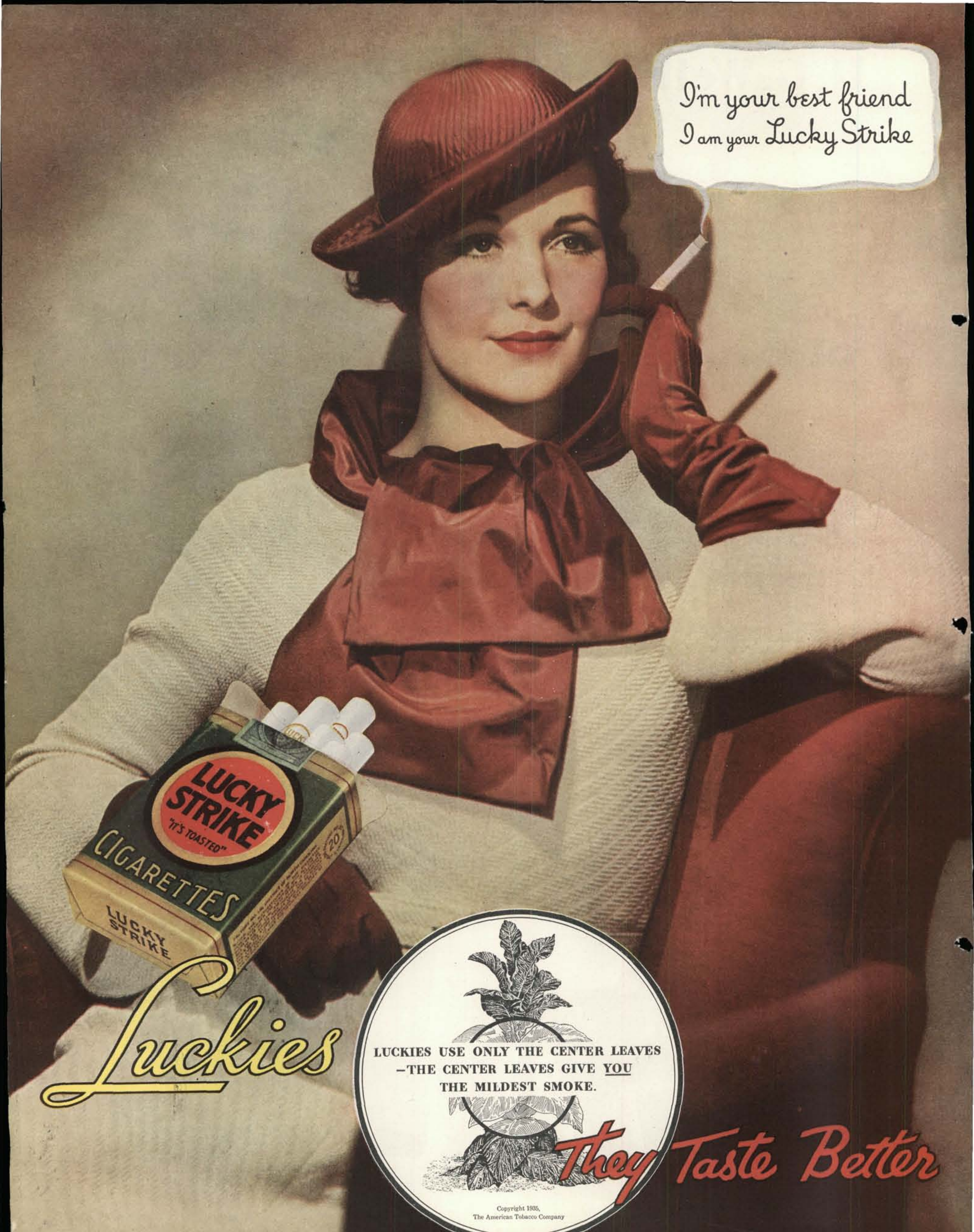
May 18, 1935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# AN ARTIST—
## with a taste for the FINER THINGS

***Bernard Boutet de Monvel* classes Listerine Tooth Paste among his Luxuries—*yet it costs but 25 cents***

Certainly no mere matter of price would influence the judgment of a man accustomed to the luxuries of living in the social capitals of the world. Why then should M. de Monvel prefer Listerine Tooth Paste? The answer is simple: RESULTS—definite and long-lasting.

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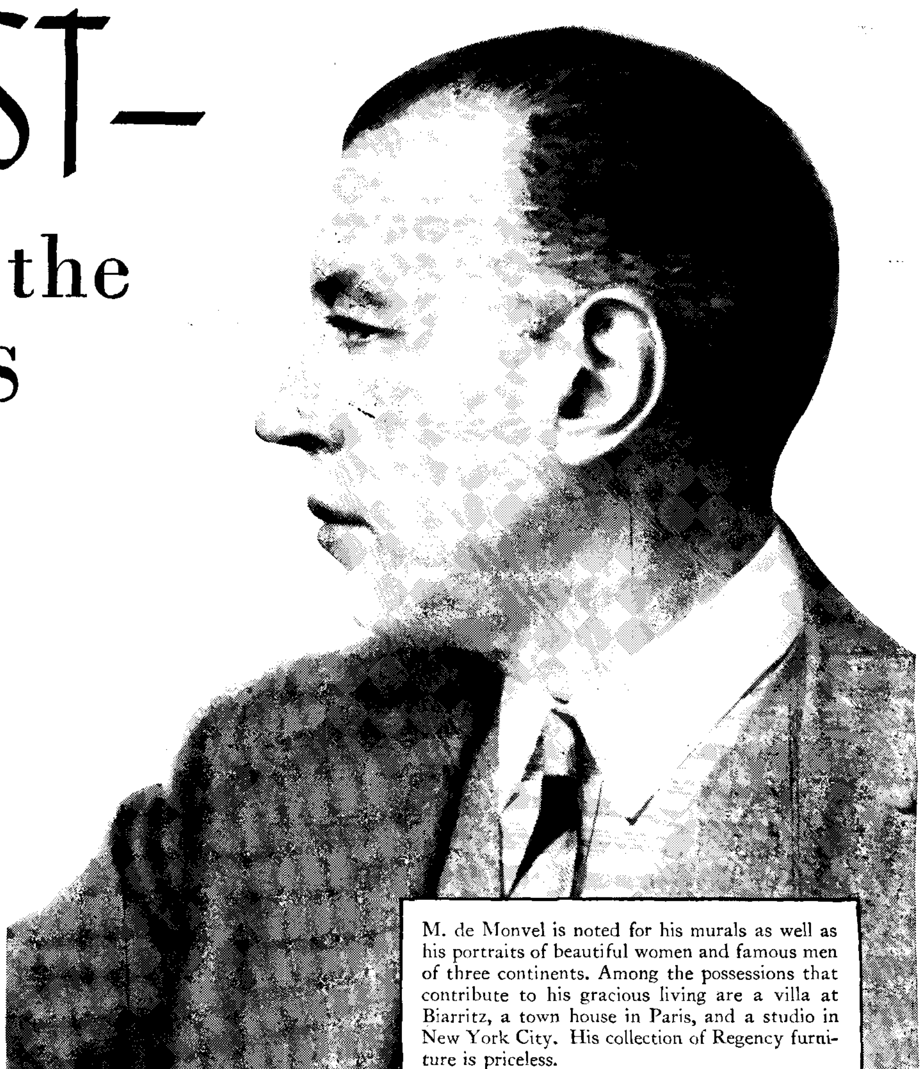
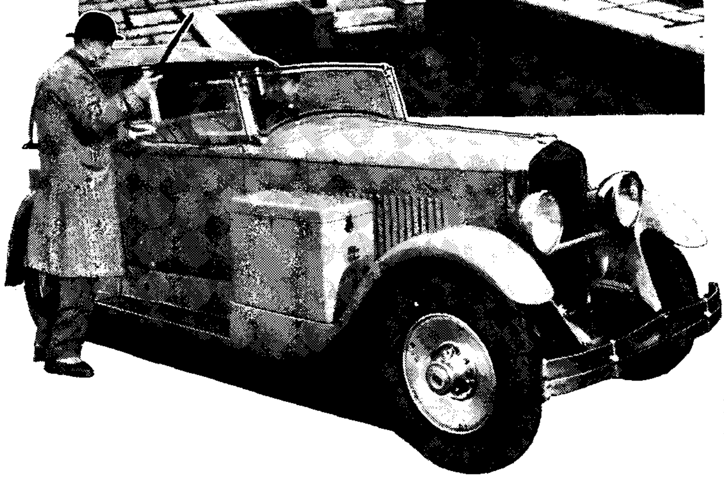


M. de Monvel is noted for his murals as well as his portraits of beautiful women and famous men of three continents. Among the possessions that contribute to his gracious living are a villa at Biarritz, a town house in Paris, and a studio in New York City. His collection of Regency furniture is priceless.

(*below*) The *petit jardin* of the Paris home, noted for its beautiful modern furnishings and its collection of *objets d'art*.

Some of the exquisite Empire pieces in the artist's exceptional collection of antiques. Note the rare Biedermeier piano with its commanding height and delicate decorations.

A corner of the studio in the New York house where much of M. de Monvel's work is done. In this studio many of the murals which won him fame were completed. One of the artist's sketches can be seen on the easel at the right.



Passers-by on Park Ave. in New York City seldom fail to turn for a glance at M. de Monvel's unusual town car designed by him, and built especially to his specifications.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## Next Week

WHEN a girl is being blackmailed by the owner of an opium den, she could hardly do better than appeal to James Lee Wong, our accomplished Chinese-American detective. That, at any rate, is our impression after reading "Ray of Light," the story of his latest achievement, by Hugh Wiley.

In addition to an exhaustive knowledge of science, Mr. Wong possesses an intimate acquaintance with Chinatown. Behind him stands the Department of Justice. And so Western science, Oriental subtlety and Uncle Sam all conspire very happily to extricate the young woman from embarrassment.

"I CAME to America against headwinds in early March, and I arrived amidst a tornado of angry voices." In fact, Mr. H. G. Wells was just in time to hear Father Coughlin and Huey Long at their fiery loudest. He calls his second article "Raucous Voices and the Inexplicit Men." In it he gives you a thoughtful analysis of the importance of these demagogues as phenomena in "The New America."

JIM BLANDING was a "Trust Company Child." To make it worse, it was a Boston company. It brought up Jim and his five millions with perfect propriety. If it didn't actually propose to Julia Maurice for him, at least it smiled approval on the engagement. Jim's whole life might have been like that if it hadn't been for Connie Rand, who was from the West and favored direct action. Bernard DeVoto describes her soul-saving methods.

WHEN Germany dropped her pretense of being unarmed, no one was very much surprised to learn that she had a powerful air force. But it is not generally known that there are in Europe today three times as many fighting planes as at the close of the war. How do our own forces measure up? W. B. Courtney answers that question in "War Birds Are Flying," an important article about the aerial armaments of the world.

A WOMAN aboard a sailing ship spells bad luck. Maybe Frankie Verner didn't know that when she stowed away aboard the Skaal. Maybe she didn't care. At all events, she was "In the Enemy's Hands." Koni Fine writes the story, a romance of Barnegat Bay.

JAMES WARNER BELLAH and Sax Rohmer carry on with the serials. And George Creel, Quentin Reynolds, George Milburn, Burnham Carter, Freling Foster and Aimee Larkin do the rest.

## This Week

●

May 18, 1935

*Cover by Harry Beckhoff*

**H. G. WELLS**
*The New America, Part I.* The author of "The Outline of History" watches it being made in this country. Page 7

**LUCIAN CARY**
*The Beautiful Lilli.* Wedding madness, just for a starter. Page 10

**SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL**
*The Junk with One Eye.* Boarded by pirates. Page 12

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
*Trial Marriage,* by George F. Worts. Page 14

**QUENTIN REYNOLDS**
*Putt and Take.* Smooth work on the green. Page 15

**RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET**
*The Silent Act.* He was so strong he was practically helpless. Page 16

**FRANK CONDON**
*Choice Locations.* Director Van Dyke, at home in the ends of the earth. Page 18

**JAMES WARNER BELLAH**
*The Brass Gong Tree, Part IV.* Romance, toying with life and death. Page 19

**SAX ROHMER**
*The Bat Flies Low, Part VIII.* Sanctuary in the Sahara. Page 20

**ROLAND PERTWEE**
*Second Young Love.* And very upsetting, too. Page 22

**GEORGE CREEL**
*Bonus Bill Patman.* The irrepressible Texan. Page 25

**SHEPARD BARCLAY**
*What, No Trumps?* And no aces up the sleeve. Page 26

**ARTHUR TUCKERMAN**
*First Flight.* Memory of love. Page 28

**FRELING FOSTER**
*Keep Up with the World.* Winnowings from time and space. Page 65

**EDITORIAL**
*Relief from Relief.* Page 74

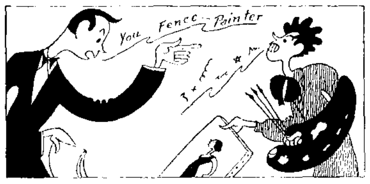
●

## Any Week

"WHAT would happen," asks Mr. M. J. Fogarty of Walla Walla, Washington, "if your wife gave birth to five babies on the same evening and Mr. Roosevelt decided to adopt them as King George has the Dionne infants? Just a hypothetical question, you understand. But how would you feel?"

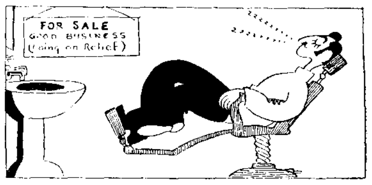
WELL, even before Mr. Roosevelt got the news we'd probably feel something like we did when we got a letter from Gouverneur Morris. "You have done me very proud," wrote Mr. Morris, "on the cover of your April 6th issue and I am very happy and grateful about it. And I hope my story, 'Bottle Post,' is as good as you say it was. The illustrations illuminate the text and I am writing the artist, Mario Cooper, to tell him so."

THAT letter all but floored us. The usual procedure is to be told by the author that his work was absolutely ruined by the fence-painter we hired to illustrate him. Or the artist rings us up to say that we'll never know how good he is until we give him something decent to work on. After all these years of it, we understand precisely what Mrs. Corinne B. Lampley of Los Angeles, California, means in her letter telling us (for some reason) why she resigned from school-teaching. "Nobody," says she, "loves children more than I, but there are times, my dear editor, when the little darlings do become a teeny-weeny bit trying."



WE HASTEN to give three hysterical cheers for a whole town. It's name is McNary and you'll find it in Arizona. Mr. D. T. Benchoff of McNary provides us with the reason for all the enthusiasm. McNary has a population of 2,300 people. "With the exception of $225 from the RFC," boasts Mr. Benchoff, "McNary has had no relief in any form—federal, state or county. There is not a single person in McNary drawing an old-age pension. NcNary pays more sales and luxury taxes than any place in Apache County. We receive none of this tax back as relief. We receive none of the gasoline tax, no money for roads, no transient relief. We pay more road, school and poll tax than any other town in the county. Is there any other town in the country with this record?"

WHILE sitting in the Court House at Phoenix, Arizona, waiting for Superior Court to convene, Mr. Will McClure was dividing his time between reading the morning paper and pondering the subject of honest jurors. Suddenly among the advertisements Mr. McClure found his reward. For there was a notice from Mr. E. B. Bridgewater, his barber, reading: "For Sale, Barber Shop, Good Business. Reason for Selling: Going on Relief."



AND Mr. Herbert H. Glaser of Brooklyn, New York, thinks we should haul off more and sock harder. "What I mean is," says Mr. Glaser, "you shouldn't dislike a man; you should hate his guts and call him a so and so. And vice versa: 'Mr. X is the cream of humanity, a veritable pillar in the house of aces,' not just a nice fellow."

WE GET around quite a lot but we can't compete with Mr. William F. Sjorn of—of—well, practically everywhere. Mr. Sjorn lost his job two years ago and decided, he says, "to get as much out of idleness as possible." He set out "without maps, money or plan and have seen South America, Australia, South Africa, Madagascar and China, not to mention many other places. I got back to the U. S. A. two months ago, got a job (twelve bucks a week) the next day and been working ever since. Gained twenty-two pounds and not an ounce of it came out of a breadline."

HERE is a Mr. John Smith of Lincoln, Nebraska, who arraigns us hotly at great length. Unfortunately Mr. Smith was so incensed that he forgot to name our crime, leaving us entirely in the dark. But the point is that he regrets we "are not forbidden the use of the mails. As I can't arrange that," he concludes, "I do what I can by forbidding you to send your vile magazine through my personal mail."

"AM I to gather from George Creel's 'The Vanishing Brain Trust' that there is no more thinking permitted in Washington?" asks Miss Gertrude Mannem of St. Louis, Missouri.

IT DEPENDS on what you think.

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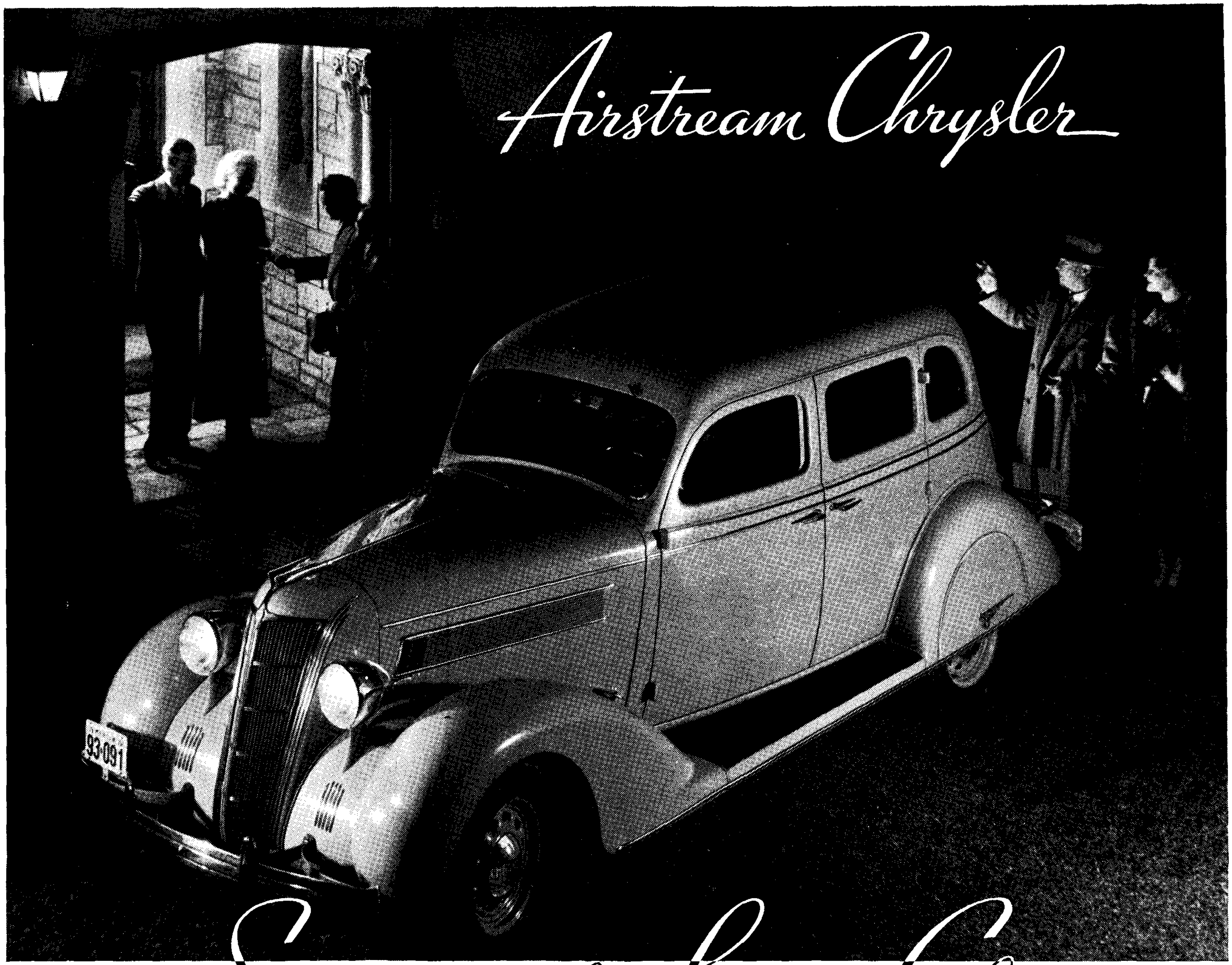

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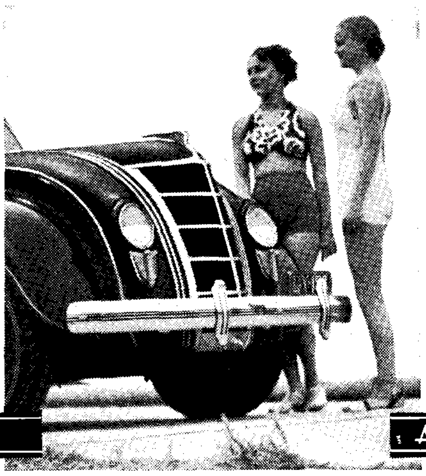

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|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | **CLASSIC AND SEMI-CLASSIC MUSIC** | |
| Sundays | NBC | 12:30 PM | Radio City Music Hall Symphony Concert—Erno Rapee (1) conducting and soloists | NBC |
| Sundays | CBS | 9:00 PM | Ford Symphony Orchestra and soloists—Victor Kolar (2) conducting | Ford Motor Cars |
| Mondays | NBC | 9:30 PM | Music at the Haydn's—Music; Comedy, with Otto Harbach (3) | Colgate Dental Cream |
| Wednesdays | NBC | 2:00 PM | Library of Congress Chamber Music Series | Coolidge Found. |
| Wednesdays | CBS | 4:15 PM | Curtis Institute of Music—Students—Artists Recitals | CBS |
| Saturdays | CBS | 11:00 AM | Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Orchestra, von Kreisler (4) conducting | CBS |
| | | | **NEWS & EDUCATION** | |
| Daily except Sat. & Sun. | CBS | 7:45 PM | Boake Carter (5) News Commentator | Philco Radio |
| Daily except Sat. & Sun. | NBC | 6:45 PM | Lowell Thomas | Blue Sunoco |
| Fridays | NBC | 2:00 PM | Magic of Speech, Vida R. Sutton—Series fostering better use of English | NBC |
| Saturdays | CBS | 6:00 PM | Frederic William Wile, "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight" | CBS |
| | | | **VARIETY** | |
| Sundays | NBC | 10:00 PM | Gibson Family, Loretta Clemens (6) Home Life—Sketches with Music | Ivory Soap |
| Tuesdays | CBS | 9:00 PM | Bing Crosby | Woodbury Soap |
| Thursdays | CBS | 9:30 PM | Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, Rosemary Lane (7) | Ford Dealers |
| Fridays | NBC | 10:30 PM | The Pause that Refreshes—Frank Black (8) directing orchestra and chorus | Coca-Cola |
| | | | **WOMEN'S INTERESTS** | |
| Tues. & Thurs. | CBS | 11:30 AM | Mary Lee Taylor (9) | Pet Milk |
| Wed. & Fri. | CBS | 11:00 AM | Mary Ellis Ames, "Cooking Closeups" | Pillsbury Flour |
| Thursdays | CBS | 10:45 AM | "Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen" | CBS |

**FOREIGN NEWS**

| DAY | STATION | TIME* | LANGUAGE | MEGACYCLES |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daily | London, England GSB | 5:00 PM | English | 9.51 |
| Daily | Madrid, Spain EAQ | 6:15 PM | English | 9.87 |
| Daily | Paris, France FYA | 8:00 PM | English | 11.72 |
| Daily | Berlin, Germany DJC | 9:15 PM | English | 6.02 |

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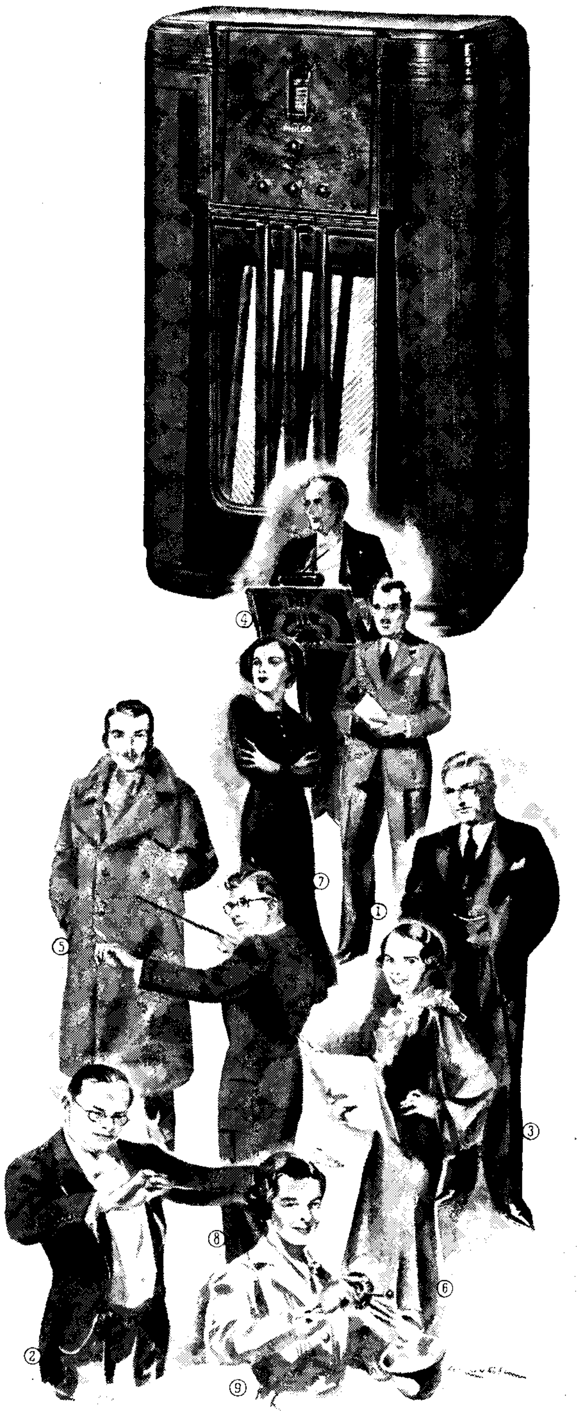

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Collier's The National Weekly for May 18, 1935

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

H. G. Wells

*Collier's asked H. G. Wells, world historian, foremost political philosopher, to visit the United States and write an impartial appraisal of the New Deal. He set aside his work and came at once. As the Roosevelt Administration entered its third year Mr. Wells was here, talking with the President and the heads of government agencies, listening to Huey Long and other critics less vocal, examining our far-flung recovery operations.*

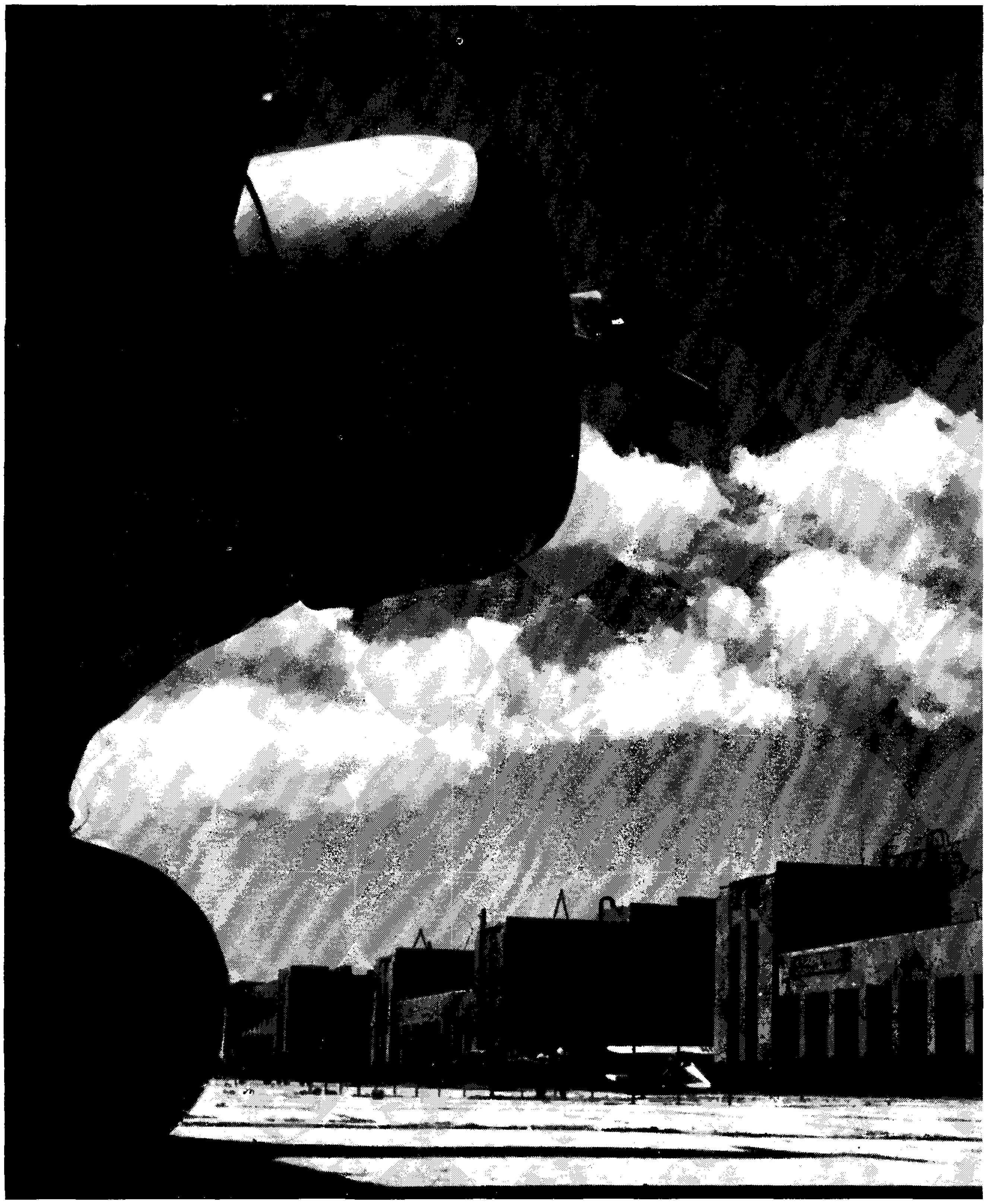
*This is the first of four articles in which this world-famous observer and thinker records his impressions of*

# The New America

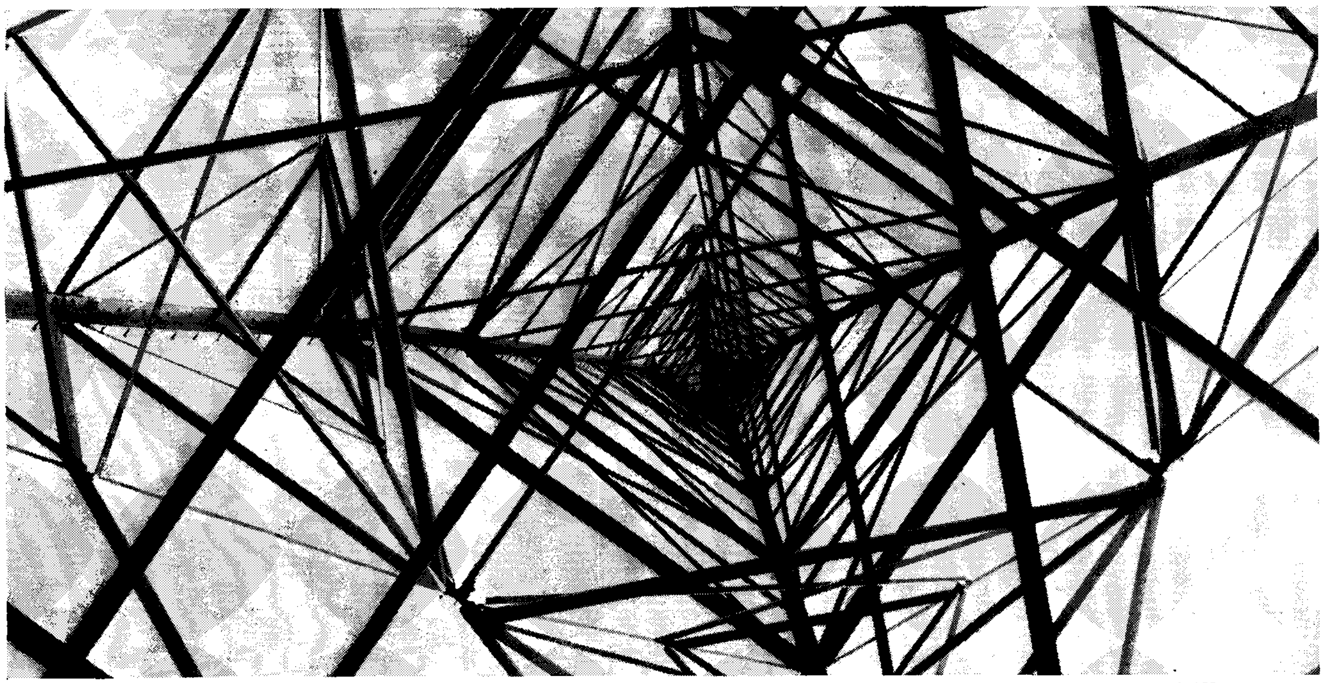
THE cardinal fact in human history during the past thirty centuries has been the irregularly accelerated change in the scope, pace and precision of communications. Everything else is subordinated to that. It is the primary form of any rationally conceived outline of history.

About this cardinal fact all the other broad realities group themselves as a system of fluctuating adjustments. It has determined the expansion and collapse of states and empires, the position and growth of cities, the diastole and systole of population and the character of man's outlook upon the universe. Even climatic change takes a role secondary to this main theme in the human story. Wars, conquests, pestilences are incidents in its unfolding. The realization of this cardinal biological truth is now gradually but steadily replacing the erudite balderdash of the literary historian, with his fantasies of the "births" and "deaths" of civilizations based upon a childish analogy between the individual life and social processes, and with his pretentious muddlements about artistic golden ages and "cultural" culminations and such like imaginary values. There has been and there is only one human civilization and it has manifestly been spreading and varying and wandering and drawing itself together again into larger and fewer units of law and organization since the beginning of the human story.

In the past century the rate of this



NESMITH



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

**"Communication has become so swift, far-reaching, universal and intimate that a community of destiny is inexorably dictated to mankind, either the unity of a common purpose or the unity of a common debacle"**

change of scale has become relatively terrific. Even the literary historian may presently be expected to realize as much and set himself so to fudge his windy dissertations about the "spirit of the west" and the "soul of the east" and the "decadence" and "renascence" of nations and similar nonsense, so as to justify a belated claim to have understood it all along. Communication has become so swift, far-reaching, universal and intimate that a community of destiny is dictated inexorably to mankind, either the unity of a common purpose or the unity of a common debacle and biological frustration and degeneration.

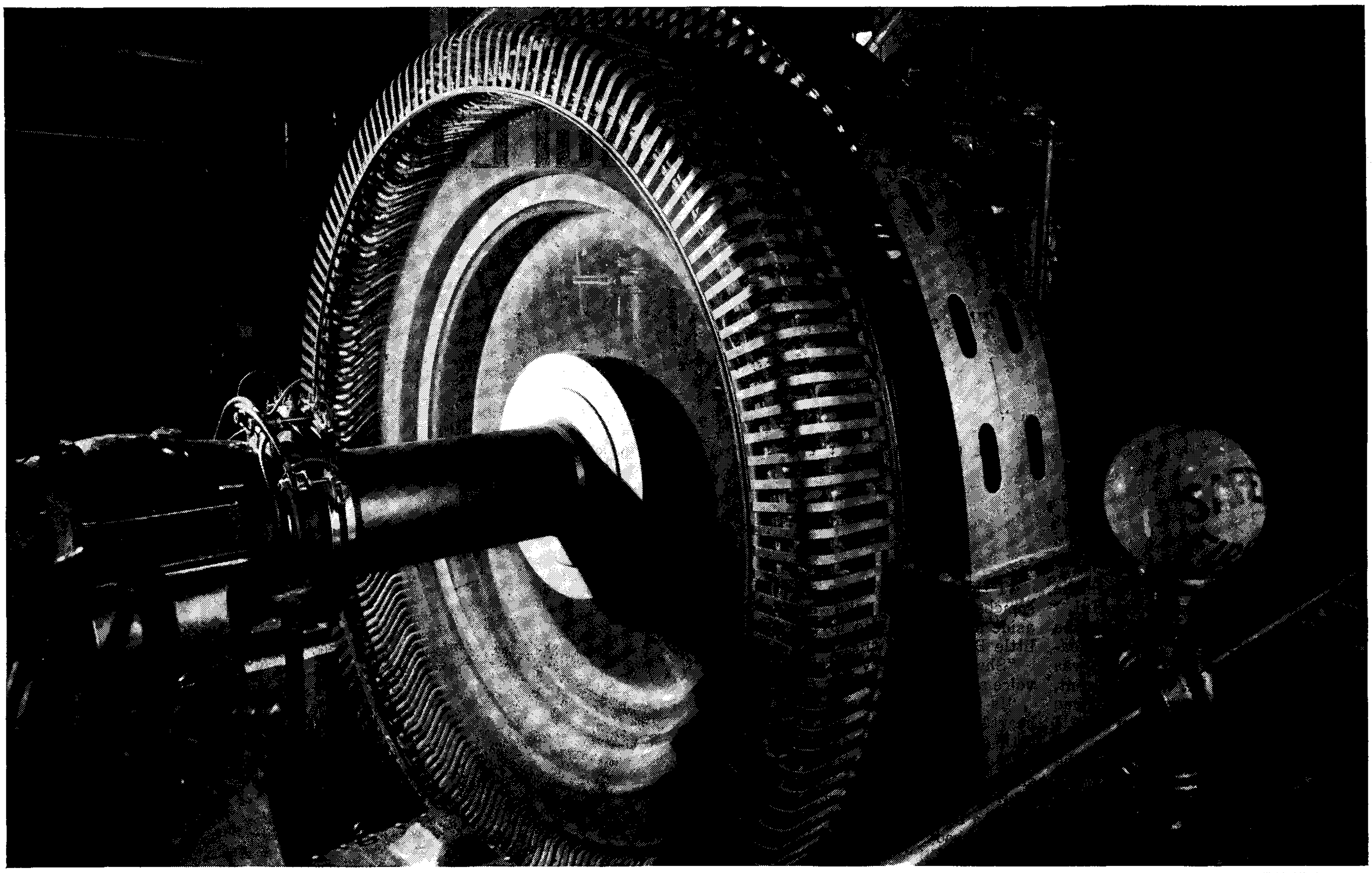
Mankind has still to achieve any world-wide mental unity. We are unprepared for this emergency that has been gathering through the centuries, to rush at last so swiftly upon us. We think within the compartments of language, national literature and political tradition; the natural partitions are down, the whole world is open to us, but we have great difficulty in realizing that. Power—gigantic power—has come to us and we can use it only in mutual injury according to the methods of the warring past. Plenty overwhelms us and we do not know how to distribute or use the wealth we can now produce. We can mount to the zenith or plumb the deepest seas; in a few score hours we can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; and we are as pitifully baffled by these gifts of fate as a rabbit would be if suddenly it found itself with the eyes and hands and strength of a man. Invention and scientific knowledge have taken our hearts and imaginations by surprise. Our social and political ideas, our morals, our ambitions, our courage have had as yet no corresponding expansion. Man discovers he is Nature's misfit; he reveals himself now an evasive little creature, a monkey alone in a moving motorcar, terrified and imperiled by the disproportion of his opportunity.

### Man—the Challenged Animal

The whole present spectacle of mankind, broadly conceived, is the uneasy and mainly unintelligent response of this misfitted human mind to the stresses of its ever-increasing maladjustment. It never anticipated the possible fusions and long-range intimacies that now dismay it. Few of us as yet apprehend the reality of our situation, and none of us can claim to know with any completeness or lucidity the methods by which our race may be able to adapt itself to the vast and fundamental changes of condition that are going on. Man is today a challenged animal. He has to respond, he has to respond successfully to the challenge, or he will be overwhelmed like any other insufficiently adaptable animal. All the organized communities in the world without exception are in a state which partakes in equal measure of vague, half-hearted experiment and convulsive reaction. We realize that the "civilizations" and cultures, the laws, the political institutions, the economic methods, loyalties, moralities, religious and poetical interpretations that served to sustain us well enough in the slower and apparently stabler past are working more and more discordantly and dangerously; but we still lack the force of mind and will to essay the gigantic clearances and the gigantic new constructions upon which these omnipotent changes in our conditions insist.

The social psychologist, seeking for rational generalizations through the swirling appearances of contemporary events, finds that the main pressures caused by this mighty change of scale fall so far into not quite clearly defined, intercommunicating classes.

The pressures may shift in the fu-



WILLIAM M. RITTASE

"Power—gigantic power—has come to us and we can use it only in mutual injury according to the methods of the warring past"

ture, but this is how they manifest themselves now. First of all, hanging over all the world is the possibility of that widespread destruction, social disorganization and hopeless inconclusiveness of suffering which we apprehend when we talk of the "war danger." For centuries mankind has, so to speak, muddled along with war and conquest. Though predominance has passed from this people to that, progress and the race have continued; but it is being realized now by great multitudes that with the general change of proportions in human affairs, *war has changed in its nature* altogether. It has changed to something monstrous and dreadful and anti-human. This realization is now quite widespread. It is not necessary to "rub it in." Humanity is, as a matter of fact, doing remarkably little to arrest this swelling and advancing menace, but that something *ought* to be done is no longer to be argued. It is a platitude. Meanwhile the naval war material accumulates, the new armies swell and the populations drill submissively.

Secondly, there is a world-wide economic distress, due to the fact that with increasing productive efficiency, the production of commodities by a system of unrestricted competition for profit in an open market is giving less and less satisfactory results. Man is choked with food production—and starves. Economic life is "stalling," and a diversity of experimental controls and restrictions is being attempted throughout the world. Huge sections of our populations are in discomfort, distressed and worried and—what is extremely dangerous — unemployed and hopelessly bored. Millions are suffering acute physical misery. And in the face of overproduction, this is felt to be needless misery.

Thirdly, tangled up with and tangling up the industrial muddle is the exaggeration of finance that has gone on in the past century, so that property which was once mainly tangible, and responsibility which was once fairly traceable, are lost in an intricate network of checks, counters, stocks, shares, claims and concealing and untraceable complexities. Clever and cleverish people "play" the markets, gambling in this intricate confusion, snatch fortunes, spend, disorganize and tangle the natural difficulties of our situation into knots we cannot even cut.

### A Triple System of Riddles

These are the three main aspects of the great change as it confronts us in the newspapers and current discussion and political life: The problem of arresting the onset and development of war destruction; the problem of socialization and the reorganization of distribution because of the change-over from scarcity to plenty; and the problem of monetary catastrophe due to the entire inadequacy of our financial organization in the face of witless smartness and contemporary needs. It is like a badly installed electrification system which at a score of points through some slight dislocation may set fire to everything.

These vast overlapping problems—the politico-war problem, the unemployment problem and the finance-monetary problem—differ widely in their nature and importance, and none of them goes down to fundamentals. But they are as much as has come so far within the compass of the public intelligence, and it is in terms of this triple system of riddles that we must study human reactions today. The profounder necessity, if a new phase of comparative security is to open before our species, is such an intellectual expansion and such a drastic moral revision, such a gigantic educational effort, in short, that as yet we hardly dare to think about it. But war, socialization and money are being thought about—immensely, universally, clamorously and inconclusively.

The way in which various types of mind, various communities and various interests react to the confusedly presented riddles that confront them varies extraordinarily. But it is still possible to make a rough statement of the main sorts of reaction. Most of us, in changing moods and with different references, are profoundly inconsistent, displaying first one and then another type of response. However desperately we try to remain objective, none of us can in truth pretend to keep constantly level-headed, disinterested and comprehending. Since the problem is still too confused and immense for entirely explicit statement, it is perhaps as well to admit the tentative nature, as yet, of each and all of our professed solutions.

### Change, the Unwelcome Visitor

Why are all the proffered solutions so unsatisfactory? What stands in the way of assured, effective solutions and efforts to meet the world's great problem?

The answer is to be found not in any material difficulties but in the natural disingenuousness of everyone in the matter of the common welfare. Let us face this elementary fact of human nature.

Each one of us, long before we begin to take up the large questions of social and political and economic life, has gone far to develop a "way of living" of his own, has built up a complexity of affections, ambitions and submissions, and accepted a thousand uncriticized assumptions. It is in our human nature, as it is in the nature of every living thing, for each individual to defend the "way of living" into which he has fitted himself from the cradle onward. We parody Stephen Decatur in effect and say, "My way of living, right or wrong." We resist changes that invade our developing personalities. We dread foreign and unfamiliar things. Our family, our schoolmates, our personal rivals loom larger than mankind; our home town hides the world from us; family pride, patriotism, race prides defend the precious self at the core of things. We insist we must work, reckon, talk as we are "used" to do. We are all like that. In our hearts all of us, the whole two thousand millions of us, are instinctively on the defensive against the cold great challenge of these new conditions, against this new commandment to change.

The primary mental fact in the individual mind in the world today is reaction and resistance. This is most evident in the matter of war. We know that the New War is going to be a fundamentally different thing from the wars of the past. It is going to be a horror of mechanism, gas and pestilence that may go far to dissolve anything like a civilized order altogether; and it is moreover as plain as daylight that it needs only the fiat of five or six great governments willing to fuse their foreign offices, for war to cease from the world forever. But we do so love our waving flags, our competitive patriotisms, the brave uniforms and the band, that we cannot nerve ourselves for that strange new calm of a boundless world at peace. Even another world war may be needed before we bow to the plain logic of this situation.

The plain logic of this new world ahead of us is so compelling that, in

*(Continued on page 34)*

# The Beautiful Lilli

## By Lucian Cary

*The story of a girl who put herself in jeopardy because she learned too much about the man she loved*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

IT HAPPENED at a wedding in the Berkshires and it was wonderful. The man was different from the Middle Western college boys Beatrix understood so well. His name was Jimmy Erskine and he was different. He was almost thirty years old. He was more experienced. He was even a little famous.

He had been all over Europe and the East wherever there was trouble. He had crossed the lines under the fire of Spanish machine guns in Northern Africa to have a chat with Abd el Krim for his paper; had been captured by Chinese bandits in Manchuria; had seen the Nazi putsch fail after they shot Dollfuss. And he didn't talk too much about it. On the contrary, if you wanted to know how romantic his life had been you read a novel that somebody had written about him.

The Calthrops lived in one of those rambling places, as big as a summer hotel, with rows and rows of bedrooms, and sleeping porches, and guest houses. The place was filled three days before the wedding, with guests parked in other people's houses for twenty miles around and driving over at noon for breakfast and staying until dawn.

Beatrix Brown had driven from Minnewaska with two other cousins of Diana Calthrop's. None of the other guests were from the Middle West. The other guests were the kind of people you saw photographs of in the New York Sunday papers. Beatrix had never seen so many handsome women nor such beautiful clothes nor so much swank. And Jimmy Erskine had picked her out that first evening, ignoring all the others, in order to talk to her for hours.

He spent every minute with her after that. It was wonderful. Beatrix knew that she had never really been in love before. He hadn't kissed her. But he was going to. When he discovered that the two girls she had driven East were going to Quebec and she was driving down to New York, he had asked if he might go to New York with her. He said if they started early in the morning after the wedding they would have the whole day together. Beatrix knew that it would happen then.

That was the way it was when Beatrix ran upstairs to powder her nose after the wedding was over and the bride and groom had gone. She went out on a sleeping porch to look at Jimmy Erskine standing out there on the lawn with a little knot of people around him. And then she heard her own name spoken.

The speakers were right below her. She couldn't see them. But she would never forget their voices.

"I think," one woman said, "I think somebody ought to take Jimmy Erskine aside and tell him to lay off that poor little Beatrix Brown."

"She's really very pretty," the other voice said.

"Is that any excuse for breaking her heart? Jimmy knows she's just a naïve little girl from the Middle West."

"I don't think Jimmy had any idea she would fall so desperately in love with him. It was just his curiosity about a new type."

"Somebody ought to tell her about the beautiful Lilli."

Beatrix walked slowly down the hall and into her room and shut the door and locked it. But she couldn't cry. If she once gave way to tears she couldn't stop. And she had to carry this thing off. She couldn't let people see what had happened to her—not any more than they had seen already.

SHE felt sick and faint. She sat down on the bed and lit a cigarette and smoked it slowly. She was going to carry it off. She knew how to do it. She could act, for a few hours more, exactly as she had been acting. She had to.

She told Jimmy Erskine toward midnight that she was going to bed. He followed her out into the hall.

"What time do we start in the morning?" he asked.

"Jimmy," she said, "I'm so sorry—but I can't drive you to New York."

"What's happened?"

"Nothing's happened—except that the party's over and it's been wonderful and now I've got to hurry on home."

"You're driving back to Minnewaska?"

"Yes," she said.

"Who's going with you?"

"No one," she said. "I'm going alone."

Jimmy Erskine shook his head. "You can't do that," he said.

"I don't know why not," she said.

"It's a silly thing to do," he said. "It isn't safe."

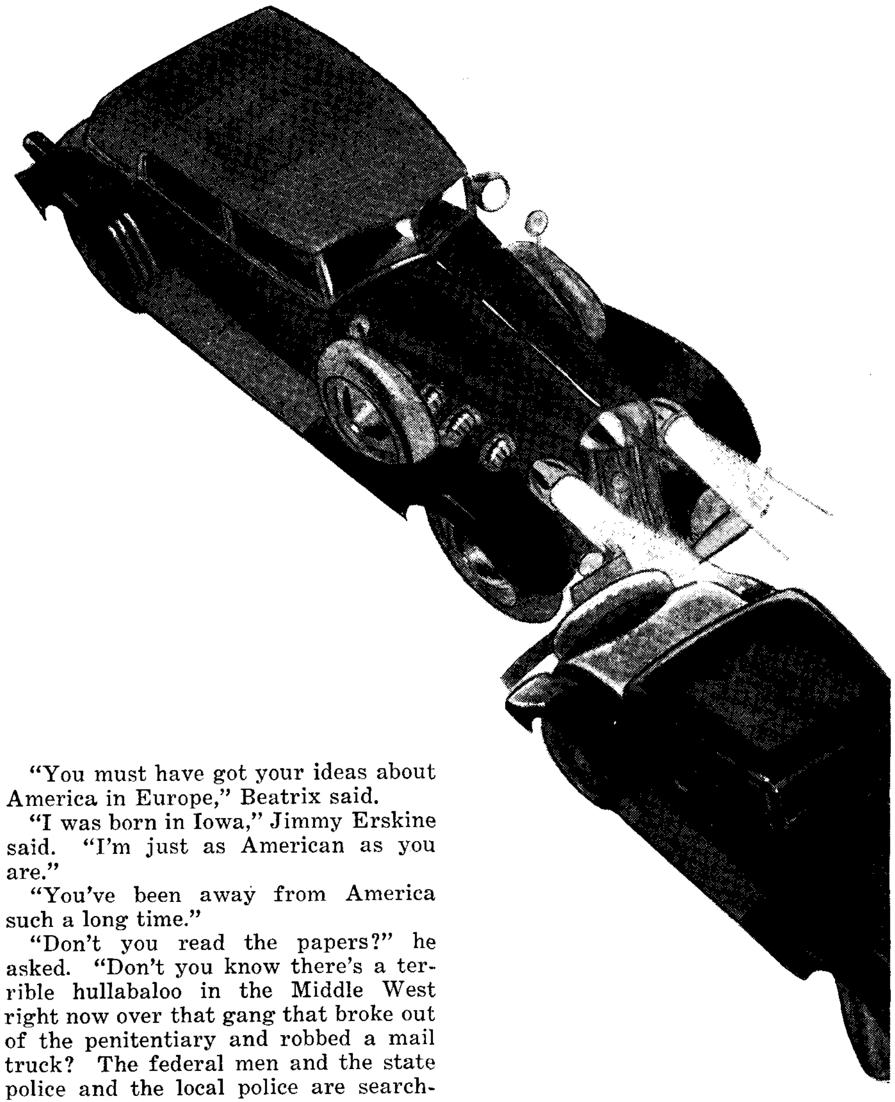
"I know how to drive," Beatrix said. "I've driven thousands and thousands of miles."

"I don't mean you aren't a good driver. I mean you're a girl, and a very pretty one, and you need a man along to look out for you on a trip like that. It's a thousand miles."

"Don't be absurd," Beatrix said.

She knew what her father thought about it. He hated her driving long distances alone. He insisted that she should never drive alone at night.

"Everybody knows the roads are full of tramps, thugs, gunmen and—"



"You must have got your ideas about America in Europe," Beatrix said.

"I was born in Iowa," Jimmy Erskine said. "I'm just as American as you are."

"You've been away from America such a long time."

"Don't you read the papers?" he asked. "Don't you know there's a terrible hullabaloo in the Middle West right now over that gang that broke out of the penitentiary and robbed a mail truck? The federal men and the state police and the local police are searching four states for them."

"I don't know what that's got to do with my driving home," Beatrix said.

"You can't change a tire if you get a puncture. You might get stuck in the mud or run out of gas or have trouble with your motor—and then what?"

"I'll wait till some man comes along and helps me out."

"Exactly. And how will you know what kind of man he is?"

BEATRIX dropped her eyelashes in a way she knew to be effective. Her eyelashes swept her cheek.

"I'm an experienced judge of men," she said.

"No doubt," Jimmy Erskine said. "But I don't like your doing anything so reckless as driving a thousand miles across country alone."

"But I am going to do it," she said.

"I wish you'd let me go with you," he said. "Just in case—"

"I couldn't think of it," Beatrix said.

"I've got to go to Chicago," he said.

"But it wouldn't be at all proper," she said. "It really wouldn't."

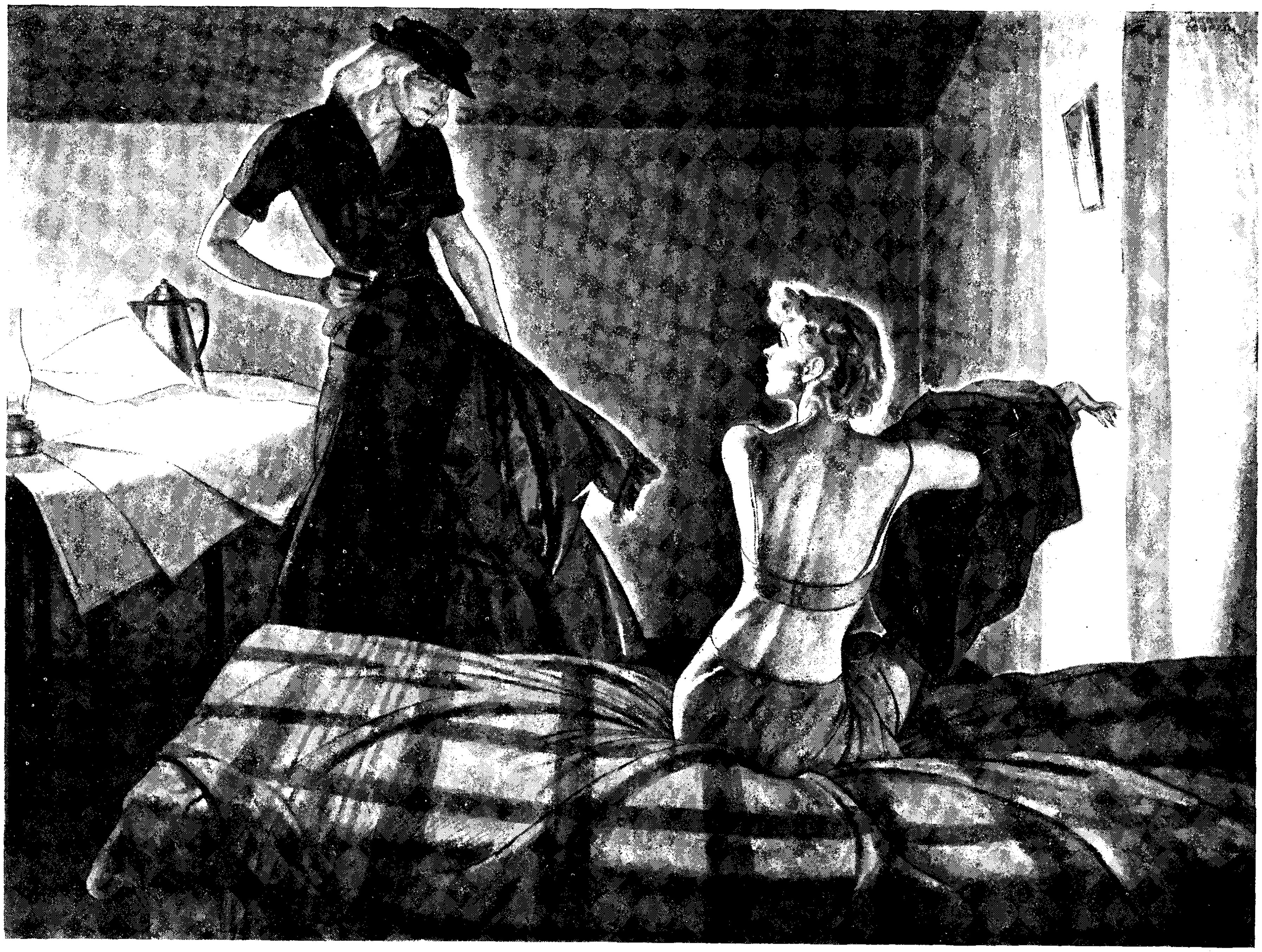
"No," he said, "that's true. It wouldn't."

She held out her hand. "Goodby, Jimmy," she said, "and thank you for making the week-end so pleasant."

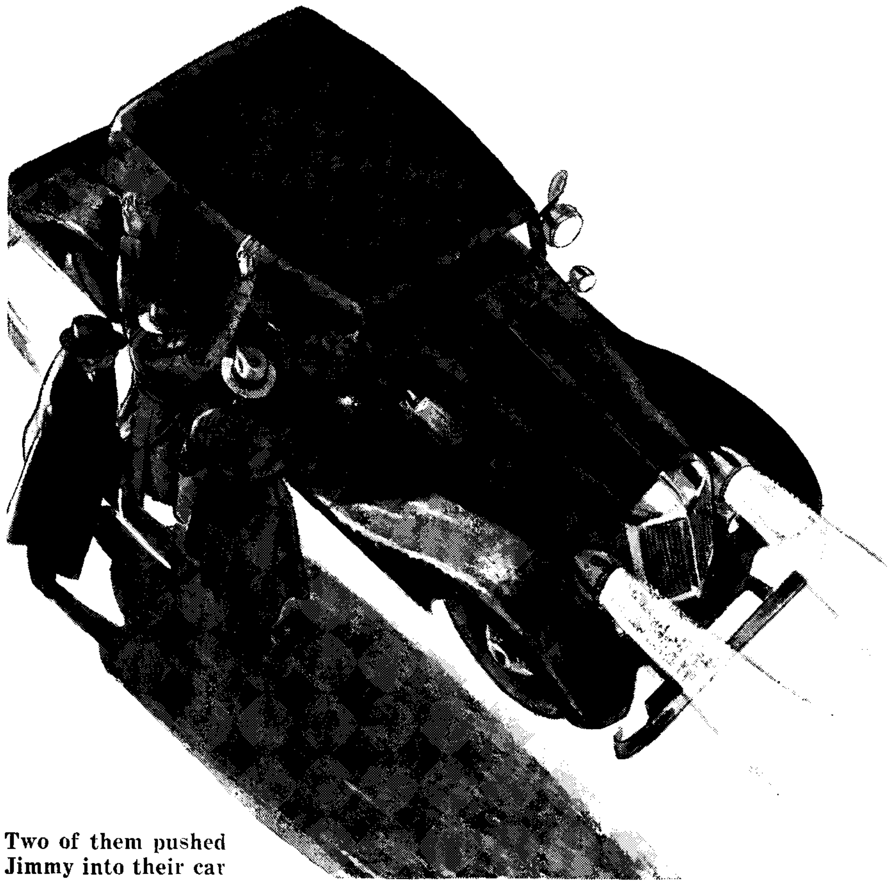
"Pleasant!" he said.

"Yes," she said, withdrawing her hand firmly, "I think you're one of the most amusing men I ever met and I've loved flirting with you."

"Beatrix," he said earnestly, "this has been something more than pleasant for me until just a moment ago."



"I want the underwear and the shoes and stockings, too," she said



Two of them pushed Jimmy into their car

"Please," she said. "let's not spoil it now, when it's over, by saying things we don't mean. Let's say we had a touch of wedding madness."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know," she said. "No one's ever quite normal at a wedding."

She took one step up the stairs.

"We'll have this out in the morning," he said.

She waved her hand as she ran upstairs.

She cried a little after she was in bed. He hadn't tried to persuade her to drive him to New York. He must have been glad to be free of her so easily. Perhaps the beautiful Lilli was waiting for him in New York. It sounded like one of those middle-European names. It sounded like Vienna.

Beatrix got up at seven o'clock and drove away. Her car was a big twelve-cylinder touring car. She stepped on it. She drove a great deal faster than was necessary all the way to the Bear Mountain bridge and across the Hudson and down through Jersey. After that she took it easy. She planned to stop for the night at a place near Allentown, in Pennsylvania. She had stopped there coming East and had had an exceptionally good dinner.

She got there before dark. She went in and registered and got a room and had a hot bath and changed her dress and went down to the dining-room. There was a balcony where you could dine outdoors, with a view of the valley. Beatrix sat there. It was just after sunset and the afterglow had turned the sky to mauve and rose and gold. There was a radio. A dance band in New York was playing "You're the Top." That was the tune they had played when she had danced her last dance with Jimmy Erskine.

Beatrix knew why she had chosen to stop at this place. It wasn't because she had eaten a good dinner here, on her way East. It was because she knew this balcony would be a good place for a tête-à-tête. She had been wishing so hard that Jimmy Erskine would follow her that she had acted as if he had. She had slowed down that afternoon because she hoped he would follow her and she wanted to make it easy for him to catch up. And of course he hadn't followed her. She had given him an easy out and he had taken it. Those women knew what they were talking about.

SHE started early the next morning and drove at a steady pace. It began to rain toward noon. It rained steadily, hour after hour. She had turned on her lights, before full dark, when she came to a detour around a place where they were putting in new concrete. She drove half a mile in first gear through mud so slippery that it was hard to keep the car on the road, if you called it a road. She saw a flivver stalled ahead. She had to stop behind it. She hadn't quite room to pass. The flivver's motor was roaring and the man was getting in deeper. It was clear he didn't know much about getting a car out of the mud.

Beatrix took a flashlight out of the door pocket and got down. She saw

*(Continued on page 42)*

# The Junk with One Eye

*The story of a girl who took too many chances in China—and a man who took a few himself*

## By Sidney Herschel Small

THE Chinese river, after a crimson sunset, was so secretive that a mile ahead the rock walls of the first gorge had reality only for the native pilot. There was no moon; the sky was as inky as the gathering storm clouds. If there were villages, the gloom concealed them. Paula Hoyt, at the rail, smiled. It was fun, far better than having remained in port . . . dancing with attachés, having tiffin with important and dull people; meeting Greg Sands had saved her from boredom. He had told her, deferentially, that he'd seen her while leading his Japanese Sandmen in New York; that he was in the Orient to secure costumes and orchestration for his musicians . . . and had Miss Hoyt ever seen a real native musical festival, such as he was going upriver to witness? It was said to be marvelous. . . .

Standing straight and assured and lovely at the rail, Paula thought what a tale it would be to tell, at home; how she'd gone with Greg Sands, darlings, to listen to Chinese temple music. Afraid? Of China? Nonsense. Of Greg? Certainly not. She recalled the lazy day passed on the afterdeck, when, the only whites aboard, they'd sipped Taiwan tea, and Greg had told her that she had the grayest eyes he'd ever seen . . . and what was dangerous about that? She, Paula Hoyt, could take care of herself.

Now, as she slipped into the coat he brought her, he said, "Every turn of the screw takes us away from civilization," and, without pause, kissed her.

"Does that get set to music also?" Paula asked lightly.

"It *is* music. The world's in darkness. Kiss me."

A gust of wind whipped at her coat. Paula was amused at the quicker beating of her heart; she was, she told herself, in command of the situation. If Greg had misinterpreted her coming, she'd set that aright. The easiest way was to do it without argument; "I'll kiss you, but it means good night, because I'm—"

He was kissing her before she could finish.

"You've had your kiss," Paula said abruptly. "I'm cold, Greg. The wind is coming up. I'm going below now."

"Of course." He was so apologetic that Paula was certain she had said exactly the right thing. It was all very simple and manageable . . . hoopskirts and impossible situations had gone out together. Sands added softly, "That fat mandarin's taken my room, so the captain had a boy take my bag to . . . your cabin."

Paula, almost laughing, said, "Just like that?"

THE pilot wailed, and the searchlight, cut in, showed the gorge; the ancient craft moved against swifter water. The first flash of lightning jagged across the sky, and thunder followed, long and rolling; the wind was breathlessly withheld.

Greg held her tightly. "Outside our cabin, storm and China. Inside—"

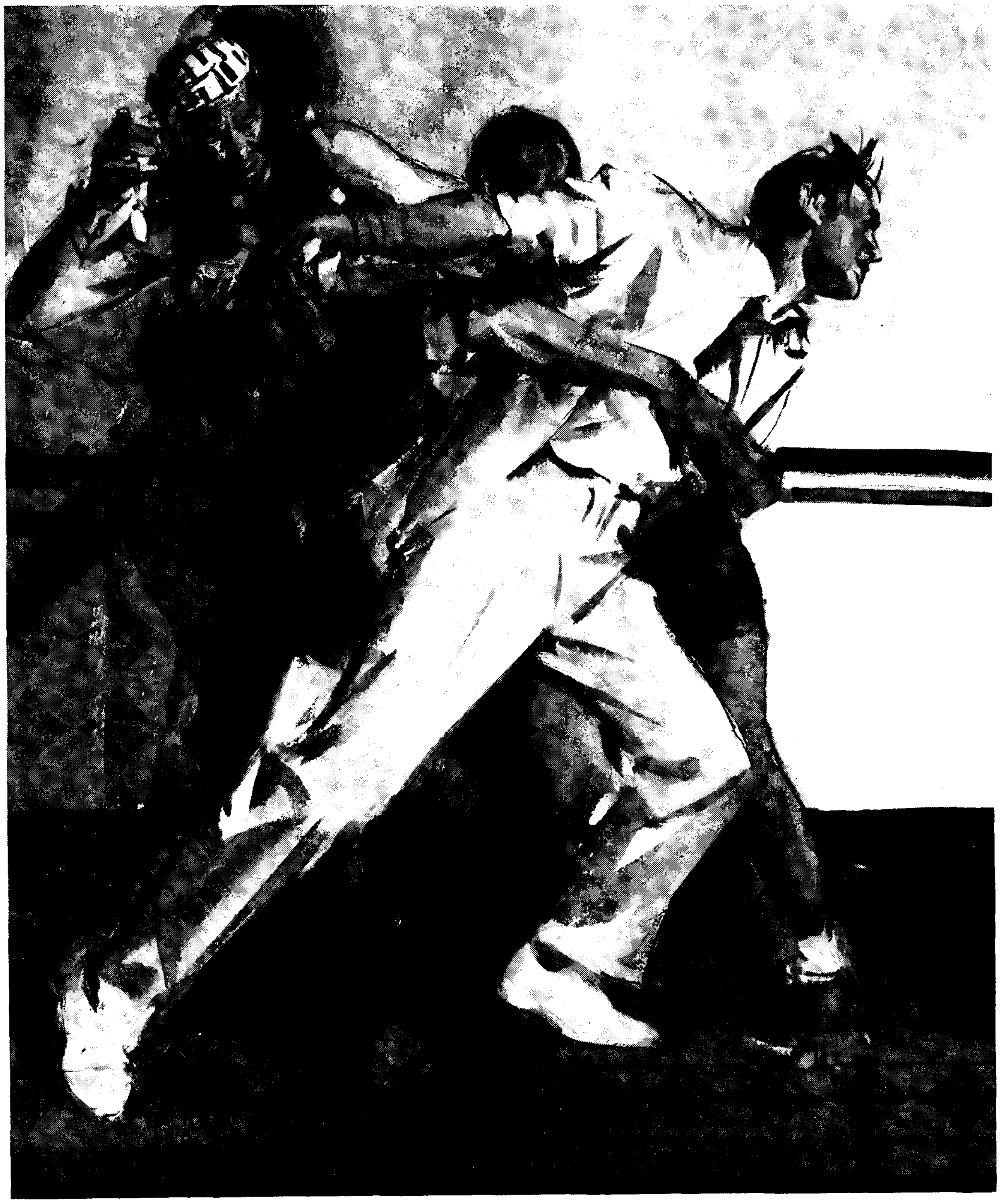
Lightning flashed again, nearer. Paula had a glimpse of his face, and, seeing what she saw, sudden new fear held her tighter than his arms. She whispered savagely, "No!" and then lost her head, fighting for release. This did what, at any other time, she would have known would happen; it gave him the heady feeling of strength, possession, conquest. He swung her from the deck because physically she was the weaker; she cried out, but thunder covered her words, and then the wind whipped down as the boat reached the first turn of the gorge, and the craft careened, as if something heavier than wind had pushed violently against it.

Sands, holding her with both arms, groped with one hand for the knob of the door. "You can't get away, Chinese sweetie! I—"

Something flashed past him, past Paula, thudding into the door, something which glittered as it remained shivering in the wood. Sands' arms tightened spasmodically, as if the long knife he saw had constricted his muscles; then Paula saw it also. It must have been thrown from the rail, behind them, and, as Sands turned, the thunder god roared; it became black as the pit, with the rain slashing down.

In another moment there was lightning all about them, and the deck of the boat was as bright as a stage. Climbing over the rail were naked Chinese, their bodies shining with water, their faces thin and ugly. All in the same instant they were running across the deck, were seizing man and girl and forcing them apart. The ring on Paula's finger was torn off. Sands was pushed to the deck and held there. Somewhere on the ship a man screamed, once in fear, once in agony. Up on the bridge the captain and steersman hammered down at the pirates climbing the ladder, sending one crashing down . . . knives took quick revenge. Inside the ship there had been no resistance save from the fat mandarin, who was by now only an object of veneration for his sons.

Not until a pirate bellowed in triumph did the pirate chief leave the security of his junk and mount the rail. His gaudy coat was sodden. Rain had broken the eagle-feather in his headband, rain which ceased as suddenly as



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

it had started. The thunder rolled up the gorge, disappearing into China . . . and the leader examined Sands, on the deck, and Paula. He said a word involving ransom, and then two pirates carried a third before him—the man who had been hurled from the bridge, and whose head lolled from side to side. The chief stared at him, gave the command to loot, and then shouted another order over the rail.

THE rain had turned Paula to a shape as slender as a boy's; her hair was smooth, Chinese-fashion, on her head. "I hope she is not ransomed," said H'ang Lui. Paula understood, without knowing the words. Her reliance was wavering. She was to him what she had been to Greg Sands . . . a captive woman.

She saw another half naked shape bulk over the rail, a man dark as the others, but taller and broader at the shoulder. His face could not be discerned, save that there was a patch over one eye, giving him a sardonic and fiendish expression. He looked the most villainous of the crew.

H'ang Lui said, "Examine him, One-Eye. Is he dead?"

"Open the door that I may have light," the other said in river dialect. "Dead? No. We will add him to the count, H'ang Lui. This makes five."

Sickly yellow light spread over the wild faces. The tall man stooped, and with his fingers parted the black hair of the prostrate Chinese; he said, "My bag of leather," and a pirate was sent to the junk for it. After that, as he waited, he glanced up, and Paula saw that the visible eye was bright and blue.

She whispered, very low, to Sands, "He's half white. Perhaps he'll—"

"Half-castes," said the man with the eye-patch, "are touchy, madam."

Sands pleaded, "She only means you can understand us. We'll be held for ransom?"

"Very probably." The man said nothing more, but opened his bag and went to work. When at last he stood up, and the wounded pirate was carried back to the junk, he spoke directly to Sands. "You're a little fool," he said.

"I was told the river was safe—"

"No boat," the man retorted, "has entered the gorge with a light in only one forward cabin. Junks, or ships, have eyes, the Chinese believe; they attacked on the blind side." He paused, and Paula wondered if the missing light had been in her own cabin. If she'd gone to it, with Greg, this mightn't have happened. The man continued, "You'd better be prepared for anything. H'ang Lui is no rose."

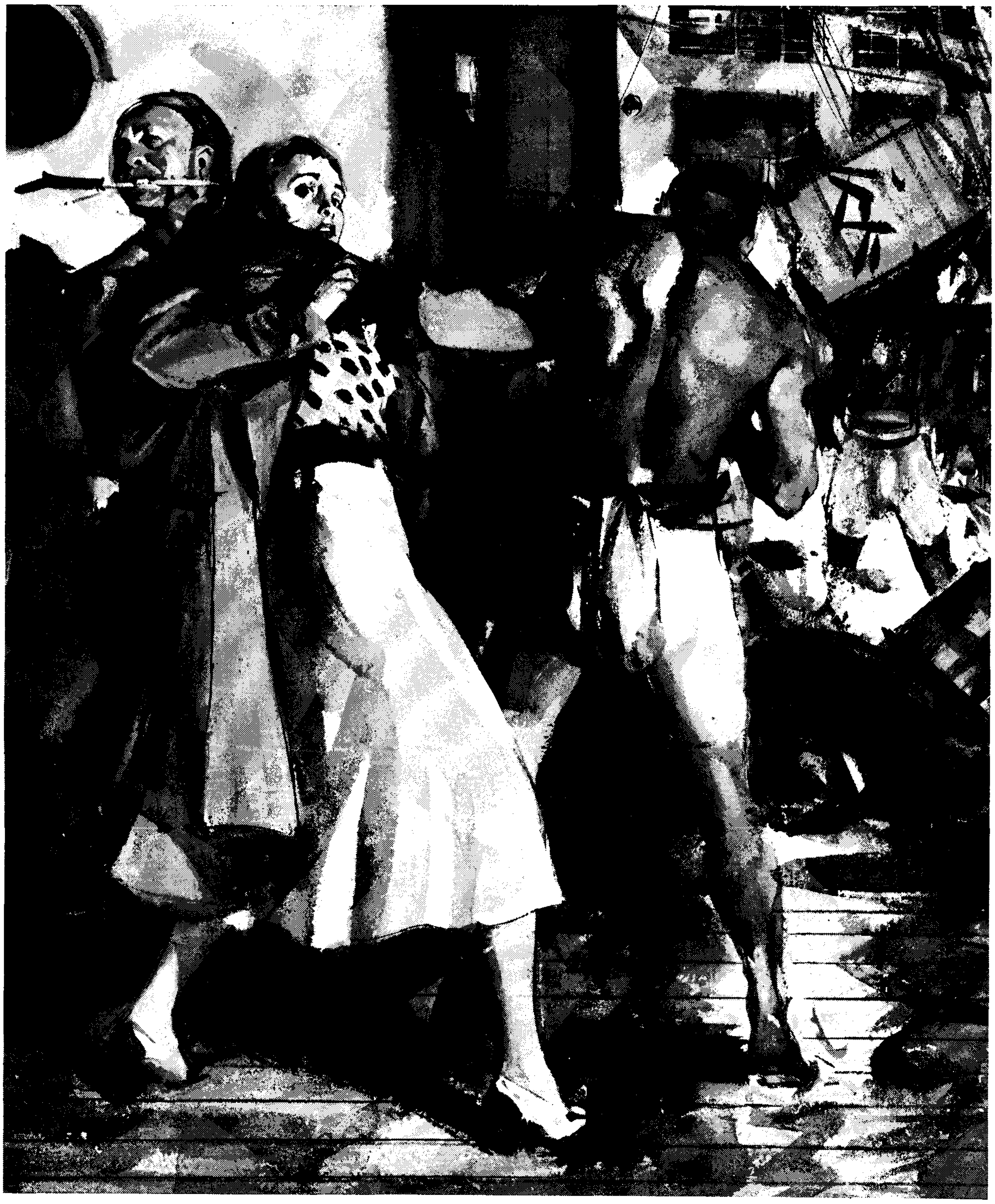
THE pirate chief demanded, "What are you saying, One-Eye?"

"That you will expect a large price for them," Dr. McDonald said, "which they will pay. You are fortunate, H'ang Lui."

"It comes to my mind to put a price on the man, and keep the woman."

"It comes to mine," said McDonald, "that in the last seven months every man on the junk has had a woman except me."

The pirate began to laugh. "I am a man of my word. When we captured you, I said you would fare as we did, provided you cared for the wounded. Am I to go back on my promise because of one woman? No. So she becomes yours . . . if *I* kept her, it might make trouble, when the ransom is paid."



In the same instant they were running across the deck, were seizing man and woman and forcing them apart

Pirates began to return to the junk, heavily laden. Paula decided that the man with the eye-patch must have been educated as a doctor in some mission hospital, and was now a renegade. His talking with the pirate chief had involved her. . . .

"I'm going to add something handsome to the ransom if we're properly treated," Sands said. "For you."

"I'm doing the best I can," McDonald told him. "Don't forget that."

He lowered Paula to the cluttered deck of the big junk. Pirates were already blowing up the braziers, preparing for food after days of rice and fish; the faces bent above the coals were sinister. Others ran the matting sail up the stubby mast; the steersman chanted; heavy oars supplemented the dying wind in moving the junk up through the gorge. . . .

McDonald said suddenly, "You're shivering. I should've seen that you brought clothes." He called to H'ang Lui, "My woman is cold. I desire a padded robe for her, and tea."

H'ang Lui stared, and then chuckled. He shouted, "I was always impatient myself, One-Eye! Take her to my room, where there is much clothing and a warm bed." He added, "Do not permit her to escape. I will take my enjoyment from watching the face of her man, who did not fight for her."

McDONALD glanced at Sands, opened his mouth, and shut it again. Words were useless. He said to the girl, "Come with me. I'll get you dry clothes."

"I'll come along," said Greg Sands. "I'm wet, too, I—"

"H'ang Lui will object. You needn't worry about your wife."

The chief called, "If he protests, give him a belly-punch such as you used when we attacked your village."

"I'm . . . I'm not cold," Paula protested. "I'll stay here."

"If you do," McDonald said quietly, "H'ang Lui will decide that you wouldn't go with me, and—pardon me if I'm frank—will take you himself. You'd better come."

Paula, back against the coils of rope on the bulwark, put a hand to her throat; the throbbing in it well-nigh stifled her. She could, she knew, leap into the deadly racing water of the gorge. She had always been amused at situations where choice lay between death and what was called dishonor . . . but she didn't want to die, and to go with this half-caste was unthinkable.

McDonald said to her, "You'll be safe with me, even on a pirate junk, although I wasn't a medical missionary. As your physician, I advise dry clothing. As a man, I suggest that you come with me before H'ang Lui changes his mind about you."

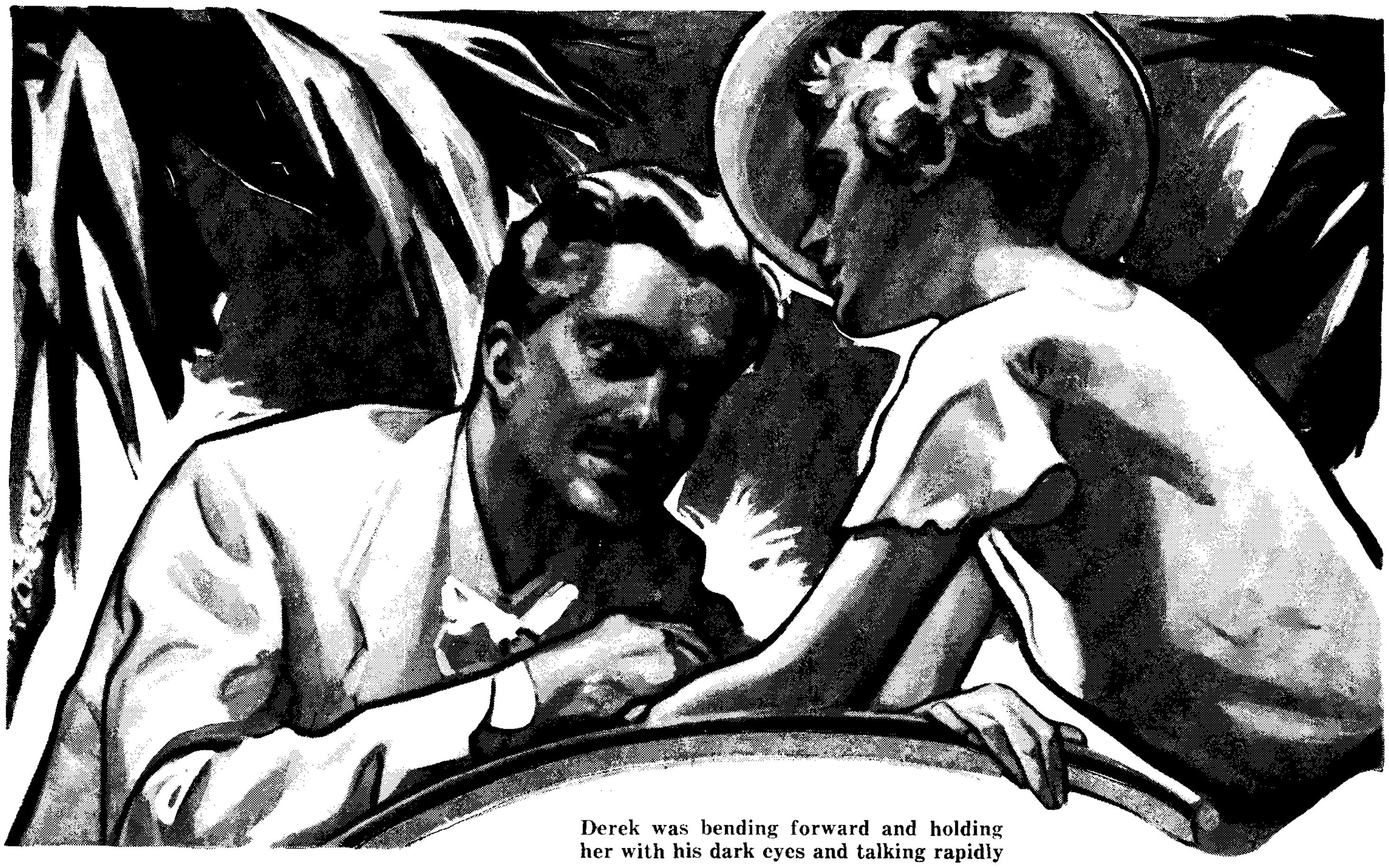
Paula looked at Sands, bound; she heard, dully, his saying that their lives were at stake. She looked once more at the ominous water. Then she brought her eyes to the face of the doctor; she said, "Why, you mean it. You mean everything you've said."

"I'm a rotten liar," admitted Dr. McDonald. "Let's go."

It was black in the tiny cabin under the junk's bow. They reached it only after passing through the sleeping-cabin of the pirates, where men lay asprawl in nauseous rags of bedding, where the sweetish odor of opium clung. . . .

McDonald lighted a rapeseed-oil lamp. "H'ang Lui likes comfort," he said, indicating the hangings, the yak-wool rug on the floor. "I wish I'd stolen some cigarettes from your boat. I'm running low." He knew how close to the breaking-point she was as he went on,

*(Continued on page 38)*



Derek was bending forward and holding her with his dark eyes and talking rapidly

# Trial Marriage

### A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

### By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

AT THE top floor, we stepped from the elevator into a spacious garden. A waiter took us to a table from which we could look down the Prado to the Malecon and to the joyous blue of the Caribbean beyond.

The roof garden was almost empty. Across from us a girl was having a late luncheon with a man. There was a splash of sunlight on the tablecloth, and the underlighting on their faces gave both of them a glow of romance, although neither was a romantic type.

The woman's face was arresting because of her intense preoccupation with the man. They were holding hands across the tablecloth, and they were utterly oblivious to everything that was going on about them. They were completely absorbed in each other. It was hard to say whether she was lovely, but the way she was so entirely lost in him made her seem beautiful. All I really noticed was her hair, in which the reflected sun glowed. It was fine-spun gold, and so soft that it was like a halo about her head.

The man looked older; his trim black mustache, however, gave him an adventurous look. They were Americans, but they obviously were not tourists.

Charlie looked around. He exclaimed, "Good Lord!" and jumped up. He went over and boisterously greeted them. For a while there was a lively babble of conversation, then Charlie came back, beaming.

"That was certainly a pleasant surprise," he said. "Did you recognize her? *Marigold Holly.*"

"That name is familiar," I said, "but I don't place her."

Charlie was plainly disappointed. "But she was the biggest hit Broadway had seen in years! In Step Lively—that Singing Little Stars number made her famous overnight."

I was still looking at Marigold Holly. "Who's the man?"

There was something curious about the way Charlie stared at me and laughed. "Derek Latimer, her temporary husband."

"They act like a bride and groom," I said.

"They practically are. It's one of the darndest stories you ever heard. Derek came here about two years before I did, to make his fortune in sugar cane. He'd inherited some money, and he bought a little plantation on the west coast near Juanaciaba—one of the old Hernandez properties. I was installing some generators at the Juanaciaba *central,* and I was staying with Derek. He was just getting his house, Questicita—that means Little High Place—in order.

"He was stale and he needed a trip to civilization. I urged him to come back to Havana with me for a little bender, and he did.

"When we came up here for dinner, the orchestra was playing, people were dancing, and everything was lively and civilized. Derek kept saying, 'By golly, Charlie, this is certainly something.' He wanted to dance. He finally said, 'Charlie, I'm going to make an ass of myself—but I've got to dance.'

"He certainly made an ass of himself. No, he'd only had one drink—a daiquiri. He jumped up and began going to tables where girls were, and asking for a dance. It's a wonder he wasn't thrown out on his ear. It's a wonder he wasn't slapped and challenged to a duel. The men were insulted. The mammas were petrified. The girls didn't dance with him.

"FINALLY, at that table where they're sitting now, he saw Marigold Holly. She was alone and she was crying. He sat down and began talking. She stopped crying, and began to listen to him, and finally she got up and danced with him. They danced and danced. When it was time for the orchestra to quit, Derek bribed them to play on.

"I got tired of it. I went to bed. Hours later he came in. He said that he had finally met the most perfect woman in the world. Did I know whom he'd been dancing with practically all night? Marigold Holly!

"It seems that Step Lively had just closed after a year's run, and she'd come down here with a crowd in Tubby Hargrove's yacht. She'd fought Tubby off all the way to Havana and had just sneaked ashore. She was sailing the next day for New York on the City of Havana. She had signed a new contract at some fabulous figure.

"Derek bullied her into staying over until the next sailing. He met Tubby the next day, chased him all over the Plaza, and gave him a walloping.

"The rest of it was fantastic. Derek didn't give that girl a moment's peace. He wanted her to throw over her career and marry him and go live with him on a dull, dreary sugar plantation.

"She missed the second boat. Her manager was cabling her twice a day. The new show was in rehearsal. She'd show the cables to Derek and he'd tear them into snowflakes and throw them in the air.

"He wore her down finally. She said it was ridiculous. She said it wouldn't work. I knew it wouldn't work—penning that girl up in a place like Questicita. Everybody but Derek knew it wouldn't work.

"They finally doped out a perfectly fantastic compromise. She would marry him and go to Questicita with him for six months. At the end of six months they'd come back to Havana, and she would, if she wished, take the first boat for New York and go back to her career.

"They were married and they went to Questicita. And exactly six months later, they came to Havana. A new contract was waiting for her in New York. She booked her passage. And the performance Derek put on that time made the first one seem tame. He courted that girl all over Havana. And she gave in—for another six months.

"At the end of the second six months she'd been away from New York a solid year. But she wasn't forgotten. They still wanted the girl who had knocked them out of their seats with Singing Little Stars. But Derek wanted her even worse. And the way he demonstrated it made his first two courtships seem like half-hearted rehearsals. So she gave in again and they went back to Questicita.

"SINCE then, every six months, it happens all over again. Twice a year Marigold comes to Havana to go to New York. Of course, New York has forgotten her by this time. I doubt if she could get even a small part. I don't know whether she has illusions about it or not. Marigold is pretty smart. All I know is that, as regular as clockwork, every six months, she comes to Havana, prepared to sail for New York, and he comes after her."

I was looking at this interesting couple. Derek was still holding Marigold's hand across the table, and bending forward and holding her with his dark eyes and talking rapidly, and she was smiling like a woman entranced.

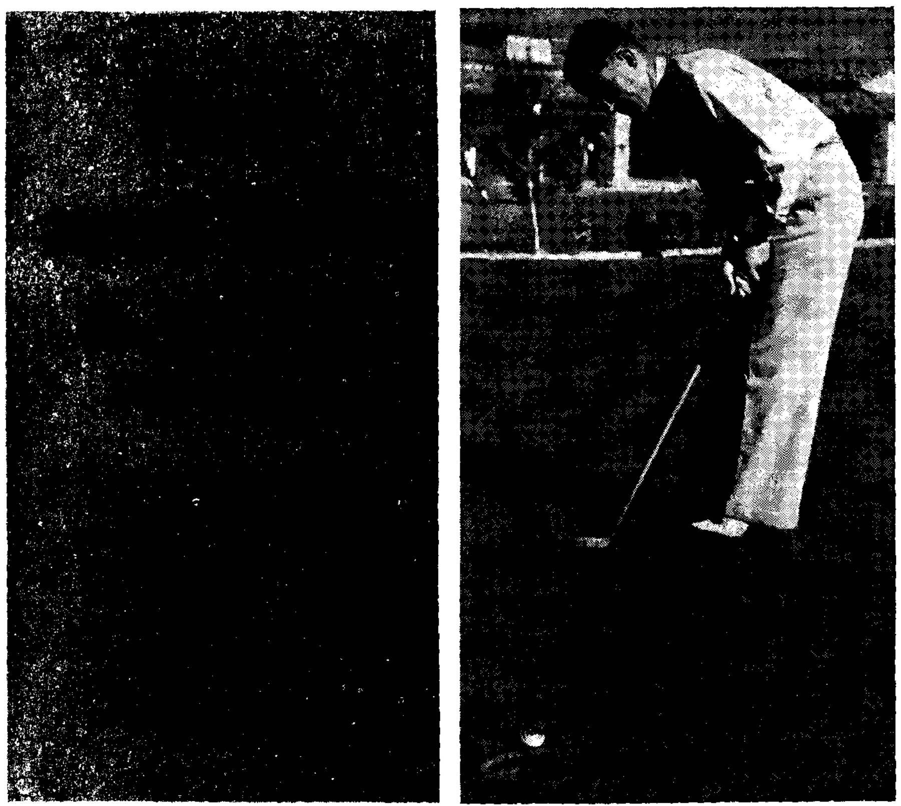
Then I made a shocking discovery. There was no longer a splash of sunlight on the tablecloth. The ray had moved. It was striking her hair from the side, and her hair was no longer a spun-gold halo. It was definitely graying. In the little time it had taken Charlie to tell the story, she had grown from a girl of twenty-four or -five to a woman of forty-five or -six.

I said, "Charlie, how long has this been going on?"

"Well, let me see. It was the winter of nineteen-eleven when she came here. They've been married twenty-four years."

KEYSTONE

Gene Sarazen wins his matches on the putting greens



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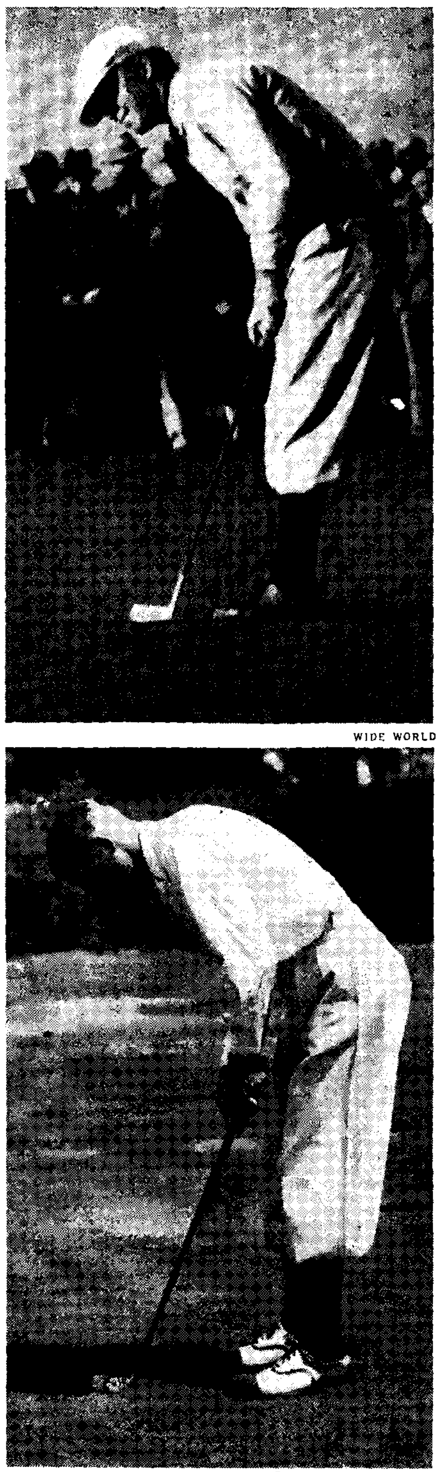
Paul Runyan believes putters can't be too careful. Left, Wiffy Cox, whose skill on the greens offsets other lapses



WIDE WORLD

© INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Horton Smith, an advocate of the "natural" style of putting

"THIS year I'll have enough potatoes on my farm to feed the state of Connecticut," Gene Sarazen boasted. "Yes, sir, potatoes, and tomatoes, and corn and about everything we'll need. I tell you . . ."

At this moment a doleful dirge from four unhappy golfers filled the locker-room and drowned out Sarazen's talk.

"I should ought to have had an eighty," one of them yelled. "But I three-putted eight greens and took four on another."

"Five sixes on my card," another disgusted voice shrieked. "All on account of bad putting."

"This is very annoying," Sarazen said, reaching for the pretzel bowl. "A couple of dirt farmers can't even talk about their crops without hearing a lot of palookas screaming about their bad putting. It is the same in every locker-room the world over."

For years and years locker-rooms have been filled with the pitiful plaints of golfers who would have had fine scores except for their putting. It is time that someone did something to remedy the situation. Having nothing else much to do I will herewith tell you brethren and sistern how to improve your putting and maybe the next time I am sitting in a locker-room, attached to a well-filled glass, I will not have to listen to agonized shrieks of poor putters. We'll ask Sarazen and Wiffy Cox and Paul Runyan and the greatest putter of them all, Horton Smith, and if they can't teach you how to improve your putting you'd better throw your clubs away.

"Instead of wailing continually about what bad putters they are," Sarazen said, "why don't golfers spend a little time improving their putting? I have been teaching this game some fifteen years and never once has a golfer come to me for a putting lesson.

"Any poor putter can improve his putting by remembering a few things," Sarazen continued. "The ordinary golfer will address the ball, take a squint at the cup and make his shot. Watch Paul Runyan putt. He'll study a two-foot putt for maybe five minutes. What is he studying? For one thing, he is finding out how the green slopes between his ball and the cup. He's also finding out which way the grass bends. Grass seldom grows straight up. If the grass is leaning toward your ball remember that you are going to meet with a bit of opposition. You'll have to tap the ball that much harder. But few golfers consider such a point.

"And then," Sarazen went on gloomily, "there is the putter itself. Golfers go into a shop and say, 'Give me a putter.' They don't realize that there's a putter for each individual taste. You've got to try them all until you get the one that feels just right. If golfers would just go to a little trouble we wouldn't have to listen to all this beefing.

### So Wiffy Took Chicken

"Now," Sarazen added, "about my farm in Connecticut. This year we are . . ."

All right. Leave Gene with his farm. But remember what he has said. He can talk with authority when it comes to putting. You'll recall that he sank a rather nifty 220-yard putt for a 2 on the 485-yard par five fifteenth in Bobby Jones' Augusta tournament not many weeks ago. Of course, Gene used a spoon but when a guy can sink a 250-yard shot he's a good putter even if he used a pair of machine guns to do the sinking.

Let's talk to Wiffy Cox. Cox has had a good year. Always considered to be one of the best iron players in the game, Wiffy's touch suddenly deserted him this past winter. However, Wiffy comes from Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and they say in Bay Ridge that if you can't have turkey take chicken. So Wiffy, unable to get his fine iron shots back, shrugged his shoulders philosophically and went to work on his putting. He spent many long hours on practice greens and in tournaments he leaned on his putting, depended upon it, and so excellent was his putting that he made up on the green strokes which his comparatively poor iron play cost him.

"Sometimes," Cox said, "I see players who invariably come in with high scores do the most magnificent driving. I can't understand why their scores mount so high—then I see them on the green. They are terrible.

"Many of them, made confident by their superb long game, try to sink twenty-five-foot putts. Now it will take a miracle for even the best of putters to sink a twenty-five-footer, yet these golfers blithely aim at the cup and let go. They never say to themselves, 'Now I can't sink that putt. The best thing for me to do is to sneak up on the cup. I'll try to get near it and take my two.'

"No," Cox added. "They never do that. They bang away at the cup and maybe overshoot it by ten feet—and they need two more to sink it. Or they don't hit it hard enough and they fall short by ten feet. Ordinary players practice every phase of the game except putting. Oh, they'll fool around a practice green while waiting their turn to drive but they won't spend intensive hours at it as they will with their driving."

Then there is Paul Runyan, the P. G. A. champion, head of the professional staff of the Miami Biltmore Country Club. Right now he's one of the cutest pitch-and-putt men in the golfing fraternity. Runyan is a careful, meticulous golfer. To him luck is merely a name given to alibi a poor shot —or to deprecate a good shot. He studies even a two-foot putt as carefully as a race-track tout studies the racing form. For instance:

### It's a System

Runyan and Horton Smith were paired in the recent four-ball competition held in Miami. They play a unique game. Once they hit the green, the partner who is closest to the cup shoots first, leaving the burden up to the man who is farthest away. The system works for them.

In that four-ball competition, Runyan and Smith, opposing Ed Dudley and Orville White, came to the last green all even. This was a semi-final match and the tasty sum of one thousand dollars hung on the outcome. Runyan's ball was just two feet from the cup. The other three players were faced with long putts. White took two. Dudley also missed his fifteen-footer for a two.

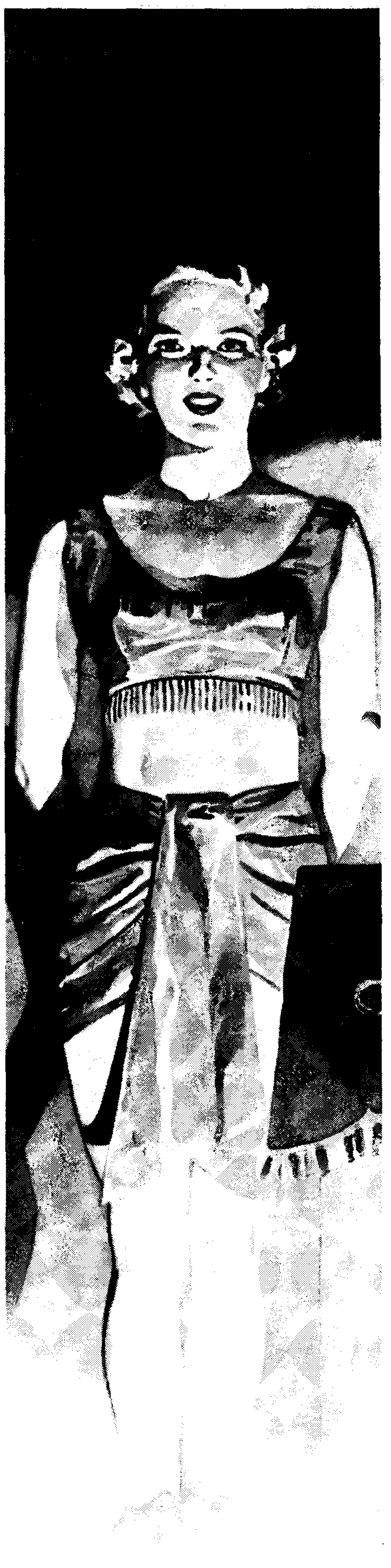
Now it was up to Runyan. The

(Continued on page 36)

# The Silent Act

## By Richard Matthews Hallet

*A strong man and an acrobat in a dangerous stunt. Two girls. A touch of jealousy. A drama which the billboards never featured*



THE topmounter in a hand-balancing act should be light in the legs, short, and with a good chest and arms. The understander is a thicker man. He it is who keeps his feet always on the ground, snaps his partner into the air, and holds the handstand steady, palm to palm, the bones of both pairs of sinewy arms locked out.

Jimmy Apps and Val Hyson were such a team, and Jimmy was topmounter. The team traded on Jimmy's nerve and Val's colossal strength. Jimmy had begun life as a structural iron-worker, and there had astonished the birds by doing handstands on the high girders, leaning his fine body into freezing winds five hundred feet above the street. Later he followed the fairs with a hundred-foot ladder dive into a six-foot tank. Now, when Hyson and Apps found the going hard in vaudeville, Jimmy played Human Fly, for coffee money.

He would leave the sidewalk suddenly and start climbing the façade of a forty-story building, with the aid of such toeholds and fingerholds as were there. He was a little man, but he had fingers that could throttle a horse. He would hang on blithely by the beard of some stone Moses, or a gargoyle's tongue, and toss down gay jests on the heads of a rapt throng. Val, below, would be taking up a cigar-box collection.

Val had the strength of Sandow. He could shut his hand on a half dollar, and fold the silver over in his palm like tallow. He could cut a live sheep in two with one slash of a saber. He could hold a horse over his head on one locked-out arm.

But he was muscle-bound. He couldn't reach the back collar button. He had to sleep with three pillows to keep certain massive throat muscles from dragging across his windpipe and strangling him in his sleep. Jimmy Apps knew how to valet him, and make him comfortable for the night. It was Jimmy who shaved him, and shaving, with Val, meant shaving the entire body. He must look statuesque when he exhibited his musculature against a black velvet drop.

Jimmy performed other services. Val attracted women, and Jimmy dusted women off the doorsill regularly. He grew resourceful. His best, his neatest job was probably Flo Harlow.

Flo was dark and sleek, with appropriative eyes and a whippy, snappy body. Smoking a cigarette one day on a fire-escape outside a rehearsal hall window, she looked straight into Val's room, and saw him exercising with solid rubber hose. She snapped her lighted cigarette through the window to his feet; and Val looked up. It was over Niagara with the pair of them; and ultimately, as in duty bound, Jimmy went with Val to buy a ring. The jeweler showed them first a flawless stone, and next a chip diamond, five times as big for the same money, with only a little flaw in it. The jeweler had to screw a magnifying glass into Val's eye-socket to get him to see the flaw.

"You couldn't see it with the naked eye," the jeweler said.

"What do you think, Jimmy?"

"You wouldn't be buying her a magnifying glass, Val," Jimmy said. "But if you buy her this perfect stone, you *will* have to buy a magnifying glass for her to see it with at all."

THAT was logic, and Val bought the flawed diamond. Flo Harlow showed it happily to Jimmy Apps. Jimmy was merciless from long habit.

"You are a lucky girl, Flo," he told her, "with a piece of ice like that. And practically flawless, too."

"What do you mean, practically?"

This was the big moment Jimmy had been angling for. He shuffled his feet, and flushed up, and told her in a low voice to consider it unsaid.

"Nothing is perfect in this world, Flo," he said.

She wouldn't be put off, so he showed her the flaw. It was easy enough, once you had it pointed out to you, to see it with the naked eye. Flo Harlow went and threw the ring in Val's teeth.

"Take it back, you big crackpot, and wear it on your little toe," she told him furiously. "Me showing it everywhere for a perfect stone, and people laughing at me up their sleeve. Cupid may be blind, but he's got friends that can see, remember."

IT WAS a bad break for everybody, it turned out. Val and Jimmy were just going on with their act. They did a rough-and-tumble comic apache dance, with Jimmy the lady in a black velvet dress scattered with red plush hearts. Val was unnerved; misjudged his distance and direction, and threw Jimmy into the footlights.

The act at once was nowhere, like a dropped incandescent bulb. Jimmy came to in a hospital. He had severed an artery, and lost blood, buckets of it. Somebody—a professional blood-donor, Val said—had supplied Jimmy with a much needed quart.

"Bring him in and I'll thank him for it," Jimmy muttered.

"He works daytimes," Val said. "Runs a delivery wagon."

"I see. Picks up an extra piece of change nights by selling blood."

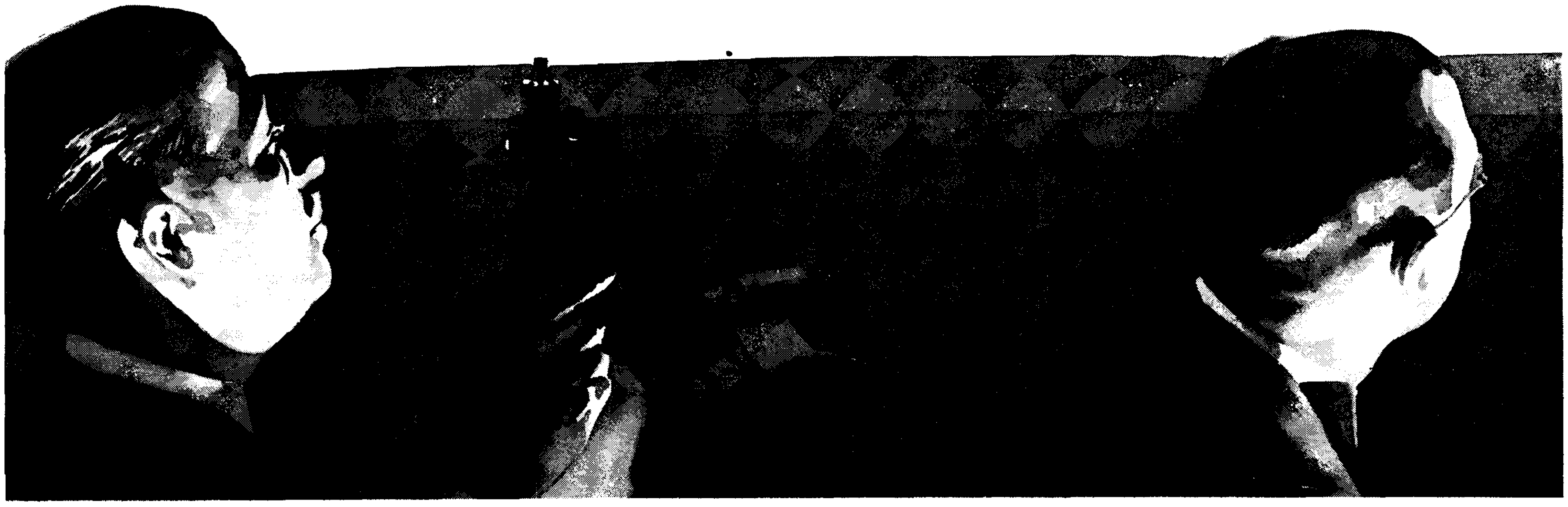
"Sure," Val said soothingly. "He claims it is easier than walking up the outsides of buildings, at that."

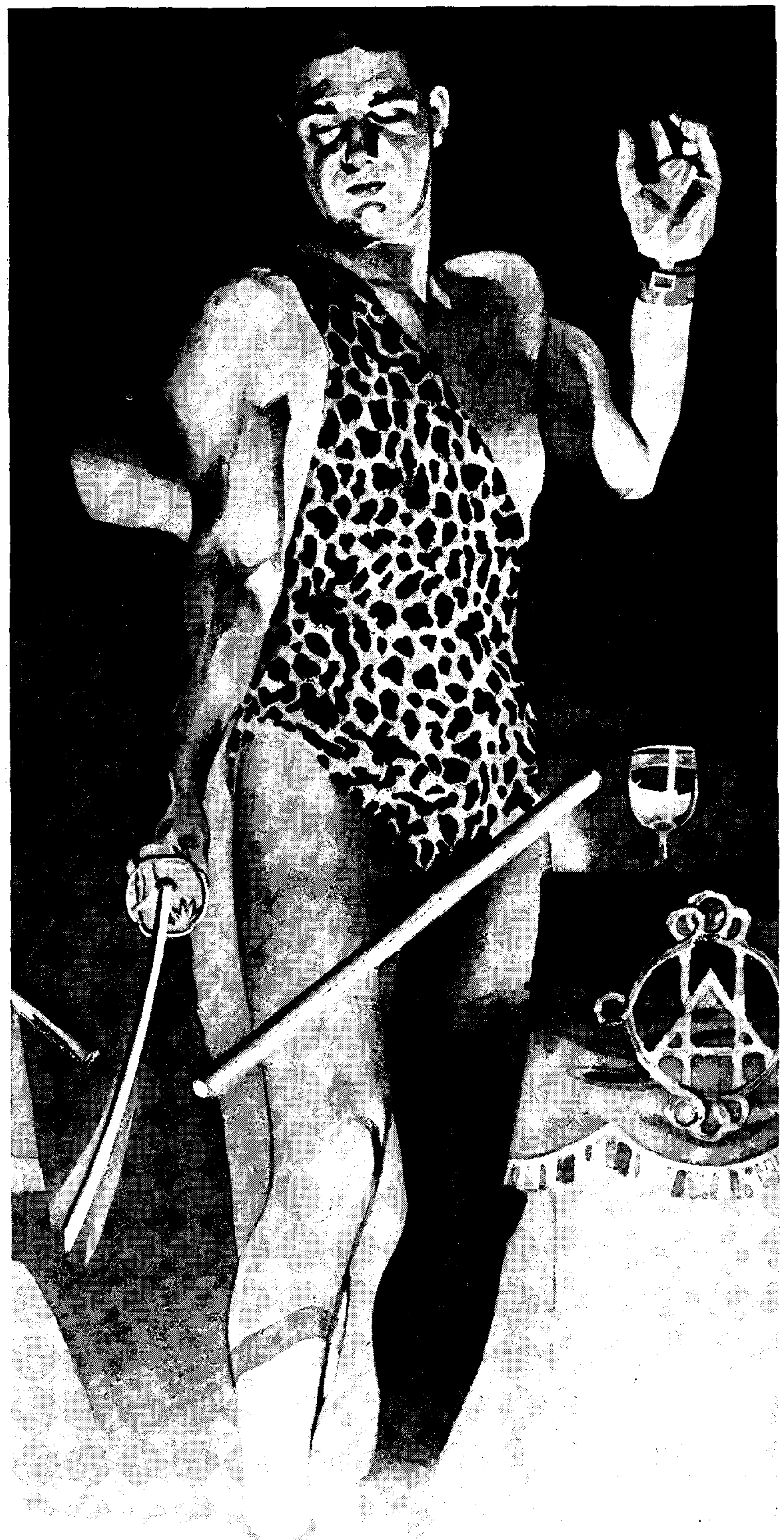
"You settle with him?"

"I told him we *would* settle with him, Jimmy."

"Sure, we'll settle with him. I got an idea. A man loses blood, and he can think faster. I just had a dream of you and me coming on as firemen, with a thirty-foot scaling-pole. You with the butt end of the pole on your forehead, and me doing a headstand at the top."

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD





"That ought to knock 'em for a row of gilded ash cans, Jimmy."

They worked the thing out later, in a cold, foggy, old professionals' gymnasium in Brooklyn. They brought in Jaky Beeson to inspect the act. Jaky had a short body, a long head and a fat pocketbook.

"It's good stuff, but just a little sickening," Jaky told them. "I'm scared for you myself. Get a woman in the act, to take the edge off it."

"It's a silent act," Jimmy Apps reminded him.

"That's right. You won't make any noise with it at all, without a hipweaver or something. You get a woman in, or I don't push the act."

JAKY'S word was law, and Hyson and Apps went the round of the agencies looking for a woman. But times were good and women were proud. Good women came at seventy-five dollars a week. Then, one day, Jimmy, sitting in a restaurant, felt the table jiggle. A girl said, "Pardon me."

Jimmy asked, "What for?"

"I—I jiggled the table."

"You got to do more than that these days to attract my attention," Jimmy said. He added, "I've seen you somewhere, haven't I, or maybe somebody not so good-looking who reminds me of you."

"My name's Ivy Locke."

"Where you working?"

"I'm not working. I'm a registered nurse, but if people get sick now, they keep the symptoms to themselves."

"They better had. . . . Are those lashes honest-to-God, or are they spares—you know, demountables?" Jimmy asked.

"Honest-to-God."

"Can you turn a cartwheel?"

"I can learn."

"You mean you got arms and legs. Maybe you've got a dance."

"Not professional."

"Anyway you can hand a handkerchief. Here, here's my handkerchief, hand it back to me. That's good. That's worth twenty-five a week. Here, take it back and dry your eyes. You're hired by Hyson and Apps. I'll introduce you to Hyson, and he's susceptible, but if you fan a lash at him you're fired."

Ivy Locke added poetry and feminine appeal. Jaky Beeson liked her work; as an offset to Jimmy's headstand it would do. Jaky said that now he would have a booking for them in a week.

Then one morning Val dropped Jimmy off the pole. It was dark and foggy up among the black rafters of that old gym, and Val, balancing the pole, ticked Jimmy's leg against a silver turnbuckle. Down he came, like ripe fruit, head first. . . . He had the good luck to land on a tumbler's mat; and the transfer from that to a hospital mat was easy. When he opened his eyes, Ivy Locke had his hand.

"Do you know me? Do you know me, Jimmy?"

"You're an angel, ain't you? Must be I'm getting into heaven by the back stairs."

They told him the news. He had been out for ten days; and now the act had got a booking. That headstand of Jimmy's was out of it; but it was Jimmy's fireman's song that was making the hit, with Val and Ivy singing it. That was a song of Jimmy's own invention, with postures, that had led up to the headstand; but the headstand was out.

"That's great," Jimmy said. "I'll be looking in on you in a few days."

"We'll be looking for you, old man," Val told him.

When Jimmy did look in on them, the act was on. Val was doing his muscle dance. He was in a black velvet cabinet, and his biceps jumped up and down, obedient as dogs. He bent bar iron into horseshoes, and tore packs of cards in two; but the sheep was out. It was too sickening, Jaky had ruled. Besides, it was expensive. You couldn't cut it in half twice running, not and use the same sheep.

Ivy Locke was good, better than good, in the fireman's dance. She had funny feet, it seemed, and a neat little knock-kneed way with her, and a trick of sucking in her cheeks elfishly, and letting her gold head roll on her shoulders. The fat man at Jimmy's side kept moaning through his tears, "Gee! that girl's got funny feet."

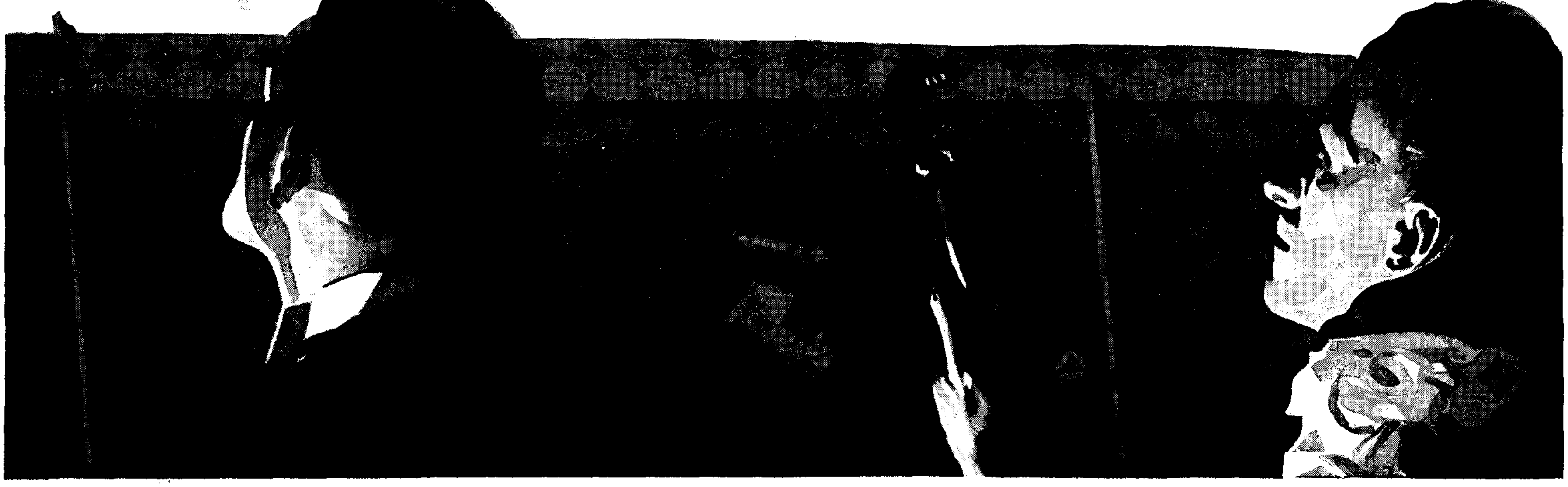
And suddenly Jimmy thought, "It's pretty cozy for them as it is. I guess I couldn't do them any good."

HE DIDN'T go around back. That would only make it hard on everybody. And there just wasn't any place for Jimmy in the act.

He went back to his job as structural iron-worker; but he hadn't altogether got his strength back. His brain, too, had featheredges. He kept thinking that maybe Val would need a little valeting. Val secretly was spleeny; it took Jimmy to jeer him out of those mistrustful moods in which Val thought himself liable to heart attacks. From pushing up iron to pushing up the daisies is a logical progression. There was a scheme on foot of Jaky Beeson's, Jimmy had heard, to run a small switch engine over Val's midriff, just to put a little flash into the act. Professional pride would keep the big man from objecting to this treatment; still, he might

(*Continued on page 70*)

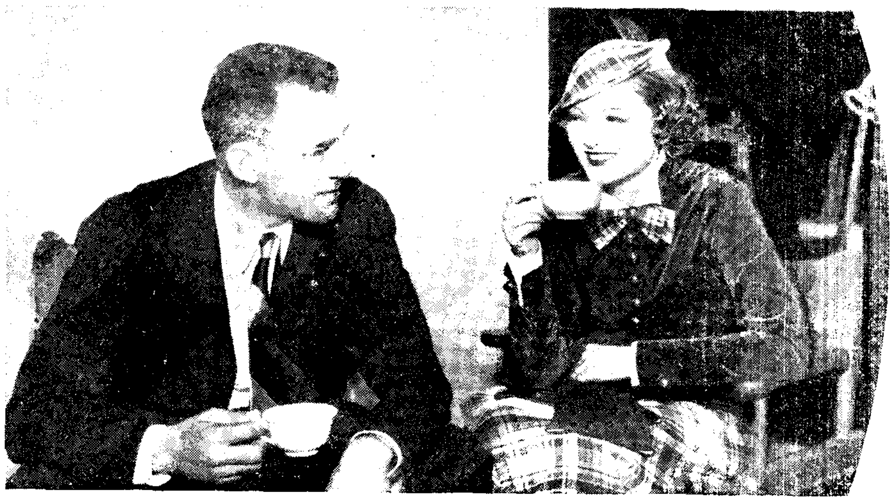
**He severed a broom-handle laid across two glasses of water. He was in the mood to split the earth in two neat halves**

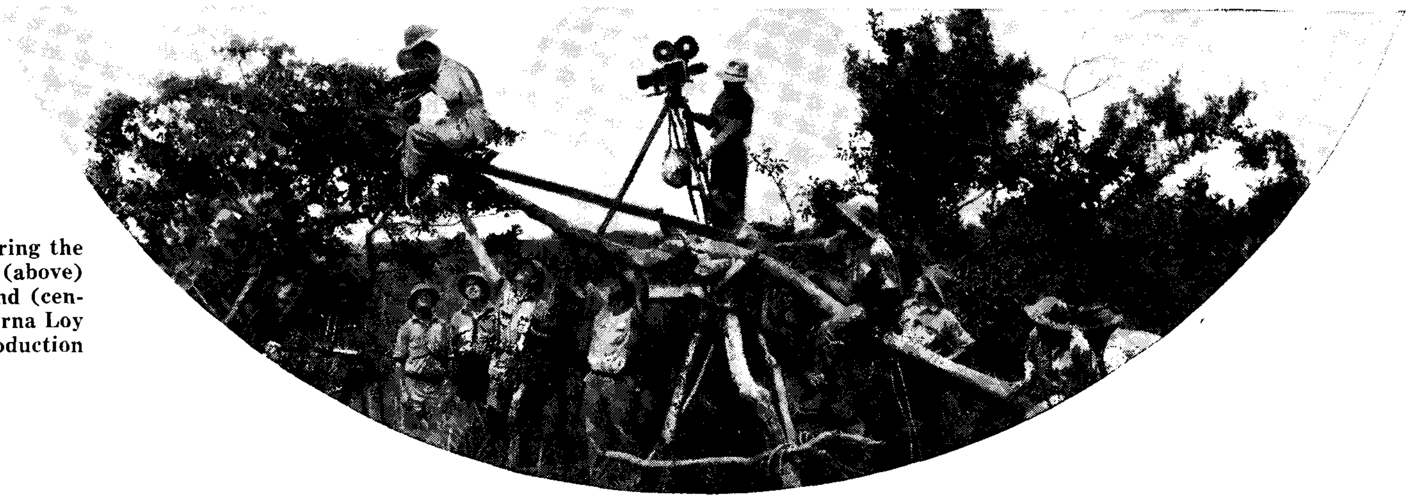


# Choice Locations

## By Frank Condon

*Africa, the South Seas and the Arctic Circle are just ports of call on the map of Director Van Dyke. At an instant's notice he'll take a movie company anywhere on earth, doctor them, entertain them, fill their teeth and bring them back alive, plus several cans of film. He fills in the intervals in Hollywood by directing such pictures as The Thin Man, The Prizefighter and the Lady and Naughty Marietta*





W. S. Van Dyke on the set during the filming of Naughty Marietta (above) and Trader Horn (below). And (center) time out for tea with Myrna Loy while The Thin Man was in production

HE SIGNS his checks W. S. Van Dyke and the W. stands for Woodbridge and its owner takes on a look of boyish embarrassment when anyone asks him how in the world he ever came to have a name like Woodbridge. Intimates refer to him as Woody and he is the hurry-up director at the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Culver City, where he has been making some exceptionally able motion pictures, thus causing people to talk.

He almost won this year's high award from the Academy with The Thin Man, but he didn't quite, as Frank Capra won it with It Happened One Night, and long before the award was bestowed, Van Dyke declared that if the voters in the Academy gave it to anybody but Capra, they would be clearly off their trolley. All sorts of people will tell you that the two best of the year were It Happened and The Thin Man.

Mr. Van Dyke—well, he's a tall, humorous, rugged-looking individual, with gray eyes that look cold, critical and steely and are likely nothing of the sort. In a proper uniform of blue, he would make an ideal and authentic captain of an ocean liner, and nervous passengers could rest in peace, feeling confident he would pull through the storm. Your impression of him is that here is a citizen who isn't afraid of anything.

Some years ago, he spent seven months in darkest Africa, slapping off tsetse flies with one hand and trying to shoot Trader Horn with the other. Later on he wrote a book called Horning into Africa and has been sorry ever since. "That's what you get for listening to your friends," he says, about the book.

He had the African malaria at the time, felt pretty down and woebegone, and for some fool reason he decided to move the entire company to a near-by valley. The British authorities stepped on this project instantly. "You take your people in there," warned the British, who own the place, "and you'll all die of the sleeping sickness."

Now, if you happened to have a bad case of African malaria and a temperature of 102, you would probably desire to idle quietly about the house, peeking at the doctor's thermometer every hour or two, but not W. S. Van Dyke. Ignoring and sneaking around John Bull and his friendly minions, he packed up camp, took his thirty-five white Americans from Culver City and his 192 native blacks and traipsed over into the Valley of the Sleeping Sickness, where he shot another half-mile of Trader Horn. Nobody came down with the s. s. and nobody died. "Shows those British were cock-eyed," he says casually. When the picture appeared, the governor of Kentucky made Van a colonel and the Explorers' Club of New York invited him to join up.

That was the trip where the company sailed out of New York harbor, heading for Mombasa, and when dinner was over on the first night at sea, the director summoned his men to the cabin. They trooped in—actors, props, grips, cameramen, electricians and all hands. They looked expectant and Van sat on the edge of his bunk, smoking a cigarette. He began without preliminaries.

### Take It or Leave It

"Now you lads listen carefully," he said, "for I am only going to say this once. We are heading into a long, tough job and there will be times when you feel like the devil. I don't care a snap about your morals, your manners or your conduct. You can drink all you like and carouse freely, just so long as it does not interfere with your jobs. After we get into the middle of Africa, I cannot conveniently fire any of you who fail me, so remember this. I will personally beat the hell out of you, and every time you fall down on me you'll get it. . . . Any questions?"

They were gone nearly eight months and they all came home, hale and hearty. Bringing his boys back alive has become a matter of pride and sentiment with Head Man Van Dyke. Whenever his outfit starts for the North Pole or the South Seas, to be gone half a year or more, the railway station in Los Angeles fills up with weepy-eyed wives and sweethearts, and they say the same thing to Van, taking him off to one side—"Don't let anything happen to Bill, or Eddie or Buck, or whoever." Wherefore he feels strongly about it, and so far in his peregrinations abroad he hasn't lost a single soldier. He doesn't mind lions, elephants and rhinos, but he would shudder to come home and face a widow.

To be sure, his luck has been supernatural and incredible and cannot humanly hold out forever. He transported his working gang down there to the wilds and made White Shadows in the South Seas, was absent for six months, came back home with his outfit to look at the picture in the projection-room, and was off again with no delay to the same South Seas to produce The Pagan. . . . The whole crowd returned once more

*(Continued on page 55)*

# The Brass Gong Tree

## By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

*The Story Thus Far:*

SOMEONE, hidden in a Tokyo crowd, assassinates Count Ito, Japan's most beloved statesman. Sturgis Hammond, American newspaperman, witnesses the tragedy. As Ito falls, a beautiful woman grasps the American's wrist, inquires frantically if he is hurt—then slips quietly away.

A few hours later—on a Kobe-bound train—Hammond has another startling experience. En route to Manchukuo, he has two traveling companions—his old friend Major Pat Nugent and Vonny Cass, a noted girl flier, who, to secure a much-needed visa, is posing as Hammond's secretary.

Left alone for a few minutes, he discovers a lipstick in his pocket. He opens it. It is filled with tiny portraits of important Japanese leaders. As he snaps it shut, a Japanese intelligence officer—one Mitsuchi—appears, and, seeing the lipstick, demands to know whose it is. Glancing past him, Hammond sees the woman—she is a Russian, known as Nahta—who had addressed him in Tokyo. She is covering Mitsuchi with a revolver. "It belongs to Miss Cass," Hammond says to the official, who presently goes away.

Nahta is calm. "You know," she asks as Hammond hands her the lipstick, "what this contains?" Hammond nods. They chat for a time. Then, as the woman makes her departure: "I know that you love me," she whispers. "You know that I love you. . . ." Hammond, remembering that she had had in her lipstick a miniature identification portrait of the assassinated Count Ito, wonders what game she is playing, and whether she was involved in the murder.

Among Hammond's fellow travelers is Anton Krupp, a wealthy German who, his neck broken, is wheeled about in a chair. Before retiring, Hammond has a talk with him. . . . In Kobe, Hammond is entertained by Mullanphy, an old friend. Then, boarding a steamer with Nugent and Vonny, he goes to his cabin. Near him, on the vessel, is Prince Iturbi Takugawa—and Nahta! Answering a knock, he opens his cabin door. Vonny Cass steps in. "Someone—I don't know who—has sent me a wireless code message," she says breathlessly. "Lieutenant Colonel Watanabe, the military officer on board, won't let me have it. Will you get it for me?"

Her eyes, on Hammond's, are steady. "You don't know who sent it?" Hammond asks skeptically.

"No," the girl whispers. "But get it, *please!*" And with a quick "Good night," she goes out.

## IV

STURGIS stared at the door as she closed it behind her and the feeling was on him that she could take him in anything she tried to take him in—fool him as only essentially honest women fool men—completely.

He went out into the creaking passage and took the first stairs that led above. He came out on the promenade on the port side forward and braced his elbows on the solid wooden top rail.

The Russian woman was above him, leaning on the rail of the boat deck and standing with the tips of her slippers just above his head. There was no light up there for him to see her by except that faint radiance that is in the air at rare intervals at sea, but he saw her. Saw her hair caught in a scarf that she had wound around it. Saw her against the taut silver of her gown.

Resistance stirred helplessly within him from habit, but there was no strength to it.

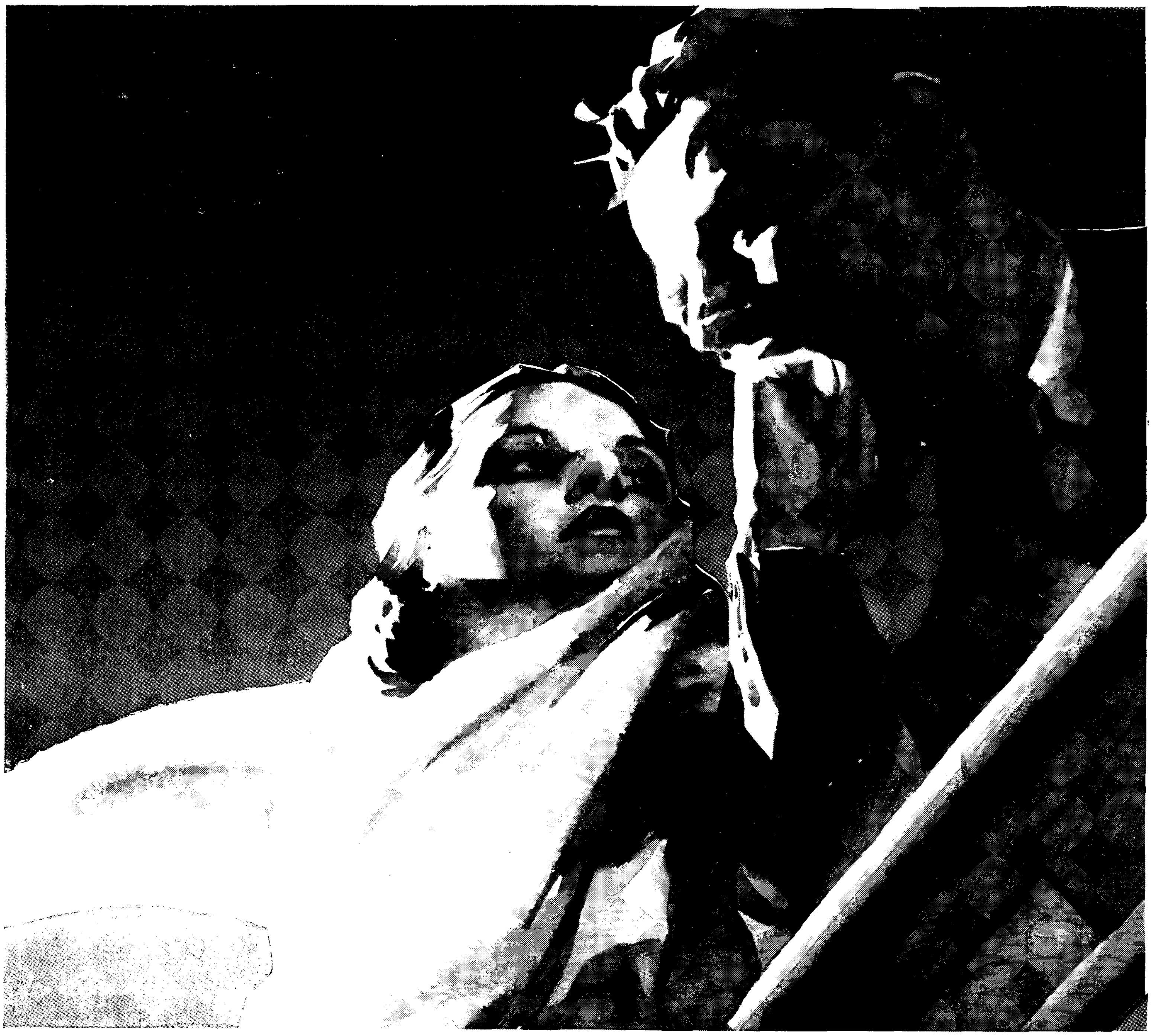
"Damn it! You've kept yourself clear of Russian women and other men's wives out here. Nobody cares about the other things and nobody can remember them afterward, because they're routine in Japan. But you're the horse-faced lad with a mind for work—you're not a pretty boy the women chase—and you're not a ship seducer. Leave it—leave it!" But the wind laughed in his face as he knew it would.

A second and he stood beside her. He had not remembered that she was tall. He would never remember anything of that kind about her.

"Sturgis," she said. And there is no saying exactly how she said it. The sound of it was purled with Russian but the sound of it was soft and it sang across his ears on the breath of the wind that kissed the ship. He trembled to touch her—and because he did, he stood there silently beside her and waited.

"It is a beautiful name," she said. "I saw it on your cabin door. I have been

*(Continued on page 46)*



"Perhaps," she whispered, "this thing will never leave us free of its wounds. Have you thought?"

# The Bat Flies Low

## By Sax Rohmer

*The Story Thus Far:*

LINCOLN HAYES, American Egyptologist and head of a great electrical corporation, learns that deep in the Sahara Desert is a secret center of ancient knowledge—"The Place of the Lamps." He believes that, if he can find that spot, he can revolutionize the lighting systems of the world.

Accompanied by Captain Paddy Rorke, a trusted agent; Ann Wayland, his secretary; Eric Stefanson, an authority on ancient manuscripts; and "Slim," his chauffeur, he goes to Egypt. That the party is in peril, he is well aware. In New York City, someone—either an Egyptian known as Mohammed Ahmes Bey, or Simon Lobb, a business rival—had stolen a fragment of worn papyrus which, according to Stefanson, would have enabled them to find "The Place" with ease. And it is evident that a group of conspirators, headed by a mysterious personage known as "The Bat," are observing Hayes' every move.

Before the party reaches Cairo, there are many amazing developments. Encountering Mohammed Ahmes Bey's "niece"—a startlingly beautiful woman known as "Hatasu"—Hayes falls in love with her. She warns him that he is in peril; she confesses that she loves him; she will not, however, promise to marry him—her reason, she says, being that she is "not free" . . . Stefanson had translated parts of the papyrus; his notes had been stolen. In Cairo, he endeavors to reconstruct them from memory. Whereupon, he is drugged with some strange concoction which destroys his memory!

But Rorke knows, or thinks he knows, the secret route to "The Place of the Lamps." As the party prepares to leave Cairo, he is lured to an ancient mansion, where Mohammed Ahmes Bey confronts him and warns him that the quest, pursued further, will mean death for every member of the little band.

But Hayes ignores the warning. Using automobiles, he and his friends plunge boldly into the desert. Spies shadow them constantly. Once, Ann is awakened by an enormous bat—far larger and more hideous than any ever seen by travelers in Egypt. And a series of alarming incidents convinces Hayes that his enemies are striving to terrify him. . . . Camped at the foot of a small hill, one night, Hayes encounters Hassan ès-Sugra, a guide who is assisting Rorke. "Come with me, quickly," the man whispers. Together, they climb the hill. At the top, the Egyptian points. Hayes gazes down into the moon-dappled desert. Far away, he sees a tiny point of light. A faint light —*with a sinister significance.*

### VIII

LINCOLN HAYES lay prone among the limestone boulders, watching that distant light in the desert.

"It is, I think," said Hassan ès-Sugra, whose gazelle-like eyes masked the vision of a hawk, "a small camp. It may only be Bedouins or a caravan of merchants."

"Arabs wouldn't interfere with us; merchants wouldn't be interested," came Hayes' monotone. "But somebody was right on this hillside tonight, spying us out."

"It is true, sir, yet he has gone."

"Heard us coming."

"If you wish, sir—they are no more than two miles away—I can approach near enough to see who they are, and report to you."

There was a momentary silence, and then:

"Good," said Hayes. "But first, go ahead, and show me the path down to the camp."

Ann was in the big tent when he returned. She had gotten wind of the fact that something was afoot.

"Another camp," said Lincoln Hayes dryly, "opposite side of the ridge. Somebody seems to be interested in us."

"Quite!" said Stefanson, absentmindedly uncorking the bottle of Hochheimer and filling a glass. "Quite!"

"It's a queer route," murmured Rorke, "even more queer than ours." He glanced uneasily at Ann. "But I don't think it's anything to worry about."

She had quite recovered her natural gayety, and smiled in the old, fascinating way.

"Whoever they may be," she declared, "I rather welcome them in this awful desert."

"Notes up to date?" said Lincoln Hayes dryly.

Ann stared at him wide-eyed for a moment, and then:

"No," she confessed. "I came along to see what was happening."

He smiled and, throwing one arm around her shoulders, squeezed her affectionately.

"You're a grand boy," he said.

RORKE grinned at the pair, lighting a cigarette.

"I suppose, hated rival," he remarked, "Hassan has gone to investigate?"

"Yes."

"How far away is the camp?"

"Two miles."

Rorke glanced at his wrist watch.

"Hassan will report in about half an hour," he announced. "He is a very remarkable man, as I know from experience. May I suggest, Lincoln, that the rations run to a drink all round, and one for Slim?"

Slim, who stood at the door of the tent, immobile as a graven image, permitted a slight grimace to cross his features.

"Idea a sound one," Hayes agreed. "Slim, serve. If this thing looks like we're being covered, is the route possible for cars by moonlight, Paddy?"

"Well . . ." Rorke bent over the map, which remained spread upon the table. Slim opened the wicker basket and produced bottles and siphon.

"Up to this point"—he rested his finger on the map—"it is. After that for camels—possibly, yes; for cars, I doubt it. We might manage forty miles, halt until dawn and then push on if you think it advisable—"

"Depends on Hassan's report."

They became restored to better humor and succeeded in banishing some of their ghostly memories: on the one part, of the veiled woman; on the other, of the bat. Then, unannounced by any sound of footsteps, Hassan ès-Sugra bowed in the opening of the tent. His ascetic features exhibited no evidence of fatigue, his gazelle-like eyes were kindly.

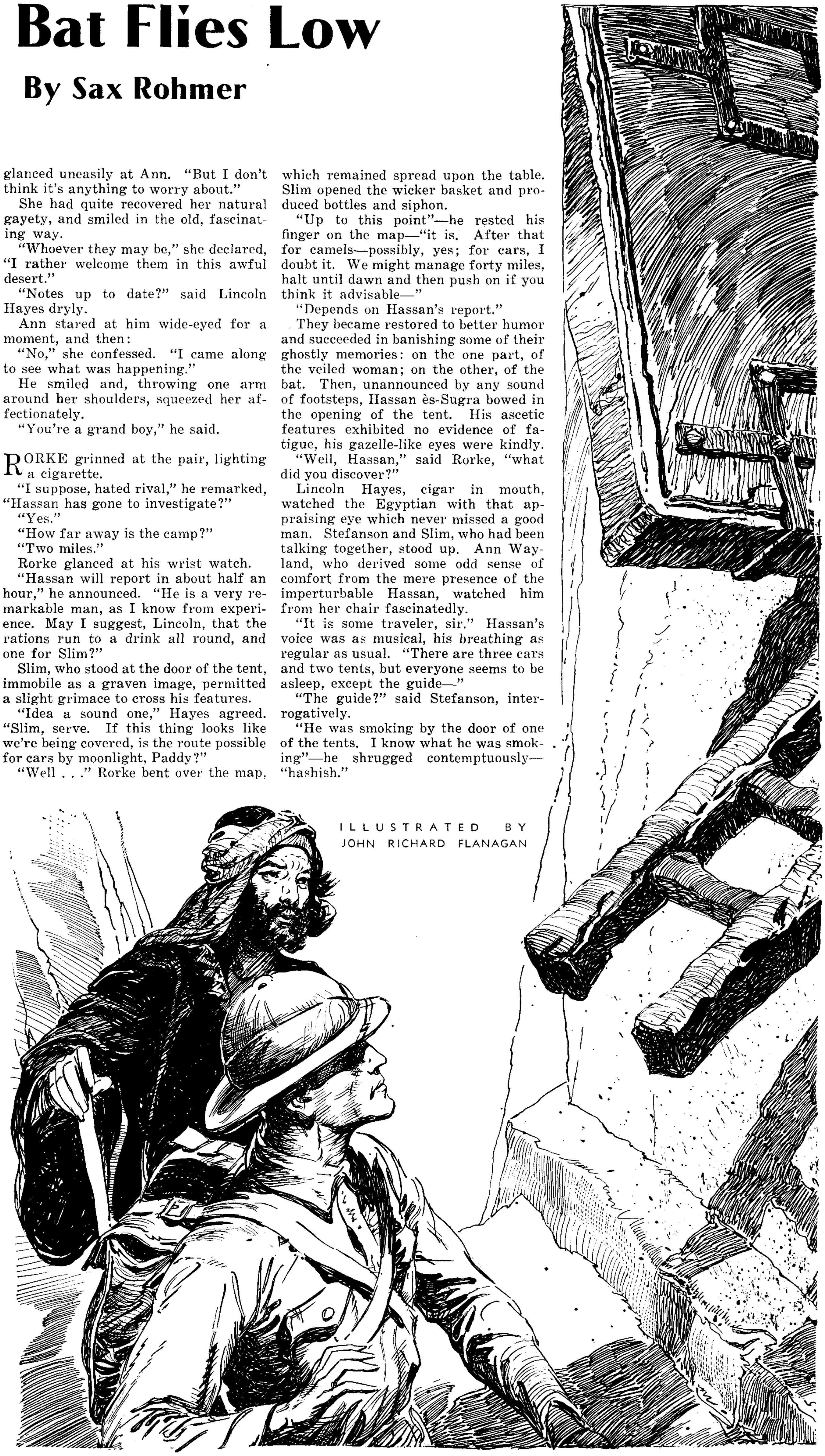
"Well, Hassan," said Rorke, "what did you discover?"

Lincoln Hayes, cigar in mouth, watched the Egyptian with that appraising eye which never missed a good man. Stefanson and Slim, who had been talking together, stood up. Ann Wayland, who derived some odd sense of comfort from the mere presence of the imperturbable Hassan, watched him from her chair fascinatedly.

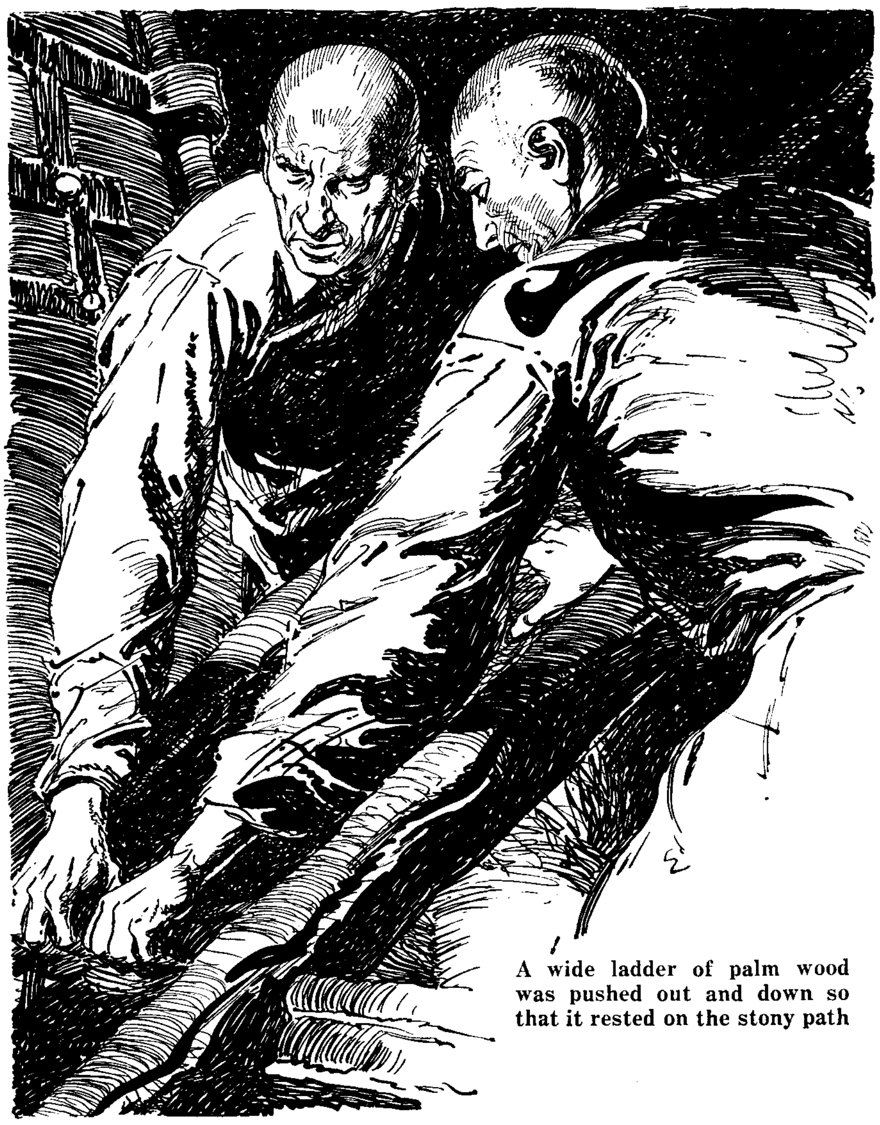
"It is some traveler, sir." Hassan's voice was as musical, his breathing as regular as usual. "There are three cars and two tents, but everyone seems to be asleep, except the guide—"

"The guide?" said Stefanson, interrogatively.

"He was smoking by the door of one of the tents. I know what he was smoking"—he shrugged contemptuously—"hashish."



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN



**A wide ladder of palm wood was pushed out and down so that it rested on the stony path**

"Hashish?"

Stefanson emptied his glass and hastily refilled it.

"These poor people," Hassan went on sympathetically, "form this habit, sir. But except for this, he is a good guide. He is Ali Abdûl Baruch."

"Who is Ali Abdûl Baruch?" Lincoln Hayes inquired.

"The best dragoman in Cairo, sir. Where he leads his party, I cannot say; but, for a dragoman, he is a good man."

"Very queer," Hayes muttered.

"I was rather thinking," said Stefanson—and his voice without his stutter invariably alarmed Ann—"that your idea, Hayes, of pushing on, may not be a bad one."

"It is as you wish, sir," said Hassan ès-Sugra, looking at Lincoln Hayes. "After two hours I can order the men to get ready."

Rorke, studying the map, looked up at the speaker over his left shoulder, and:

"That would do, Hassan," he said, "and give us all two hours' sleep. It's not a bad move, Lincoln, if we are really covered."

"EFFENDIM!"

Lincoln Hayes awoke with a start. A dim light, the light of the false dawn, showed him a figure vaguely silhouetted against the lifted tent flap.

He experienced some difficulty in placing his whereabouts; then he remembered—this was the last night of their outward journey. The long and weary trek—since the desertion of the three men—had passed off practically uneventfully. His confusion was due to the fact that he had been dreaming that Mohammed Ahmes Bey was following them. Rorke stirred on a neighboring camp bed, and sat up.

"Hassan!"

"Yes, sir. I have to report an unfortunate occurrence."

"Nothing has happened to Stefanson?"

Stefanson had taken second watch.

"Not so, sir. He is up on the mound to the south of the camp, watching, I think, for the dawn. They stole away unknown to him."

"Stole away?" said Lincoln Hayes, groping for his cigar box.

"Except for ourselves and Mr. Slim"—it was possible now more clearly to distinguish the figure of Hassan ès-Sugra, and his palms were extended—"the camp is empty!"

"What!"

"The other three men have deserted in the night, sir. I waked to call them to their duties, for it was arranged that we should move at dawn. They had gone!"

Lincoln Hayes lighted a lantern which stood upon a table between the two beds. He held a cigar in his teeth. Rorke was groping for a cigarette.

"This thing is getting monotonous," said Hayes. "I take it"— turning to Hassan ès-Sugra—"the nearest town from here is Sîwa?"

"Yes, Hayes effendîm, they will have gone to Sîwa, although for what I cannot imagine."

Hassan ès-Sugra holding the flap aside, they went out into the dim light. They moved quietly.

"Who's there?"

Stefanson came doubling up, a rifle across his arm. He peered for awhile, and then:

"All right, Stefanson," said Rorke quietly. "What got you up beyond that mound?"

And before Stefanson could reply, from Ann's tent:

"Paddy!" came a cry. "Lincoln!"

The disturbance had awakened her, and therefore in a whisper Stefanson replied:

"It was a great bat! I mean, not an ordinary bat—an enormous thing. It flew around my head and then went off in that direction"—he pointed. "I followed. I don't deny I was scared. I hoped to get a shot, even at the cost of waking everybody. It disappeared in the darkness."

"You heard nothing else?" Lincoln Hayes asked, quietly lighting his cigar.

"Not a thing—only the whir of the bat."

Ann appeared, muffled in a fur coat. She ran forward and squeezed herself in between Lincoln Hayes and Rorke, grasping an arm of each.

"Please!" she said, "what is it? I was fast asleep but having the strangest dreams."

"Just a spot of difficulty," Rorke replied, "reported by Hassan, here."

"What? What has happened?"

"The other three men, our cook and the two drivers, have deserted."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes," said Rorke, "it's damnably inconvenient." His casual manner, although affected for Ann's benefit, seemed very natural. "This means a round-table conference, darling, and you have got to join it."

IN THE big tent, bending over the map spread upon the table:

"We are now," said Rorke, in his quiet manner, "about five miles inside the dotted area."

Ann Wayland leaned upon his shoulder, looking down in the lantern light; Stefanson and Hayes stood upon the other side of the table; Hassan ès-Sugra kept his place by the door.

"At the bend, here"— he pointed—"where we changed our route yesterday morning, we veered sharply north. You remember we passed a big camel caravan. Well—they were on the main road and we were cutting across it. We are now twenty to thirty miles northeast of the Oasis of Sîwa. The town of Sîwa possesses a district officer. I had hoped to keep out of his way, but this latest development makes that idea rather difficult."

He paused, and traced with a pencil a smaller area within the dotted line.

"This is where I believe the Place of the Lamps to be, assuming my reading of the papyrus to be correct. Hassan tells us that the early Egyptian ruins in this area are practically nil. But there is a very old Coptic monastery, dating back to early Christian times, and still occupied by a community of monks. That is so, Hassan?"

He looked up.

"It is so, sir. I have never visited it, nor do I know anyone who has. But the monastery exists."

"My theory," Rorke went on, "as Lincoln knows, is this: The ruins of the great Temple of Jupiter Ammon, a survival of the earlier Temple of Ammon Ra, are in this village, just outside Sîwa. The Oracle of Jupiter Ammon was celebrated throughout the ancient world, as you know—thousands of pilgrims came annually. This created queer superstitions in the Oasis of Sîwa, centering around the old temple. In my opinion, the Temple of Jupiter Ammon was at one time the Place of the Lamps."

"But you said it was in ruins, Paddy!" Ann exclaimed.

Her eyes were widely opened—she had forgotten the shock of awakening to find that the other three Arabs had deserted.

"It is," Rorke replied. "But I believe—and Lincoln agrees with me—that the treasures of the temple and its secrets were removed—probably in Roman times—to some safer place. I believe that there was a college for the training of priests about five miles from this camp. This was indicated in the papyrus and elaborated in my notes. But I also believe"—he looked up—"that the college is still in existence!"

"Point is," said Lincoln Hayes, "got to get reinforcements. Let's trace back. Somebody working against us—suspect who it is, but don't know—has bought off our men. Not afraid of the Egyptian side of the enterprise. Am prepared to make a fair proposition. Not out to steal anything. If I knew their headquarters, would walk in, alone. But when light comes—we have to move."

He paused suddenly—his attitude suggested that he was listening.

Something beat upon the roof of the tent, once, twice, three times, dully.

"Listen!" It was Stefanson's voice. "It's that bat!"

He still carried his rifle and, ungainly but agile, he now darted past Hassan ès-Sugra and rushed out.

Silence followed his departure. Ann was clinging very tightly to Rorke.

"What did he mean?" she whispered.

Rorke, silently cursing Stefanson's forgetfulness, hesitated, and then:

"Stefanson doesn't know a bat from an owl, dear," he replied. "There are a number of owls in this neighborhood—"

Lincoln Hayes exchanged glances with Hassan ès-Sugra. Less than half a minute had elapsed, when Stefanson returned.

"Not a thing!" he reported. "If I could get that brute he would be a museum piece."

He ceased speaking, suddenly uneasy, and silence fell again.

There came a sound of approaching footsteps, and then:

"Excuse me, sir, but what's up?" a plaintive voice inquired. "All those pesky gyppies 'ave buzzed orf!"

It was Slim.

"Come in, Slim," called Lincoln Hayes. "Just woke up?"

"Just this minute, sir. I was asleep in the baggage car. What's gone wrong? This is a funny go."

"Very funny, Slim."

SLIM, fully dressed, his hair disheveled, looked around with blinking eyes, and then took his place near Hassan ès-Sugra near the entrance to the tent. He liked and respected the imperturbable Egyptian and, bending to his ear, began to ask questions in a hushed whisper.

"Soon as it's light enough to move," Lincoln Hayes went on, his voice exhibiting no emotion whatever, "what we do is this: You, Paddy, acting as pilot, will take the big car. Ann will go with you—"

"But, Lincoln! where do you want me to go?"

Ann turned and stared at Lincoln Hayes.

"Into Sîwa. Gather it's an odd sort of town, but anyway there's a British officer there, and he's attached to the Camel Corps. Don't say anything, Ann—just listen." And the power of domination which had made Lincoln Hayes what he was imposed silence. "Slim follows in the second car—"

" 'Alf a mo', guv'nor—"

"When I wanted your advice, Slim, have always asked for it."

"Very good, sir."

"Stefanson—opportunity to visit ancient walled city of Sîwa; may never recur. Suggest you go with Slim. What you'll do is this: Go straight to the district officer; explain we have a bunch of cars but no drivers. You know the rest of the story—stick to it. Get drivers. Terms don't matter. Aim to be back by nightfall. Can you do it, Paddy?"

Rorke knocked ash from his cigarette and bent over the map.

"I don't know," he replied. "It may mean a wide detour—there's a sort of mountain road possible for camels or mules, but I should doubt if one could get a car along it. Anyway, Lincoln"—he stood up and turned—"there's no

*(Continued on page 66)*

# Second Young Love

*About a girl who knew the value of money with or without romance*

## By Roland Pertwee

A COMMON ability to profit by experience is one of the few free gifts offered to mankind; and to have profited by a knowledge of what goes to make marriage a success is, perhaps, one of the best uses of this gift. If this be accepted for truth, then the state of being a young widow is one that should excite envy rather than compassion, for in none of life's enterprises is ignorance to be regarded as a recommendation.

Raymond Carrol made his wife a widow in attempting to rescue a woman from a burning house. It was a useless gesture of heroism, for the woman had retreated by the back stairs when he reached the window at which he had seen her stand. The last the world saw of his funny smile was when he shouted down to the crowd that there was nobody to save. Then the roof fell and crushed his smile for all time. Also it crushed a smile which for eight years of married life had shone in the heart of Edna—his widow.

Edna had worn the smile in her heart rather than upon her mouth because Ray, with all his lovable qualities, was a wild sort of fellow who needed frowning into shape a dozen times a day. Ray had looked on life as a playground and Edna as his principal toy. Sometimes he treated his toy carelessly, as a child might. Then Edna would tell him to stop dashing around like a lunatic and remind him that they had adorable twins to whom he should be an example. She would upbraid him for evenings spent with inconsequent male friends in which nothing more important occurred than a repetition of loud college cries and the consumption of whisky.

Ray would accept her rebukes resignedly; and when she had run out of words, would ask for a kiss or a hug—and get it.

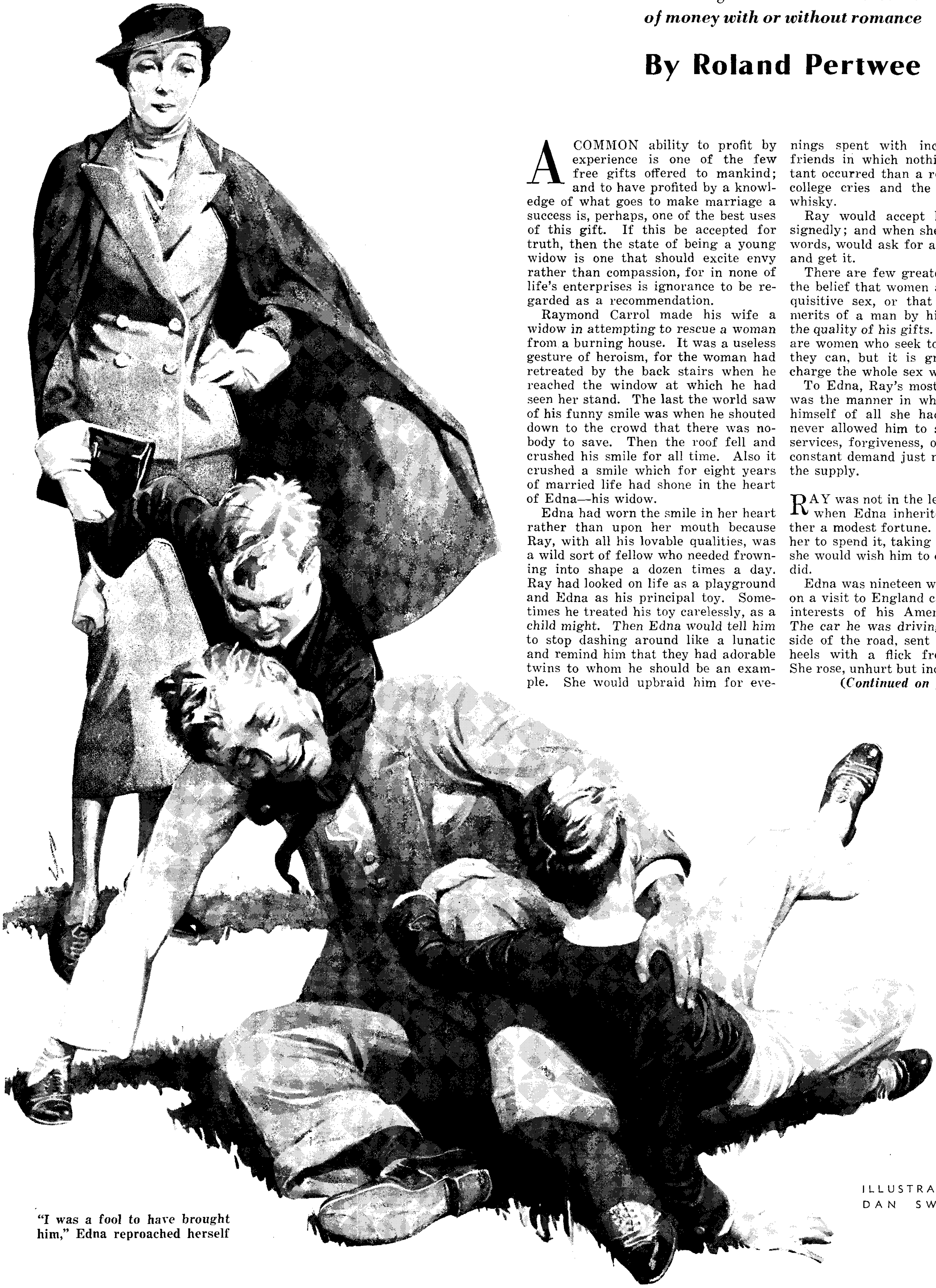
There are few greater fallacies than the belief that women are the more acquisitive sex, or that they judge the merits of a man by his generosity, or the quality of his gifts. Of course there are women who seek to get as much as they can, but it is gross injustice to charge the whole sex with materialism.

To Edna, Ray's most endearing trait was the manner in which he possessed himself of all she had to offer. She never allowed him to seek in vain for services, forgiveness, or caresses. His constant demand just naturally created the supply.

RAY was not in the least embarrassed when Edna inherited from her father a modest fortune. He even helped her to spend it, taking for granted that she would wish him to do so; which she did.

Edna was nineteen when Ray met her on a visit to England carried out in the interests of his American employers. The car he was driving, on the wrong side of the road, sent Edna head over heels with a flick from its bumper. She rose, unhurt but indignant; accused

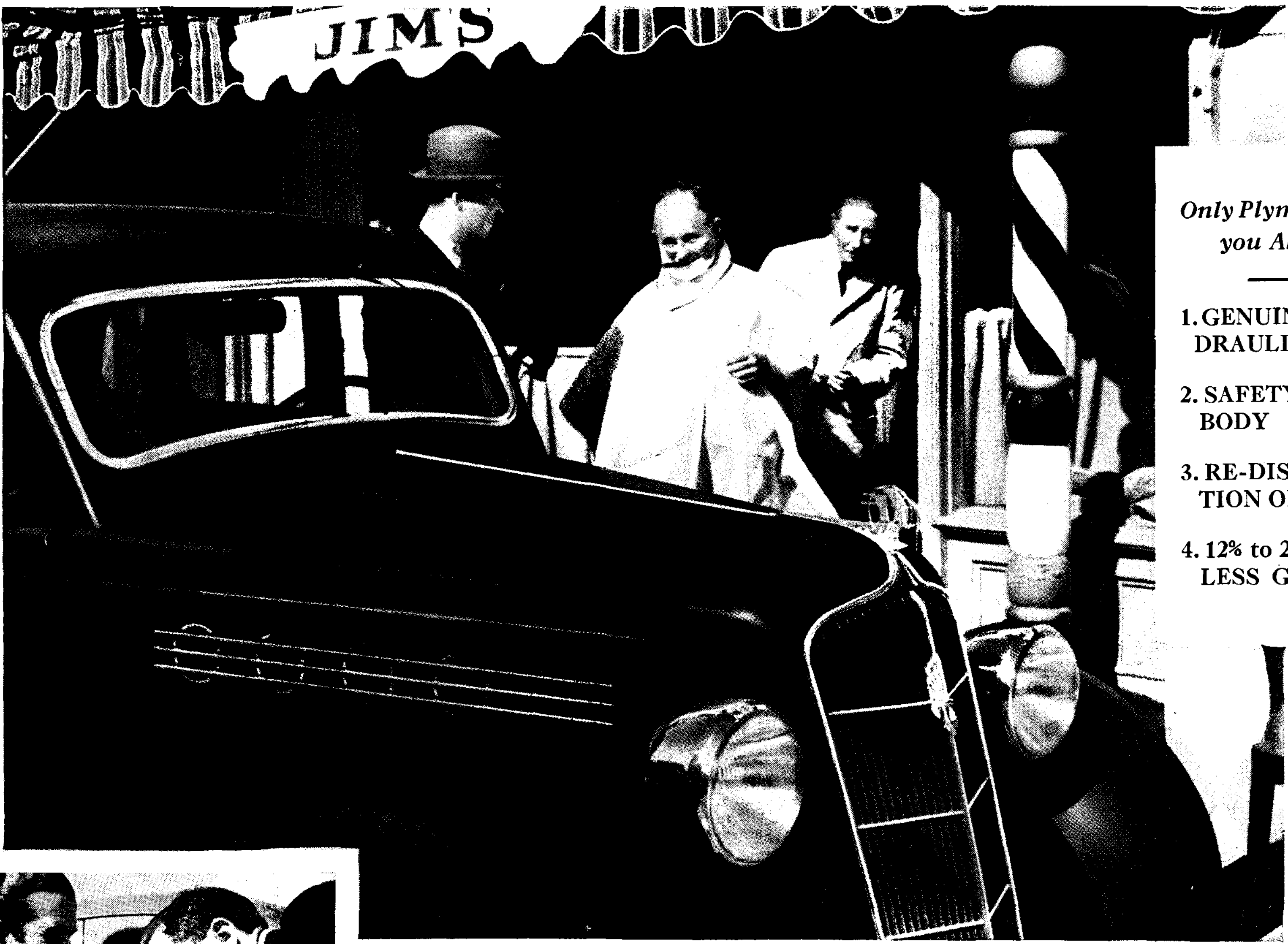
(*Continued on page 60*)



"I was a fool to have brought him," Edna reproached herself

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

# "I WOULDN'T BUY ANY CAR WITHOUT HYDRAULIC BRAKES!"



*Only Plymouth gives you All Four:*

1. GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES
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(Above) *That's steel—all-steel body reinforced with steel!*

*Quick, smooth stopping, with genuine hydraulic brakes.*

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BEFORE you buy any new car... get the opinion of those who *know*. They'll tell it to you straight:

"Get a car with hydraulic brakes ... and a steel body ... every time!"

Safety ... that's why Plymouth has always had genuine hydraulic brakes. Brakes that are fool-proof... self-equalizing... that stop you quickly and smoothly.

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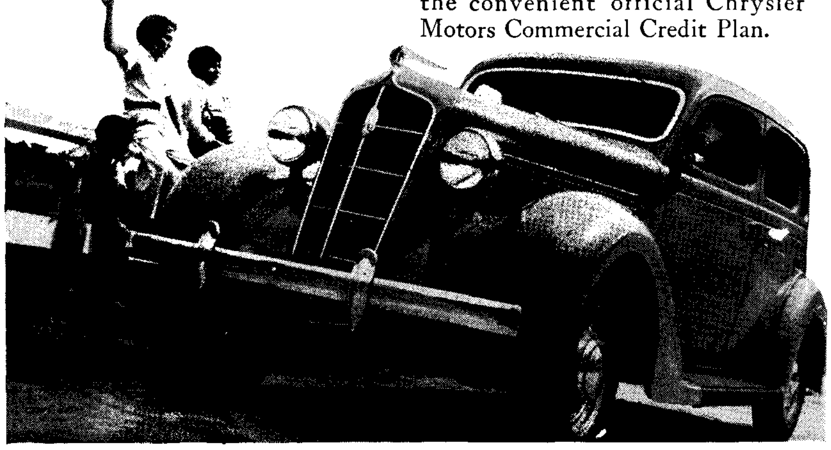
Drive "All Three" of the leading low-priced cars. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will let you drive the New Plymouth ... and he'll explain the convenient official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

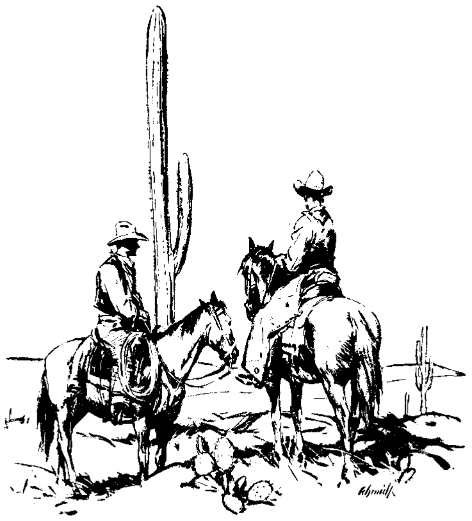


*Most beautiful, and biggest of "All Three" lowest-priced cars ... smart inside and out.*

**PLYMOUTH** *Now only* **$510** **AND UP LIST AT FACTORY DETROIT**

# Hot nights ...hot dawns... hot days*

SUMMER, 1934



by Philip Kerby

Day after cloudless day the sky seemed an inverted copper bowl . . . and the sun, a fiery ball, swung lazily across the heavens, crisping vegetation in its path, and turning irrigation streams into shimmering ribbons of quicksilver. Official shade temperatures rose to 116° and 124°.

Here Frigidaire—equipped with the marvelous new Super Freezer—brought relief and happiness to fortunate owners. Frosty, delicious ices—cool, delightful salads—refreshing drinks with an abundance of sparkling ice cubes made life seem worth living.

These long summer days and nights provided the supreme test for any refrigerator. The Super Freezer, which even on the hottest days kept food safely and provided a never ending flow of ice cubes, met successfully the most grueling test of continuous heat.

How her snow-white Frigidaire with the Super Freezer performed during the sweltering days and nights of last summer was graphically described by Mrs. D. H. Patterson, who said, "After using two other makes of electric refrigerators, we decided to purchase a Frigidaire '34—and find that it fulfills all needs in supplying plenty of ice and refrigeration in this extremely hot climate. We simply would not be without it."

This is only one of the many stories of satisfactory experience with the Frigidaire Super Freezer that came from owners. All were very enthusiastic about the Super Freezer and its remarkable efficiency.

---

*This story was obtained in one of the hottest sections of the United States in the summer of 1934, according to U. S. Weather Bureau statistics.*

NOW IN ITS FOURTH MILLION

# YES, THE FRIGIDAIRE SUPER FREEZER

## *KEEPS FOOD SAFER AND FREEZES MORE ICE...EVEN IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER*

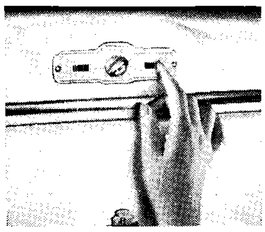
When you buy an electric refrigerator, it is vitally important to know its ability to produce dependable refrigeration on the hottest days. When temperatures soar to summer heights, ordinary refrigeration is not enough.

Only the Frigidaire '35 has the Super Freezer. It gives an entirely new idea of cold-producing ability. It freezes more ice, keeps food safer and provides a greater refrigeration service.

Within every Frigidaire cabinet there's the right kind of cold for every purpose. There's fast freezing for making ice cubes; extra cold storage for keeping a reserve supply of ice cubes; frozen storage for meats, moist storage for vegetables and fruits; and normal storage under 50° for foods requiring dry, frosty cold.

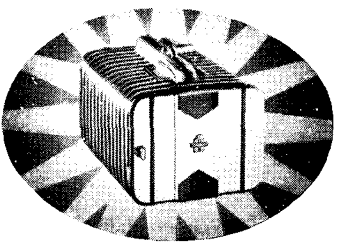
And conveniences! A light flashes on when the door is opened . . . ice trays slide out at the touch of a finger . . . the motor starts automatically when defrosting is completed . . . there's more shelf space for tall bottles. These are just a few.

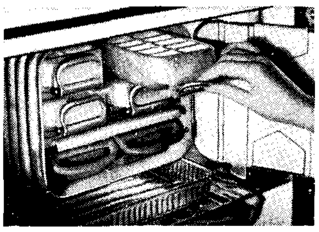
Before you buy a refrigerator, you owe it to yourself to learn the tremendous difference between the Frigidaire '35 and other refrigerators—not only in the service it renders, but also in its low cost of operation. And with all its advantages, you will be amazed to find that the Frigidaire does not cost any more. Go to the nearest Frigidaire showroom and get the facts for yourself.



*Automatic Reset Defrosting—turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed*

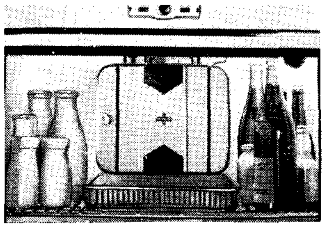
*The Super Freezer provides more cold, more ice and faster freezing*





*With Automatic Ice Tray Release the Frigidaire '35 gives you ice trays that come sliding out at the touch of a finger*

*An interior light flashes on as the door is opened—and there's space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer*



# FRIGIDAIRE '35

*The General Motors Refrigerator*

# Bonus Bill Patman

## By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

UNTHINKING people, for the most part, readily concede Harry Hopkins' right to be called America's Greatest Spendthrift, but the more discerning are inclined to favor the claims of Wright Patman, that prodigal young congressman from the wide-open places of Texas. Bonus Bill Patman! Of course, the two billions of taxpayers' money which the bonus would scatter among World War veterans is a small amount compared to the vast sums rained around by Mr. Hopkins as head of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, but the question involves more than mere monetary considerations. For instance, the backgrounds of the two men.

Throughout his adult life, Mr. Hopkins has been connected with associations for improving the condition of the poor, whether they liked it or not, and other similar organizations supported by the wealth of men rich enough to afford the luxury of charity. Money never really meant anything to him, for it was always a case of "easy come, easy go." If one patron found the pace too hot for comfort, another was always crouched in readiness to spring forward, eager to do good after having done everybody good.

Wright Patman, on the other hand, is a child of poverty. Born in a three-room tenant cabin built on the Abraham Lincoln model, he learned his three R's in such rare intervals as the boll weevil gave him leisure. Later on, there was a mule-back ride of six miles that he took every day to obtain the advantages offered by the high school at Hughes Springs, and by way of filling in his spare time, he lighted the fires in the morning and swept the building clean at night.

There were no pine knots in Texas, but the ambitious boy did the best he could, studying law between picking and planting. Along in his early twenties he had warehoused enough cotton to provide for a finishing year at Cumberland University, in Lebanon, Tennessee. But when he came to cash in on his bales, he received the sad news that the Galveston storm had blown them all away. As a consequence, he and a fellow student lived in a house so tumbled-down that they had to take turns staying awake at night for fear the roof might fall in.

### A Gift for Prodigality

This comparison, assert the champions of Mr. Patman, proves plainly that Harry Hopkins is not a *natural* spender. Always close to money, he has for it the contempt bred by familiarity. In his eyes it is a thing without value. Mr. Patman, however, had attained man's estate before he knew that there was any coin larger than a dime. His prodigality, therefore, has a breadth and sweep entirely lacking in the expenditures of Mr. Hopkins. Spending, with him, is not an acquired habit, but a natural gift. He belongs, in fact, to the school of Coal Oil Johnnie and Death Valley Scotty.

It must be admitted, of course, that the young Texan has his enemies. What strong man hasn't? These malignant souls produce figures showing that Mr. Patman's district has a population of only 255,452, about that of Omaha, and make the point that only 1,659 of the number ever sent in an income tax return.

"Why wouldn't he give the boys two billions?" they jeer. "He and his people will only pay about six bits of it."

Those who know him best, however, insist that residence has nothing to do with Mr. Patman's attitude, and that he would have fought for the bonus even if John D. Rockefeller and the Princess Mdivani had been his constituents. It's just in his nature to be lavish—a princely quality that he has never been able to do anything with.

There are others who hint that the generous Texan has less interest in World War veterans than in inflation. Deep down, they say, he is cheek by jowl with Senator Thomas, Father Coughlin and other apostles of "cheaper money." This is disputed by the fact that Mr. Patman started his bonus drive back in 1928, well in advance of inflation talk, and also long before the good father discovered the radio. Even so, Wright gives ample evidence of having listened intently to the oratory that pours out from the Church of the Little Flower.

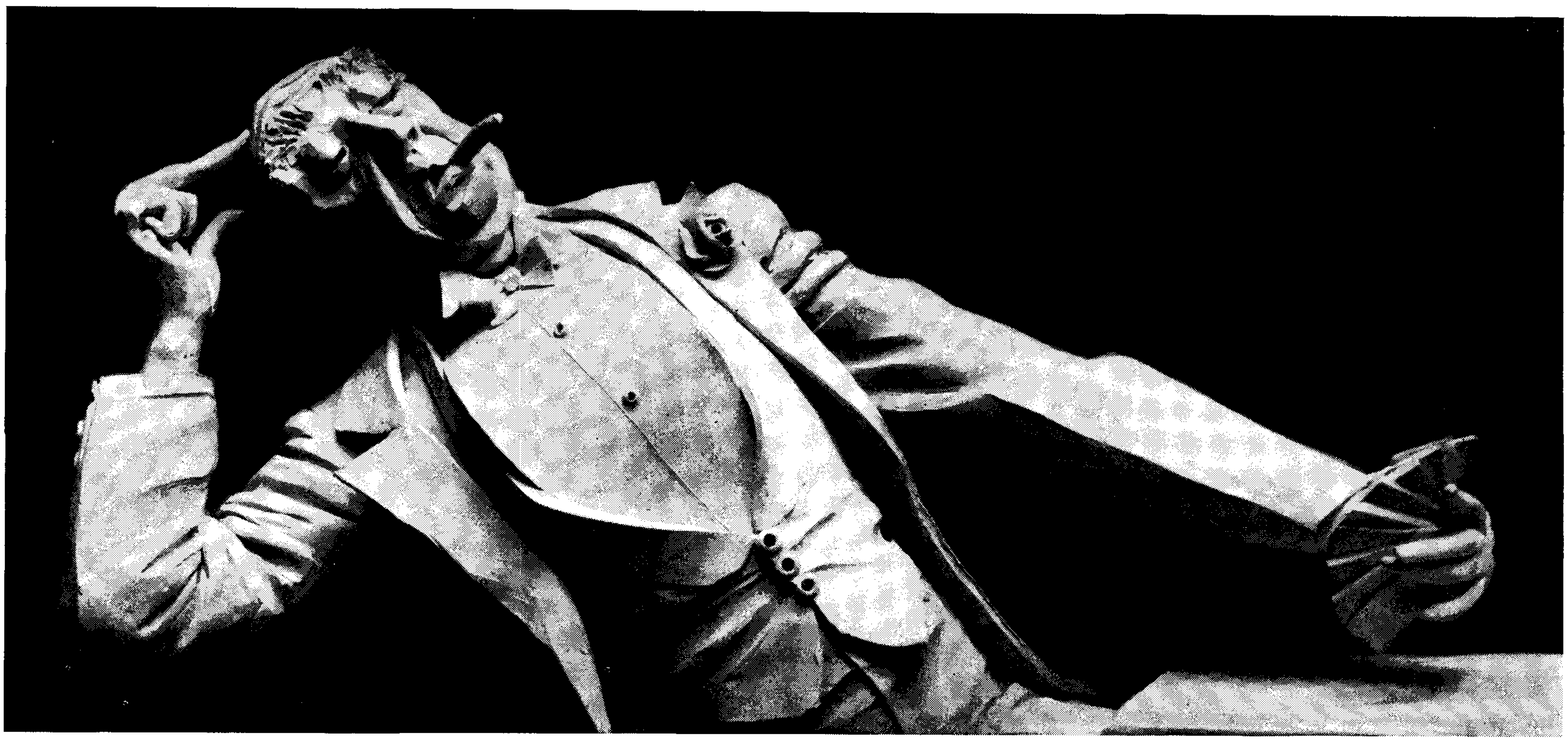
### Credit That "Can't Be Impaired"

"They attack me as an advocate of printing-press money." Throwing back his head, he gave as contemptuous a laugh as was ever heard on any stage. "What is banker money but printing-press money?" And what is money after all, he asks, but what the government says it is? As for the value behind the two billion dollars' worth of greenbacks, the credit of the United States is

*(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

**Opposition from high places has meant nothing to Wright Patman, the ex-soldiers' friend**



# What, No Trumps?

## By Shepard Barclay

*A fine bridge player doesn't rush his hand. He does nothing about the first trick until he has figured out how he expects to play the last one. This advice applies particularly to no trump hands, which Mr. Barclay analyzes*

CLAY MODEL BY ALAN FOSTER

DID you ever try to drive a four-horse team? No? Well, neither have we, but we know how the driver feels, for we have played plenty of no trump hands. If making his four steeds behave themselves is any harder than keeping control of all four suits in a tough hand, the poor fellow deserves plenty of sympathy.

Fine players agree that the most difficult contract of all is one no trump. In comparison, making a slam is like rolling off a log. Usually a slam offers one or two knotty problems in the effort to avoid losing more than one trick, or to lose no tricks. The declarer's concentration is on a very definite piece of work and he can focus all his powers on solving the single puzzle confronting him. Making a small slam is generally a little harder than a grand slam, because there is the danger of losing two tricks; making a five bid presents still another job; and so on down to the very lowest contracts. A contract of one gives the player the maximum amount of things to do, especially if it is one no trump when the side is so weak that he is really in the correct contract.

All no trump contracts necessitate the declarer's keeping track of the situation in all four suits and they therefore give the best line on a player's ability to hold a lot of different elements clearly in mind at the same time. Every one of the four suits must be considered to some extent a threat, for each suit must contain its own stoppers to keep the opponents from running it. There is no protective trump suit which can lend a feeling of security in the same way that a big brother's presence steps up the courage of a small boy engaged in an important bit of neighborhood warfare.

Real logic governs the contract bridge scoring scale which enables a player to get a game at no trump without having to take as many tricks as he would to make a suit game. The sportsmanlike principle of "the greater the risk the greater the possible reward" enters as one factor, since the running of a hostile suit at no trump can produce a bigger set than ordinarily occurs at suit contracts. Another element bearing on the smaller number of tricks necessary to a no trump game is the fact that no tricks can be made by ruffing with small trumps. Thus, with the protection of the trump suit gone, the additional tricks which could be won by means of the trumps are also missing. The very scoring laws themselves, therefore, confess that when a declarer is in a no trump contract is the time "when a feller needs a friend."

### Dissect Your Game

Fine play of no trump contracts is very largely a matter of guarding against the many dangers that beset the enterprise. While engaged in his endeavor to rake in the tricks he has promised to take, the declarer must be constantly alert to see that his defenses are maintained. Much more so than in suit play, he must protect the flanks and rear while striving to march forward to his goal.

When the opening lead has been made and the declarer gets his first chance to appraise his total assets, his most important job is to make a plan of campaign. First, he should count up the number of positive tricks which are in sight and compare them with the number required. Seldom will there be as many certain tricks as are needed. The next step is to look around and pick out the spots in the different suits where the additional tricks may possibly be obtained. After doing this, and therefore having a good general view of the asset side of the ledger, the declarer should examine the liabilities or dangers. When each of these has been adequately weighed, he is able to proceed with his selection of the course he will pursue, with knowledge of what he may stand to gain thereby and what disasters threaten him.

It is an axiom in the planning of all hands, at both suit and no trump, that no road should be chosen which even remotely endangers the making of the contract if there is some one path in sight which is absolutely sure. Extra tricks above the contract are of such slight value relatively that they usually should be disregarded if going after them risks the attaining of the goal bid for. It is not usual, however, to find a way which is completely devoid of hazards. More often it is a case of choosing the less risky and more promising way in preference to one not quite so hopeful. In the most extreme cases, where the contract seems hopeless unless some one far-fetched scheme will work, it is generally up to the plucky declarer to grasp that one slight chance and stake all on an improbable effort rather than supinely accept the defeat that otherwise awaits him.

Playing at three no trumps in the opening game of a rubber, a sound player applied that principle to these cards:

| *Dummy* | *Declarer* |
|---|---|
| ♠ A K Q 10 | ♠ 7 |
| ♡ 7 5 4 | ♡ K 6 3 |
| ♢ 6 3 2 | ♢ A K 5 4 |
| ♣ 8 4 3 | ♣ A K 6 5 2 |

Winning the third heart trick, he saw that making nine tricks against the hostile six-card suit would be impossible unless the finesse of the spade ten would work, so he attempted it and reaped his just reward when it won.

### A Matter of Deduction

In making the original diagnosis of his situation, the declarer should take into account whatever he knows about the adversaries' hands, from their bids, if any, and from the opening lead. This may give him information as to what finesses will work, which ones will fail, how long a dangerous suit is likely to be and where hostile entries are located. If the lead looks like a fourth best, he should apply the "rule of eleven" the same as does the partner of the leader, subtracting from eleven the number of the card led, the result telling him how many higher ones are out against the leader. This enables him sometimes to place accurately the strength or weakness of the leader's partner in the suit. This kind of card-reading continues throughout the hand. Whenever the bidding, the lead, a play or a signal by one of the adversaries indicates what he holds in a particular

*(Continued on page 30)*

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# First Flight

## By Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*A story of young love in war-time England—and a boy who was put to a delicate test by a Zep's bombs*

IT WAS a strange feeling, after eighteen years, to be wheeling through the familiar labyrinth of cobbled streets in Jimmy Lowden's car. Even by 1934 the old seaport hadn't changed very much. There was a type of English town, Ray Conway reflected, which successfully defied both time and progress. A blend of grimy brick, of clustered terra-cotta chimney pots, and slaty roofs bright with rain. Jimmy didn't select any particular route. They preferred to wander, pausing at any spot which revived mutual memories. The cable railway, for instance, with its creaking cars crawling gingerly down to the bathing beach. The Tivoli cinema in mid-town, where the R. F. C. cadets had roared at Max Linder. And the very pier below, where they'd embarked for France in the copper bluster of an October sunset.

Later they rediscovered the old Monopole, its dark red walls still squaring boldly to the brisk Channel breeze. They had a drink at the bar, and then Jimmy drove Ray to the station, in time for the six-fifteen to London. Ray was sailing back to America the following morning. Now that the week-end was over they had both become a little quiet and thoughtful, under the impact of a vividly revived youth. Jimmy hasn't changed so much, Ray reflected. A trifle heavier, a trifle more florid. But still the same kind, slow-thinking, mild-eyed Jimmy.

On their way to the station, and just off Westgate Road, they passed a cottage that gave Ray a swift, lifting twist in the region of his heart. He said impulsively: "That's where Margery Dawson used to live." And instantly he bit his tongue. He hadn't meant to mention Margery, who knew something that Jimmy must never know. In order to reassure himself, he asked with a forced casualness: "Ever seen Margery since those days?" And he was vastly relieved when Jimmy replied: "No, old chap. She was your girl. I hardly knew her. I believe she married, and went to live up north somewhere."

ALONE in the train Ray realized that it would be five, perhaps ten, years before he would again see Jimmy Lowden. But men like Jimmy had a sublime knack of ignoring such factors as time and space. They formed a friendship, and clung to it to the very grave, supported by such slim fodder as an occasional letter, an even rarer meeting. There was something pretty fine about that, Ray thought. In his and Jimmy's case it went such a long way back too. Why, he could remember the very morning in the summer of 1916 when he'd first met Jimmy. . . .

The Kentish countryside beyond the flying field had been a gentle, pallid green. There were white clouds of sheep in the meadows. As Wyncott, the most banal cadet in the school, had remarked at breakfast: you wouldn't have guessed there was a war on. But he, Ray Conway, had no illusions on the subject. Banyard, the C. O., had just raked him over the coals. Given him hell, in fact. For stunting. For zooming over a bandstand on the upper town promenade, and for scattering several hundred God-fearing music lovers in mortal terror. Banyard was bull-necked, with an eagle's profile and a fearsome crest of flaming hair. Banyard was an Australian.

"And all you little squirts of cadets," he'd roared, "had jolly well better cut out this stunting—before the whole bloody outfit gets a court-martial. The A. P. M. phoned me that you flattened out at less than two hundred feet. Is that true, or isn't it?"

IT WAS true, Ray admitted. He hung his head, and a lock of dark hair fell over his sweating forehead. He was nearly six feet, but he looked like a schoolboy. "That Sunday crowd," he tried to explain, "looked so—so darned complacent. They forget there's a war."

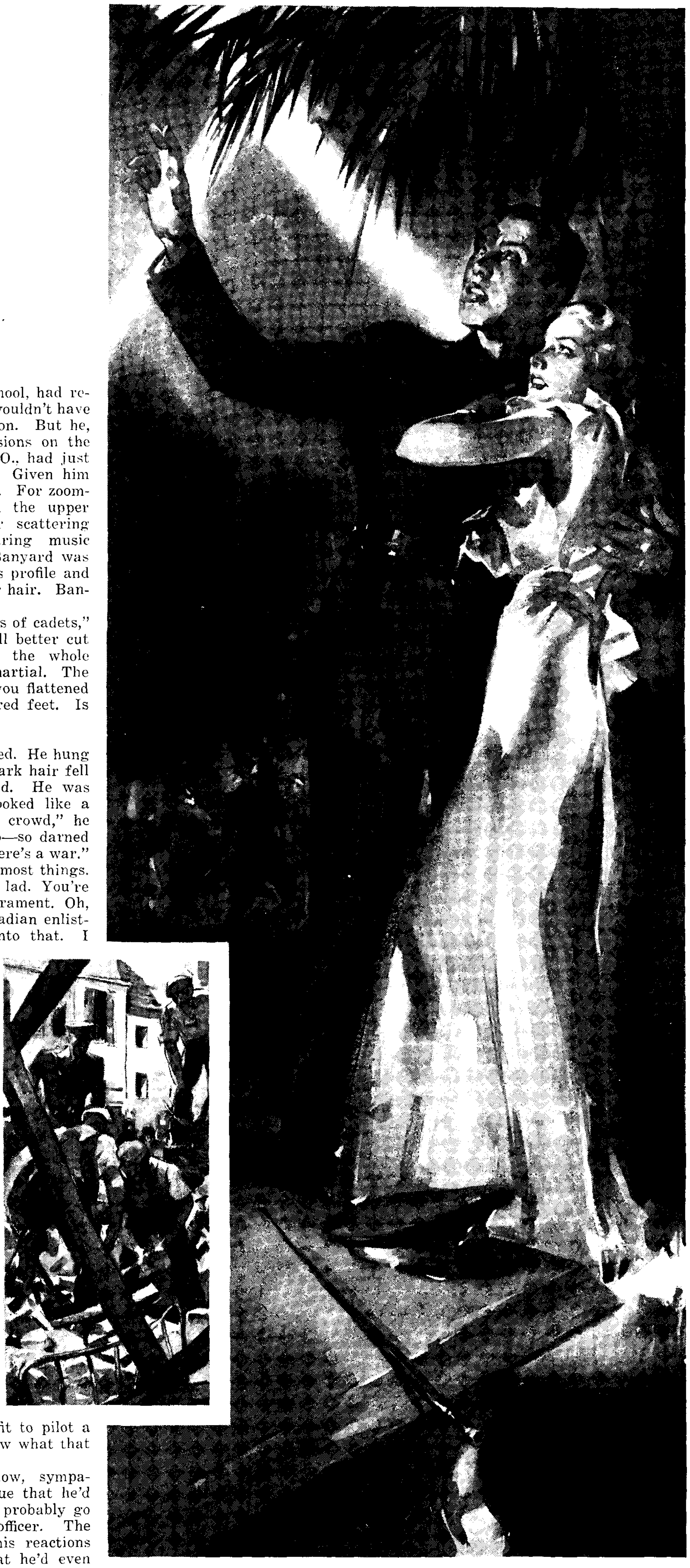
Banyard got it. He got most things.

"Take a tip from me, my lad. You're a Yank by birth and temperament. Oh, I know all about your Canadian enlistment, and we won't go into that. I know how you feel. I know that these provincial towns stink of sanctimony. But we've got to put up with it while we're training. The point being, simply, that if I get one more complaint from the A. P. M., I'll send you to the clinker for a week."

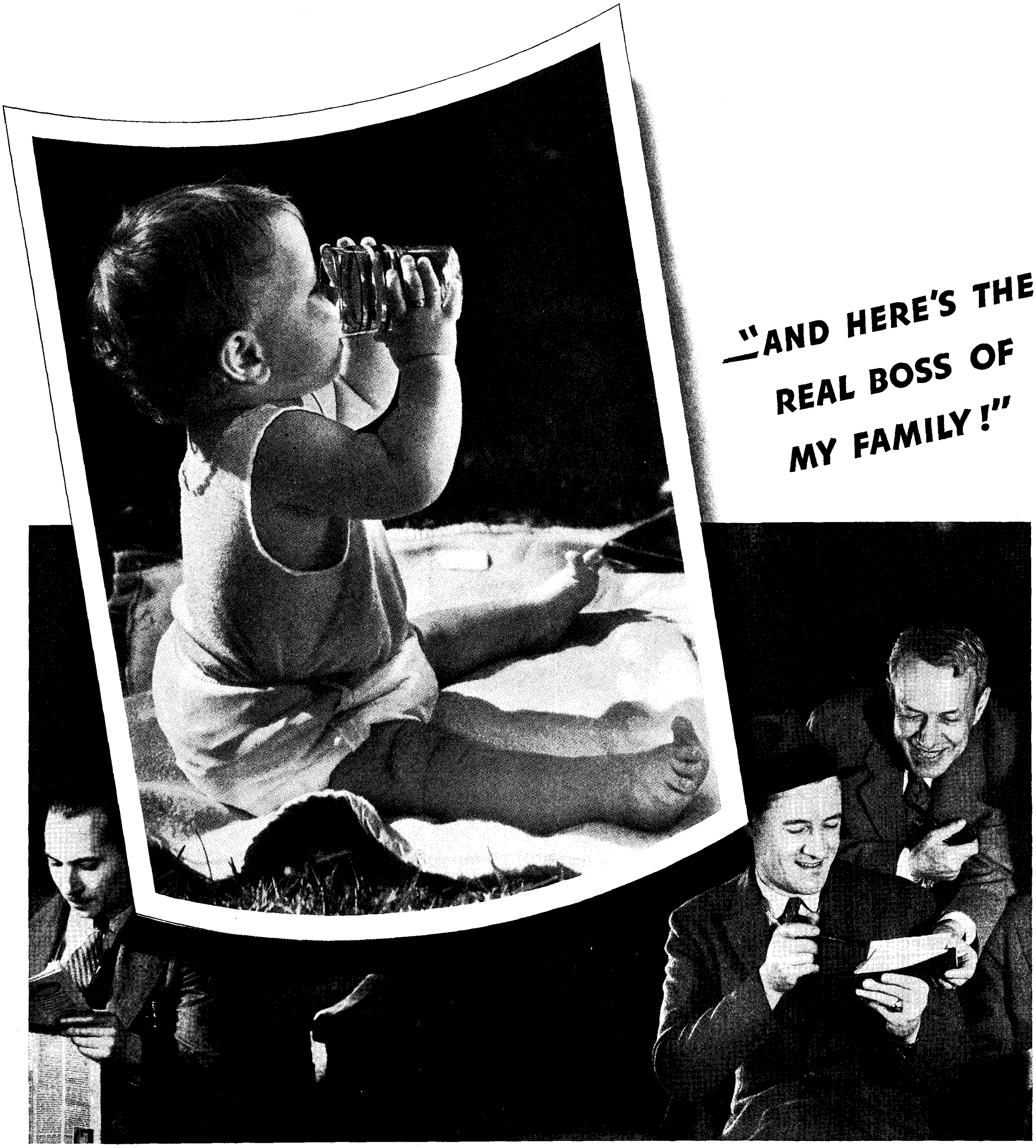
Ray Conway left, trembling, and went out to the field. It was then that Jimmy Lowden, standing in the door of the repair shop, spoke to him. Lowden said, squinting at the burned points of a spark plug: "Brace up, young 'un. I heard it all through that open window. Banyard has ninety ways of ticking off a man, and you got the softest. Yesterday he watched me do a couple of turns in a Sopwith Pup, and then informed me that I wasn't fit to pilot a bishop's tricycle. You know what that means."

Ray liked Lowden's slow, sympathetic manner. It was true that he'd never make a pilot. He'd probably go to France as a ground officer. The whole school knew that his reactions weren't quick enough; that he'd even

*(Continued on page 57)*



Before they ran, Ray had time to turn his face skyward



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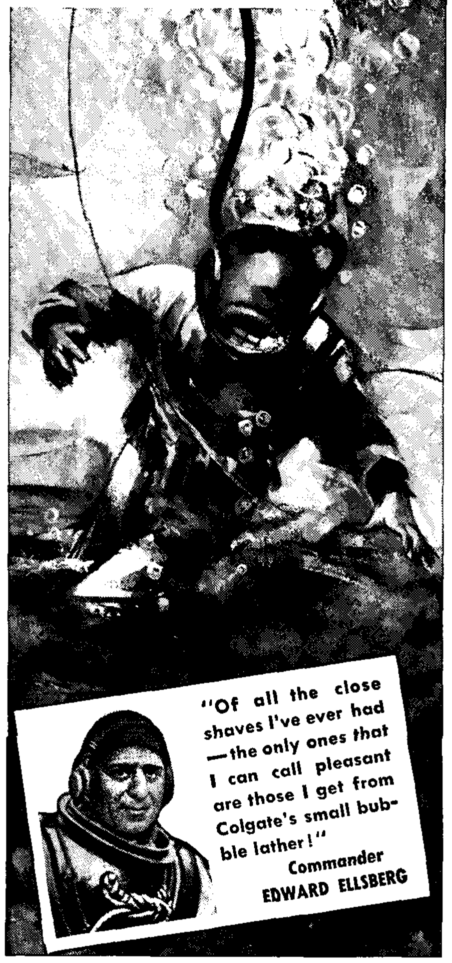
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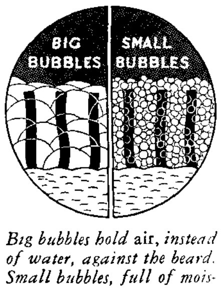

*Big bubbles hold* air, *instead of water, against the beard. Small bubbles, full of moisture, soak each whisker soft. clear down to the base.*

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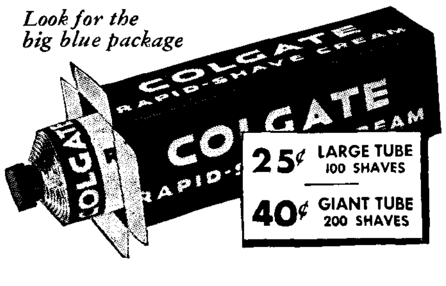

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# What, No Trumps?

*Continued from page 26*

suit, the declarer should make the counter-deduction about what the partner holds in that suit.

After counting the definitely set-up tricks, the declarer looks for his additional tricks in the form of cards to be turned into winners by the various artifices of play. Most important among these is the establishing of small cards in some long suit. Few no trump contracts are successfully negotiated unless the declarer manages to bring in some little cards in addition to his various honors. He generally must pick out his most promising suit and go to work on it at the earliest possible moment. If only one suit bears sufficient length and strength to bear his confidence, his problem is simplified. More often he has to decide between two or three suits. As a generality the longest should be preferred because, after it is established, it contains the largest number of winning small cards. With suits of equal length, the favor usually should go to that in which the two hands, declarer's and dummy's, contain the most cards, since then the adversaries have the smallest number of cards in it, rendering the suit most establishable.

Suppose the declarer has his choice between establishing some two of these suits:

| | |
|---|---|
| ♠ A K 4 3 2 | ♠ 7 6 5 |
| ♡ A K 4 3 2 | ♡ 6 5 |
| ◇ A K 3 2 | ◇ 7 6 5 4 |
| ♣ A 4 3 2 | ♣ 8 7 6 5 |

The spades should be favored over the hearts because the side has more cards of the suit, the hearts over the diamonds because one more small-card trick may be brought in by the greater length, the diamonds over the clubs because of a smaller number of losing tricks in the suit.

In establishing the suit, several means are at the declarer's disposal. One of these is simply to lead out the high cards and then keep on leading the suit, regardless of opponents' winning tricks in it, until they have no more of the suit, its small cards then being set up. Another is to finesse in it, thus striving not only to shut out winning cards of theirs, but also to reduce the number of times it has to be led to get established. A third is to make use of a play known as the "duck"—deliberately letting the other side win an early trick in it, or perhaps two early tricks in extreme cases.

### Learning to Duck

The "duck" is sometimes the only play that will make the contract. The dummy, without any side entries, may perhaps contain A K 4 3 2 in spades, declarer having in spades only 7, 6 and 5. If he needs four tricks in the suit to go game, his best play is to let the adversaries have the first trick, then hope his ace and king will drop their last spades, setting up two little ones. If only three tricks are needed, and he does not worry about their running any suit against him, he should duck twice, letting them have the first two tricks in the suit. Thus he guards against one adversary having four cards of the suit, and assures himself three tricks in that event.

When and how to finesse is grossly misunderstood by some otherwise fine players. Suppose a player of either a no trump or suit contract has a suit like this to work on:

| | |
|---|---|
| ♣ 8 7 5 4 2 | ♣ A Q J 9 6 3 |

With eleven cards, only two are out. Should he try to drop the king with his ace, or finesse? Let's lead a small club from the left. The first adversary plays the ten. Now the only club still out is the king. Who has it? If this is the second trick of the deal, the first opponent, having played on it, has eleven cards left. The other opponent, not having played, has twelve cards in his hand. The missing king is one of these 23 cards. The first opponent has thus 11 chances to hold the king, his partner 12 chances. Aren't the odds exactly 12 to 11 that the second opponent has it, therefore 12 to 11 that the ace play will drop the king?

### Establishing a Suit

But suppose you had only ten clubs in your two hands, so that three were out. Now, after the first opponent played small, there would still be the king and one other club out. These could be divided four ways—with the first opponent having the king, now alone, with him holding the king and the other card, in each of which cases the finesse wins; or with the second opponent holding the king now alone, in which case the ace play wins; or the king guarded, in which case the king cannot be captured. Aren't the chances *now that the finesse will win twice* whereas the drop would win once? These two cases form the basic rule of finesses. If you have eleven cards of the suit, with only two out, play to drop the king; if less than eleven, so that three or more are out, try the finesse.

This same principle applies to finesses against a queen. After one round of the suit, you have the same situation as on the first round of a prospective king finesse. The drop of the queen is best then if there were only four cards out originally, or less, and you had nine or more, and the finesse pays better if you hold less than nine and the opponents more than four. Against the jack, you finesse with six or less when seven or more are out, and drop the jack when you have more than six and six or less are out.

These figures apply of course only when there are chances to try either method, and when the mathematics have not been upset by some bid or lead of the opponents giving a line on their distribution. For instance, if the opponent who plays last had indicated a five-card diamond suit by his leads, it is better to finesse his partner for the club king than try to drop it, even if you hold eleven cards of the suit.

There are other finessing combinations which it will pay a player to learn, such as the double one of the ace-queen-ten to shut out a king-jack. If the side has less than nine cards, the ten is usually the best initial try, but with more the queen generally makes the better-paying finesse. The student may get out the honors of any one suit, place the missing ones in different positions and figure for himself, if he is interested enough, the probable results, in manner similar to that given for the missing king. Thus he can find that with small cards opposite an ace-jack-ten, it usually pays to try the finesse twice. With king-ten-deuce in one hand and queen-four-three in the other, his best play if the lead is with his king combination is a small card toward the queen, and an effort to finesse the ten on the way back. Also, with ace in one hand and queen in the other, the combination finesse that pays is usually to lay down the ace, then lead a small one toward the queen.

Establishing a suit, and in fact the original selection of it as one to establish, can depend on factors extraneous to the suit itself, especially that of entries. If the dummy, for instance, contains ◇ A K 5 4 3 2, declarer having a singleton, it is hopeless of itself, for the opponents will surely win the third round and the suit is dead unless the dummy contains a side entry. In fact, the dummy will need two side entries if one opponent happens to possess four cards of that suit. There is an age-old rule to determine the number of entries needed to bring in a suit. It is this—the number of tricks to be lost in the suit, plus one, equals the total number of entries needed to be sure you can bring in the small cards of the suit. When there are not enough entries, it is usually better to forget that particular suit and try to find some other way to promote the requisite tricks.

Playing a no trump hand successfully is usually like engaging in a race, a dash to see which side can establish its long suit first. The adversaries always have an advantage in that they can get a head start, by means of the original lead. Declarer's fate usually depends on his beating them in the race, due to his greater power. But he must *frequently protect himself in* every way against the running of their suit, sometimes by every device he can muster. Usually the important thing is to make sure that the player with the long suit does not get the little cards of it established first, and then, after that, get into the lead so that he can cash them. If he can be kept from setting them up, or from getting the lead after they are set up, he is probably foiled.

### Hold-up Technique

One of the most important plays for this purpose is called the "hold-up." It consists of postponing the play of a winning card in the hostile suit until the partner of the long-suiter has no more cards of it. If that partner thereafter wins a trick, he cannot put the long-suiter in the lead by means of his own suit, and the dregs of it will die if the long-suit player can be kept from winning a trick in some other suit. The hold-up turns out to be futile if the long-suiter eventually gets the lead anyway after his suit is built up. Here is a clear-cut case:

| *Dummy* | *Declarer* |
|---|---|
| ♠ 3 2 | ♠ A 5 4 |
| ♡ K J 10 3 | ♡ A 9 4 |
| ◇ 7 5 3 | ◇ A K J 10 9 |
| ♣ A K Q 2 | ♣ 6 4 |

This is one of the times that protective considerations must make the declarer forget his aggressive rule about suit preference, if a spade is led against him. He must let the opponents take the first two tricks, crash in with the ace on the third and then finesse not the longer diamonds, but the shorter hearts. If the diamond finesse loses to West, the adversary will run the rest of his suit, beating the game. But if the heart finesse is lost to East, declarer makes game anyway, with nine tricks, since either East has no spade left to return to his partner or else the leader's suit was of only four cards and they can get just three tricks in it.

The double hold-up is another important play, which means holding up for a round even though the suit be doubly

*(Continued on page 32)*

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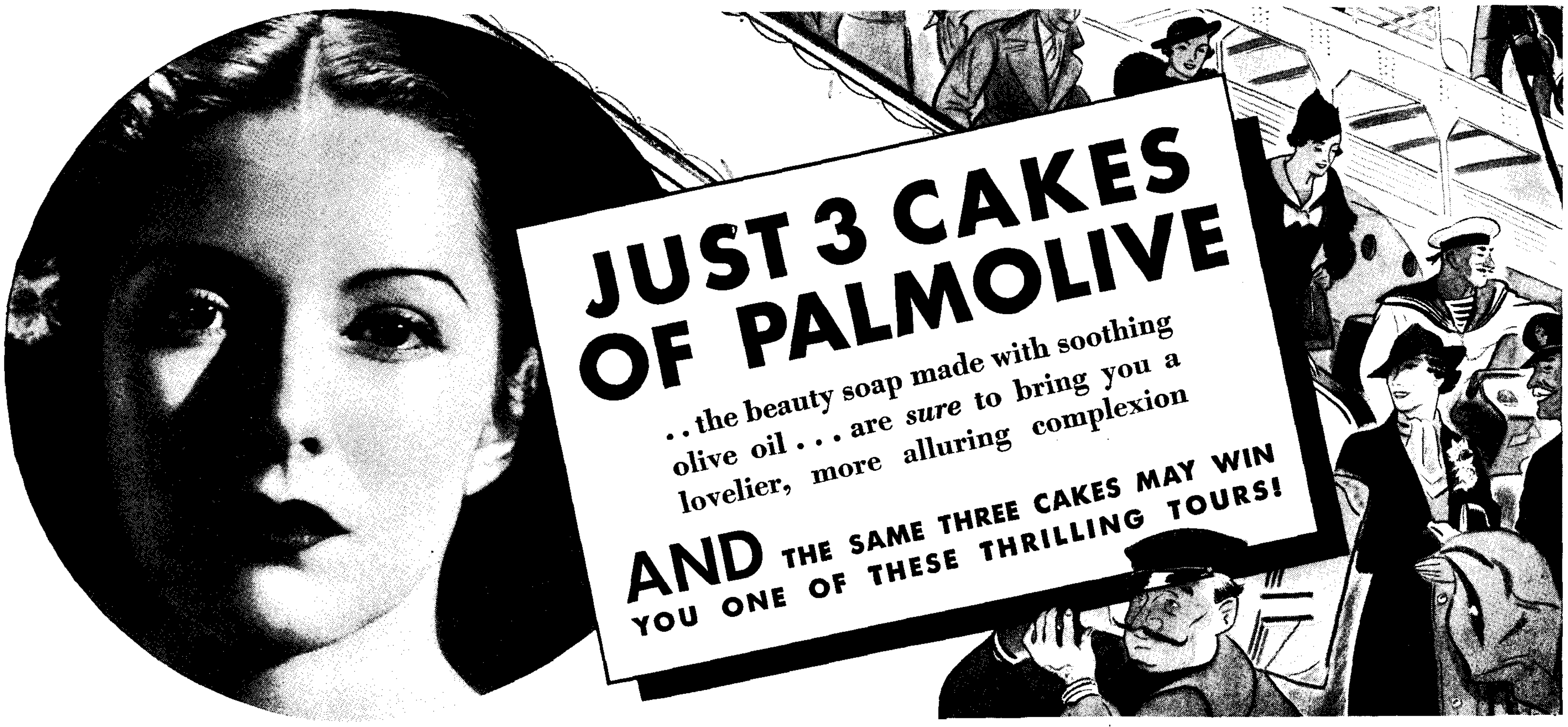

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Get your three cakes of Palmolive today. Try it . . . and see how this marvelous beauty soap will give *your* skin the thrilling loveliness that every man adores! Every night and morning use this simple 2-minute beauty treatment . . . Massage Palmolive's rich, velvety lather into your skin. See how gently, but deeply, it cleanses your pores . . . Then rinse with warm water, followed by cold. Watch your skin grow lovelier, more radiant, day by day! Even before the third cake is gone . . . see what a marvelous improvement Palmolive has made in your skin!

**OLIVE OIL...ITS BEAUTY SECRET**

Why does Palmolive do such wonders for your skin? Because Palmolive, unlike other soaps, is made from precious cosmetic oils . . . a scientific blend of soothing olive and palm oils . . . used by lovely women ever since Cleopatra's time to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth!

That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women the world over use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

**HERE ARE THE DETAILS OF THIS THRILLING CONTEST!**

A contest so simple—so easy! Just tell us in your own words *"Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap."* You don't need to be clever. Just write as to a friend. (Contest rules explain how easy it is.)

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense,* a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour would ordinarily cost you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment . . . all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money" for every winner. Railroad fare to and from New York will also be paid.

**WINNERS SAIL ON GREAT NEW FRENCH LINE SHIP**

20 first prize winners sail on the palatial new "Normandie." Leaves New York July 31st, returns September 2nd.

European Tour includes Paris, Rome, London . . . Venice, Geneva, Vienna . . . Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague . . . Five wonderful weeks in the most fascinating cities of the Old World! First class accommodations throughout the tour.

A representative of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company (makers of Palmolive Soap) will accompany the tour.

*What a glorious vacation! And you have every chance to win it! So write that letter today!*

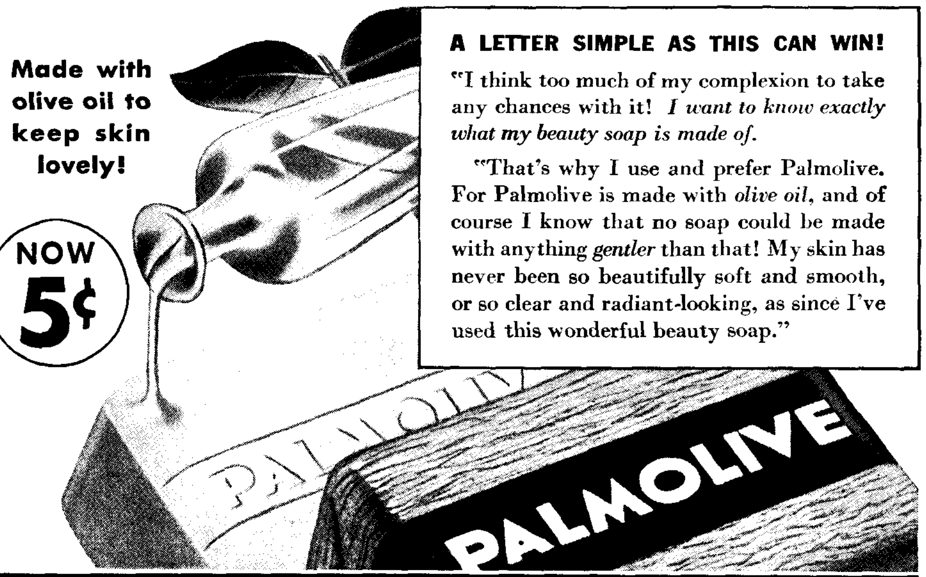
**1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES!**

In addition to the 20 first prizes, there are 1,000 others . . . For women, Beauty Boxes containing creams, powder, lipstick, and of course Palmolive Soap! For men, attractive Palmolive Shaving Kits.

## READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

(*Clip and save for reference.*)

1. Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their advertising agency, and families).
2. Write a letter of 100 words, or less, telling "Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap." Print your full name and address, and name of dealer from whom you bought Palmolive Soap.
3. All letters will be judged on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write as if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win the prizes! (You may submit as many letters as you wish.)
4. Each letter you submit must be accompanied by the black bands from three cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. C-4, Jersey City, N. J.
5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.
6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. All entries become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



**Made with olive oil to keep skin lovely!**

NOW 5¢

**A LETTER SIMPLE AS THIS CAN WIN!**

"I think too much of my complexion to take any chances with it! *I want to know exactly what my beauty soap is made of.*

"That's why I use and prefer Palmolive. For Palmolive is made with *olive oil,* and of course I know that no soap could be made with anything *gentler* than that! My skin has never been so beautifully soft and smooth, or so clear and radiant-looking, as since I've used this wonderful beauty soap."

**PALMOLIVE IS THE LARGEST SELLING BEAUTY SOAP IN THE WORLD!**

# What, No Trumps?

*Continued from page 30*

stopped, with perhaps the ace, king and another one. Many untutored players feel that it is just as good to win the first and third tricks, letting the second go, as to let the first one pass and then be able to win the next two. That this is costly is shown by these cards:

*North*
♠ 4 3 2
♡ K 5 3
◇ A Q J 4
♣ Q 10 2

| *West* | *East* |
|---|---|
| ♠ Q 10 9 8 5 | ♠ J 7 |
| ♡ A 8 6 | ♡ 10 9 7 2 |
| ◇ 9 6 5 | ◇ K 8 |
| ♣ 7 5 | ♣ J 9 6 4 3 |

*South*
♠ A K 6
♡ Q J 4
◇ 10 7 3 2
♣ A K 8

If South lets the first spade go to East's jack and wins the return, he makes four no trump. Losing the diamond finesse, he notes that East cannot return a spade, offering a club. Now when South loses a heart to West, he can win the spade return, running all told two spade tricks, three diamonds, two hearts and three clubs. But suppose he wins the first spade. If he now loses the diamond finesse, East returns a spade for West to win. West knocks out the last spade stopper while still holding his heart ace as an entry. After the declarer gets eight tricks in, he has to try for a heart trick, and West runs the fatal spades.

Another device of experienced players might have been used to make that hand without the double hold-up—the knocking of the side entry out of the dangerous hand. After winning a spade trick, South could have led hearts at once, knowing that West's only possible side entry lay in that suit, since the diamonds could be finessed to East. By either method, West could be prevented from getting the lead after his spades were set up.

### Scaring the Opponents Away

One very dangerous move frequently made by careless players is the effort to set up a thirteener in a four-card ace-king-queen suit before first attempting other trick-building measures. To begin with, the chances are more than 2 to 1 that the missing six cards are not divided 3 and 3 between the opponents, that one has at least four cards of the suit, and that therefore, the effort will fail. In that event, trying to set up the suit will build a thirteener for the adversaries which can be cashed as soon as they get the lead. This is a case in point:

| *Dummy* | *Declarer* |
|---|---|
| ♠ 9 5 4 | ♠ Q J 10 |
| ♡ 5 4 3 | ♡ A K Q 2 |
| ◇ A 9 7 6 | ◇ K Q 4 |
| ♣ 7 5 2 | ♣ A Q J |

After ripping off two tricks in their four-card spade suit, the opponents put the declarer in with the queen. If he now tries to set up a thirteener in hearts or diamonds for the trick needed above the eight which are certain, and it doesn't work, he sets up a trick for them. If he then tries the next four-card suit and that fails, too, he has to build the trick in clubs. If the finesse loses, the adversaries may cash one or both of the thirteeners in addition to their good spade, beating game by either one or two tricks. In this case the red suits should be let alone until the club finesse is tried. Even if it fails, game is now sure, and if it works the effort to set up the two four-card suits can still be made to seek overtricks, without risk to the contract.

In the race with the adversaries, the declarer must keep track of how close they are to having their suit established, so he will know whether he has time to set up his longest one. That is vital on a hand like this:

| *Dummy* | *Declarer* |
|---|---|
| ♠ 9 | ♠ A K 6 |
| ♡ Q J 10 8 5 | ♡ 9 7 |
| ◇ A 5 4 2 | ◇ K 8 7 3 |
| ♣ A 7 5 | ♣ K Q 8 2 |

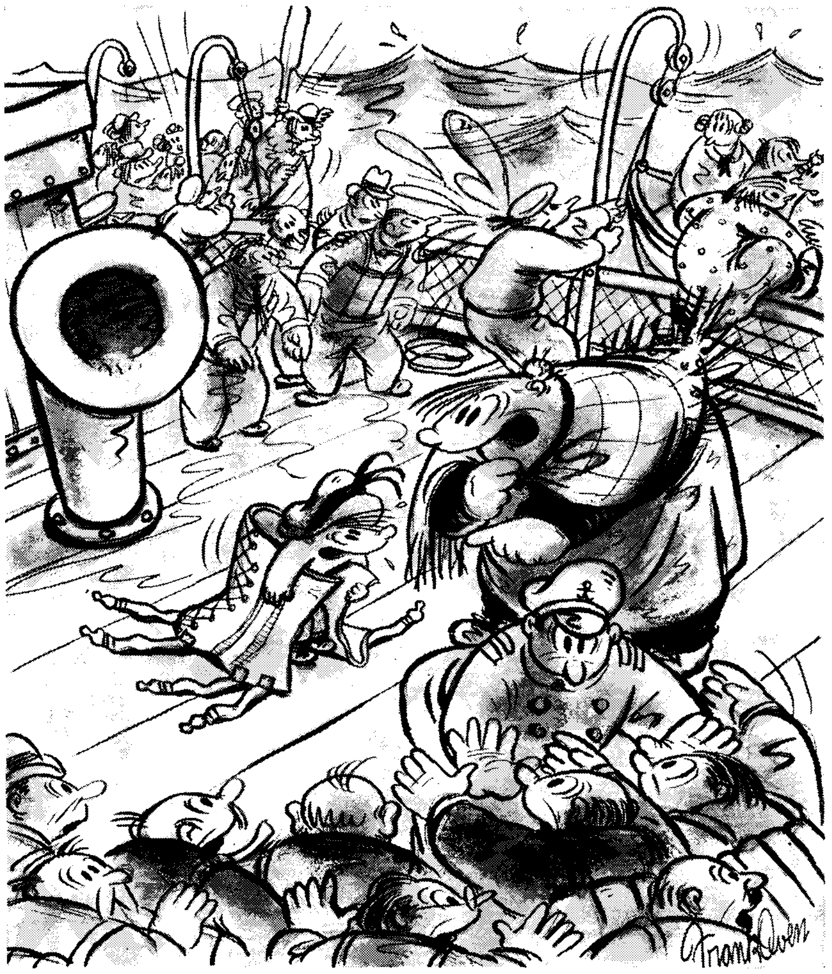
The careful counter, after winning the second spade, will note that the heart suit is hopeless. When one trick is lost in it, the adversaries will immediately knock out the last spade stopper. Then when the second sure loser is lost to them in hearts, they will run the spades. The best play here, when declarer must not lose the lead twice, is to play his two high diamonds, then lose a trick in the suit. This will probably establish the fourth trick, for only five cards are out against him in the suit. Then, when a spade is returned to him, he should try for the even division of the clubs. The odds are against this working, but they are far better than taking the positive defeat entailed in trying the heart suit.

Many other plays should be in the good declarer's repertoire, including end-plays and squeezes for extra tricks in doubtful hands, and he should know various combinations of cards and their possibilities. For instance, the jack and queen in opposite hands, one guarded singly and the other doubly, constitute a certain stopper if the opponents lead the suit even once, but a very doubtful one if the declarer leads the suit. Also, a queen and ace opposite each other, both doubly guarded, are much more likely to take two tricks if the opponents lead the suit than if declarer does.

Throughout a hand, the declarer should false-card as much as he can, usually playing higher cards from sequences instead of the natural lower ones, so that the opponents cannot figure out his holding. He also should on rare occasions make a bluff lead of the suit he most fears, to scare the opponents away from slaughtering him with it and into leading back to him the very things he desires. He is in the position of being unworried about misleading his partner, for even if he makes the poor dummy nervous, that bit of cruelty will not cut down his trick score.

The late Milton C. Work used to say that he could go into a room filled with strangers, look across at the far tables and shortly know which ones were the better players. They would be the ones who, after the lead was made, would be seen to pause and study while making a plan. The duffers, with possibly an inferiority complex about their game, would want to cover it up by playing promptly, and so would begin to put cards on tricks as rapidly as they could do it. But the fine player would not do anything about the first trick until he had figured out how he expected to play the last one.

**Philbert**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
By FRANK OWEN



"I don't care if the captain did say women first! You put that back, Philbert!"

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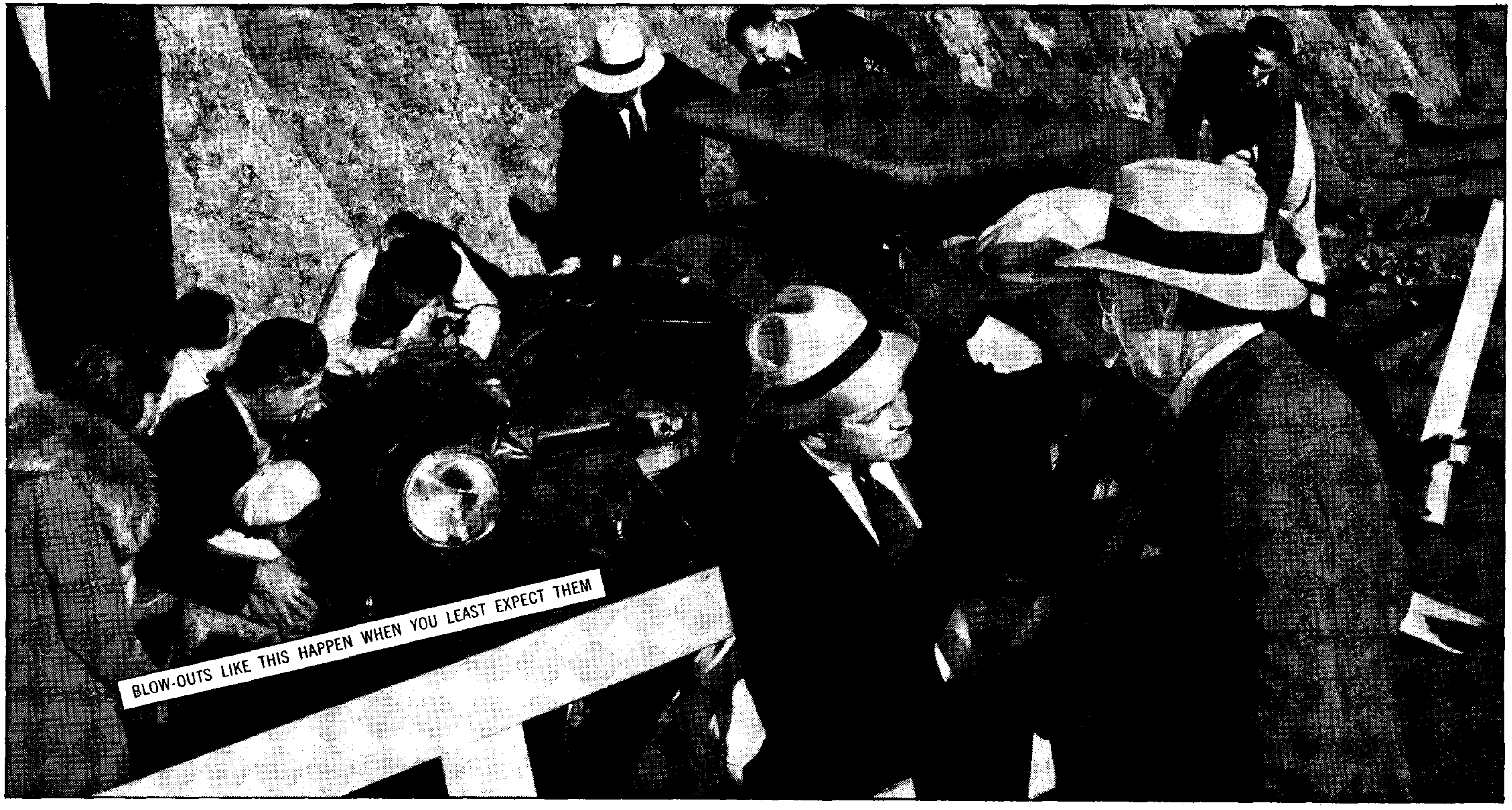
Plumber, painter, carpenter, architect, mason—your classified telephone book directs you to the nearest one.

The yellow pages also tell who sell advertised brands—Sherwin-Williams or Pittsburgh paints, for example. Look under the brand name; there you'll find a list of dealers.

The yellow pages tell
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

# "I'll Take a Chance Deep Sea Diving—but I don't want Another *Blow-out*"

*Says* **FRANK CRILLEY,** *Famous Deep-Sea Salvager*


BLOW-OUTS LIKE THIS HAPPEN WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT THEM

## PLAY SAFE WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TIRE

MAYBE you've never had a blow-out, hitting it up at 40, 50 or 60 miles an hour. We hope you haven't. But, if you want to know how serious blow-outs can be, just listen to FRANK CRILLEY tell about the one he had.

"I often walk alone on the floor of the ocean. And death dogs each step as I struggle along down there under the waves. Sure, I have plenty to fear on my job. But the worst scare I ever had in my life came right on the Lincoln Highway. I was driving along near Princeton, New Jersey, when my left front tire blew out and sent me careening across the highway. Boy! Not a thing I could do would keep that car on the road. If anything had been coming the other way, I'd have been done for. But I'm through taking chances like these, and now my car is completely equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

Why not equip *your* car with a set of Goodrich Silvertowns—the only tires in the world with the Life-Saver Golden Ply—the amazing Goodrich invention that makes you three times safer from high-speed blow-outs?

Here's how these blow-outs happen. At the speeds that are common these days, the heat inside the tire becomes terrific. This heat causes the rubber and fabric to separate. A blister forms—grows bigger and bigger until, suddenly, BANG—a blow-out! And your car may take a plunge off the road.

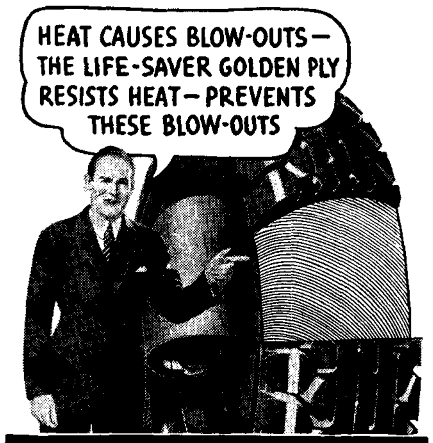
### *Real blow-out protection*

But in the new Safety Silvertown, the Life-Saver Golden Ply resists this heat. The rubber and fabric don't separate. No blisters form. And these high-speed blow-outs are prevented before they get started. So why not play safe with Silvertowns? Even though they give you this added protection, they cost you no more than other standard tires.

### *More miles—safer miles!*

Go to your Goodrich Dealer. Ask him to show you the new Safety Silvertown. Press your hand on its deep-grooved tread. Feel the big, husky cleats grip. Then you'll know why Silvertowns also give you maximum protection against dangerous "tail-spin" skids—why they stop so quickly in an emergency. Notice the ruggedness of this extra-thick tread—this Silvertown tread that gives months of extra mileage at no extra cost.

Before it's too late, put Good*rich* Golden Ply Silvertowns on your car and enjoy the extra safety and "trouble-free" mileage that Silvertowns give you. Look for the dealer displaying the GOOD*RICH* sign. That's the way to play safe.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Spud
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**ONE**—*Open a pack of Spuds and smell them.* You don't notice any menthol? Just fragrant tobacco? That's *one* of Spud's secrets—treating tobacco with smoke-cooling ingredients without in any way masking the natural tobacco fragrance.

**TWO**—*Roll a Spud between your fingers.* Notice how fresh it feels—never dry or crumbly? It isn't just menthol that does that. Again, it's Spud's *secret process.*

**THREE**—*Light up!* Isn't there something different about that taste that's so refreshing, and yet *so full of tobacco fragrance?* That's because Spud's process holds back the taste-spoiling irritants and lets all of tobacco's *natural flavor* assert itself.

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CORK TIPS PACKED DOWN – SO EVEN YOUR OWN FINGERS DON'T TOUCH THEM.

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# The New America

*Continued from page 9*

spite of the fact that our habits and hearts are all against it, it is wrung from us intellectually that our world must change. The compulsion to change balances at last more and more closely against the instinct not to change, and like Pavloff's perplexed dogs, men and governments become hysterical. They are unable to face up to an effort they find monstrous and uncongenial. They seek to protect themselves from the strain by self-deception. They avert their minds. That is where we are now. Everywhere we see the drive toward the new world order producing either on the one hand inadequate but considerable changes accompanied by protestations that nothing more is being done than a return to dear old conditions, or on the other hand effusive declarations of New Deals, New Eras, New Régimes and Social Revolutions, masking very strenuous attempts to restore the lost order of things. The hysteria of Revolution can be extraordinarily like the hysteria of reaction, and very different pretensions and subterfuges may mask resistances essentially the same.

### Russia Grows Weary

The most striking instance of what I may call resistance dismay at the present time is Russia. During the lifetime of Lenin, Russia really did seem to be setting its face steadfastly and valiantly toward a new cosmopolis, a revised morality, a wider education. Mighty things were attempted and much achieved. But at the death of Lenin it was as if an unseen hand turned down the light of the Russian imagination. The momentum of Lenin's doctrines carried the country through the supreme effort of the first Five-Year Plan. As it was carried out that plan involved much unfairness, harshness, waste, cruelty, resentment and social exhaustion, and now the whole Russian spectacle is one of relaxation and fatigue. Freedom of criticism is more and more desperately wanting, and the New Russia is clinging passionately to the persuasion that there is nothing more to be learned. In no sense now is Russia still a revolutionary country; it has become a dogmatic country.

When I was in Russia last year I was enormously impressed by the changed morale since my former visit, in 1920. Then there were danger, hardship, heroism, hope and a sense of limitless effort and adventure; now under the honest but uncreative fidelity of Stalin, cynicism and a widespread self-satisfied fatuity prevail. I do not know what stir of furtive revolt and intellectual renascence was hidden from me, the Russians have always been a people of intricate procedure and sudden moods, and I had no chance of talking straightly to the younger men; but for the present at any rate the Russian experiment in cosmopolis seems to have come to a halt. It has become compromising, diplomatic, contemporary and militantly patriotic. Unwilling to go on, it vacillates, imitates and remembers. Under the influence of such reactionary leaders as Gorky and Mirsky, art and literature are becoming retrospective; they reprint the national classics, Alexei Tolstoi writes studies of Peter the Great, and Litvinoff imitates Metternich and Talleyrand in the councils of Europe.

In completest contrast to Russia so far as their pretensions go are the new "corporative" states in Germany and Italy. And yet they show quite parallel resistances to the onward thrust of change. They profess an economic and political adaptation to modern needs and in the same breath claim to achieve a renascence of the ancient Teutonic and Roman virtues, respectively. They repudiate "communism," whatever it may be or do, and they resist any trend towards cosmopolis with shrieks of wrath and horror. But all these three systems, Italian, Russian, German, have this in common: They have passed through strictly analogous phases—a violent assumption of a new system after a phase of distress and disintegration and a real hysterical rigor after that first revolutionary convulsion.

France, in face of the modern challenge, displays a different method, because after the war she had for a time the illusion of success and ascendency. While Russia, Germany, Italy proclaim a new birth, and do their utmost to imagine that their convulsions have met all the great necessities of the altered world and that now nothing more is needed but to carry on, France is holding on stoutly to the belief that nothing has changed, that there never was any need for anything to change, that under God and Pertinax, with adequate precautions for security, there need be no more change forever.

It was a marvelous experience this February to go about among the pleasant Riviera villas, of which half are to be let or sold, to be the only guests, or one of two or three groups of guests, in large polite restaurants and patiently expectant hotels; to motor northward, the only travelers on the road, with every room in the starred hotels to choose from; to walk about in an uncrowded Paris with shops full of bargains and empty of customers. Communist manifestations mutter in the industrial suburbs, but Marianne sits thin and tight-lipped, disregarding the ebb of her economic vitality, deriving great comfort, she tells herself, from the fact that her francs count for more and more even if they circulate less and less. And so it seems she will sit until something breaks. Unemployment mounts and mounts, the peasant's standard of life regresses, and there is not a town in France that cannot be bombed within two hours from the frontier.

### Room to Grow

The change of scale came upon the English-speaking communities in the past hundred years at an angle quite different from those at which it struck the rest of the world. They had room to grow in. The Americans faced the apparently limitless West; there seemed always food and work to be found by going westward. The British had a colonial empire that seemed as limitless. "Emigrate" was the British equivalent to "Go west, young man." Railway and steamship and telegraphy came just in time to carry on the expansion and keep it linked with home. The strangulating insufficiency of financial method was relieved automatically by a series of gold discoveries, confined almost entirely to Anglo-American territories. Wherever English was spoken during this phase of Anglo-American good fortune, gold was found. And silver.

Neither the corrupting pedantries of the American political tradition nor the heavy dullness of the Victorian monarchy, nor strong internecine jealousies could save the general Anglo-American mentality from becoming almost unconsciously progressive and expansive. All the European states have been under pressure along their boundaries for nearly a century; the tension has been particularly intense in France and Germany; the English-speaking peoples have only reached boundaries in the past two decades.

This has given them a peculiar mentality of their own. It has blinded them to certain things and quickened their minds to others. Their outlook on the world has become implicitly and often half-consciously modern and futuristic. The only other recent experience at all parallel with the English-speaking one is the Russian, which has its open door to the east.

The Spanish mind suffered fragmentation before railway and steamship could save it, and it may take long in its recovery. Modernity speaks English or Russian—and it still speaks English best. The idea of a geographically expanding political system which seems utter nonsense to a Frenchman or any other continental national, is fundamental to these cultures. The ideas of monetary relaxations and readjusted units, the era of big business, comprehensive economic regulation and world-wide organization have been accessible and acceptable to them as to no other peoples.

That is why the student of human ecology, pursuing this inquiry whether our species will at length succeed in adaptation to the new conditions it faces or whether it is doomed to frustration, turns with a certain impatience from the heated, cramped and fettered "New Deals" and "New Régimes" of Europe and from the paralyzed traditionalism of France, to the great sprawls of the English-thinking and Russian-thinking populations, and then, realizing the temporary mental exhaustion of the latter, comes back to Westminster and Washington. There, at these centers, with a certain freedom of expression and liberty of initiative, whatever conscious effort the human mind may be making to meet the riddle of its destiny is to be looked for. There, if anywhere, the intimations of a future world state are to be found.

### Sharp Eyes Abroad

It may be that we Americans and British see the bare shapes of things best, each in the country of the other. We get loose from our personal habits and associations by crossing the Atlantic and we are still in the same language and the same idioms of thought. At any rate, I always have a sense that essential things are plainer to me in America. It seems to me that the common sense of the world situation demands that the English-speaking community should get together upon the issue of World Peace, and that means a common Foreign Policy. That is the logical first step in the way to cosmopolis, and it matters not what becomes of the American Constitution (if I may risk deportation I say as much) or the British monarchy and imperialism in the process. I do not see how we can get far on the way to the world revival unless we homologize the financial control and monetary organization of our world-wide groups of people. A real English-speaking synthesis would go far beyond its linguistic limits; it would trail with it much of Northern Europe, much of the Spanish-speaking world and Asia. Equally am I convinced that the only way to get our species out of the social morass for good is to take in the slack of unemployment created through efficient production for profit, by immense continuous and expanding public works; by the reconditioning of areas of production, the replanning and rebuilding of entire cities, generously and beautifully; by the secular enrichment, in fact, of our entire terrestrial estate.

These are immensely difficult propositions, but they are not merely desirable things; they are necessary things. The alternative to their realization is world decadence. I am not writing of Utopias; I am writing of imperatives. If you are under sentence of death you go on struggling to escape, even if the odds are heavily against you. And in my search for the onset of that world order, that super-civilization, which is man's *only alternative to a long, distressful, violent and diseased decadence,* I look mainly for three things: Is there, I ask, a growing disposition to merge foreign policies and get together upon a supernational basis for the suppression of war? Is a revision of the monetary and credit organization going on with a view to the elimination of speculative convulsions and "trade cycles" throughout the world? Is the rational expansion of public works in technically competent hands beginning to supplement and heal the gaps and chasms caused by production under the guidance of unrestrained competitive profit seeking? And behind these current questions is a deeper one on which all the others depend: How is man's awareness of his true situation growing? Is a new education commensurate with modern needs developing?

### Frantic Debate

These are the questions I was asking myself last year when I visited America and also when I went to Moscow and talked to Stalin, and these are the questions I bring again to America now. How far is the trend of events in America developing the pattern of a new and fuller life for men? I have told of these last-year visits in my Autobiography. A verbatim report of the Stalin conversation is available in pamphlet form, and I will not repeat my impressions here. Now I am trying to take a visitor's-eye view of America visited twelve months later. Is America anyhow getting on with the job?

There are two aspects of the American effort to adapt that seem to me quite unique. It may be well to stress them. The first is that the struggle to reconstruct in America goes on in an atmosphere of unbridled public discussion—brawling public discussion. Discussion in Britain is legally free, but it is restrained by habit and custom and by the fact that the press and the expression of opinion generally are largely concentrated in London and more controlled by central influences. But whatever is revolutionary in America is done with open eyes. The people know what they are supposed to be doing. Anything may be suggested and anything called in question. A thing that cannot be said in one center can be shouted in another. There are restraints upon the foreign writer who calls himself a communist or proposes to alter the Constitution by violence, but that does not affect the native freedom.

The second aspect of the English-speaking situation as compared with the rest of the world is the relative unimportance of large mass antagonisms. There is no widespread conception of a class war ruling the situation such as we find in Russia, or of racial incompatibility as in Germany, or any such exacerbation of xenophobia as we find in Italy and Japan. There are conflicts of regional interests, indeed, but little regional bitterness. There is no definite right and left to the struggle. Essentially the stresses arise out of the tensions created by outworn economic and financial traditions and methods, and no one has succeeded in marshaling the issues into two opposing camps. They remain—a tangle. In both these respects, in its freedom of speech and its freedom from fundamental class antagonisms, America is still in what used to be called so hopefully in the school geographies of my childhood, the New World.

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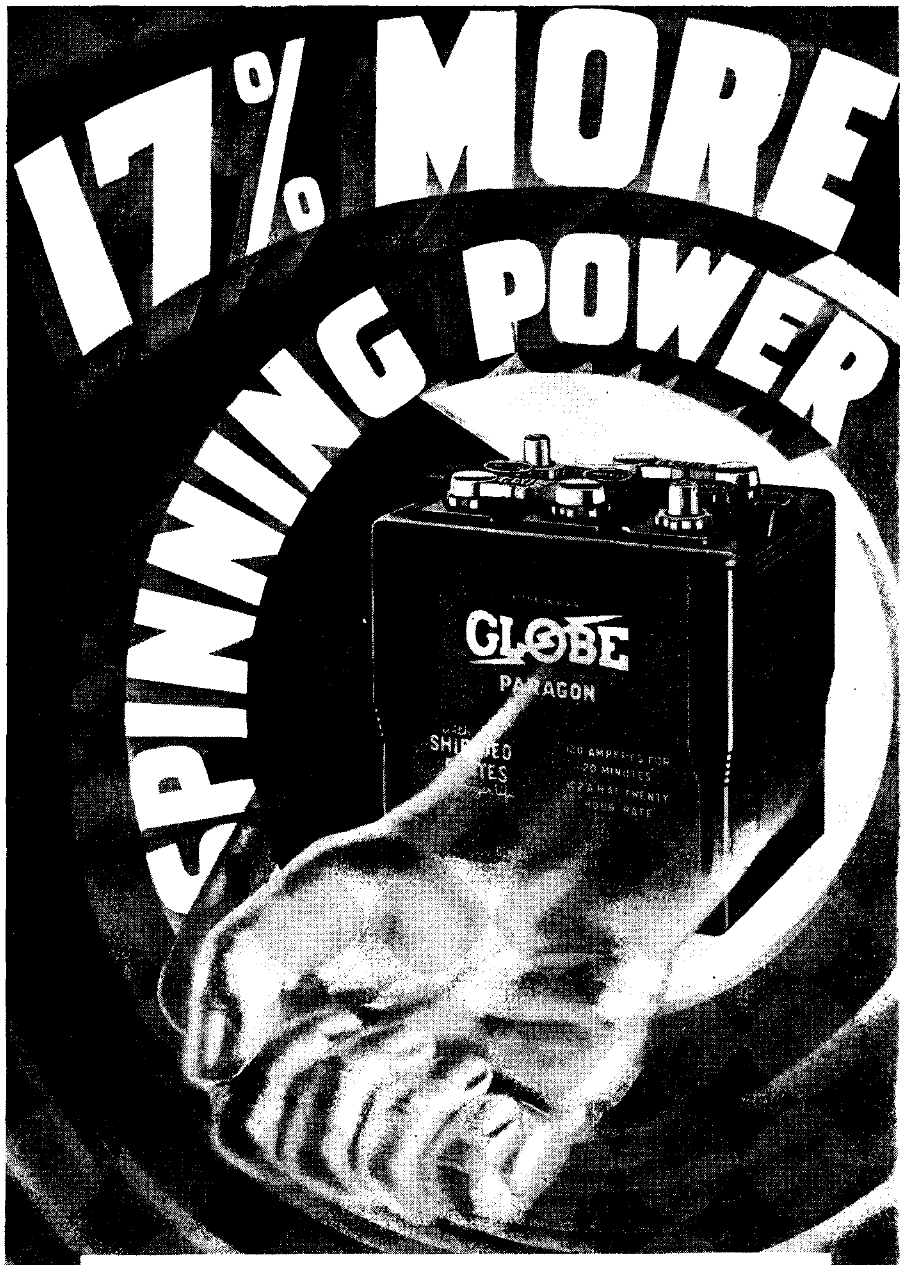

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THE BATTERY WITH SPINNING POWER

for quick starts

# Putt and Take

*Continued from page 15*

veriest dub could have dropped that two-footer with a flick of his wrist eight times out of ten. Runyan squatted behind the ball, studying the line. He looked the situation over from the other side of the cup. He took off his cap and scratched his head. He lit a cigarette —then threw it away. By now Runyan knew everything that there was to be known about that two-foot stretch of green turf which separated his ball from the cup—and a thousand dollars. He took his stance and tapped the ball. The little white ball rolled up to the cup, hesitated, then maliciously stopped on the lip. It didn't drop, and there was a startled gasp from the gallery.

Runyan shrugged his shoulders, turned to Smith and said, "It's up to you, pal," and lit another cigarette.

Smith's ball was just twelve feet away. He, too, studied the line carefully. If he sank it the match was over. If he needed a two the match was still square. But he sank it, banged it against the back of the cup with not a trace of worry.

It makes a duffer feel good to see one of the world's greatest golfers dub an easy two-footer, but Runyan didn't dub it because of carelessness.

### Wishing Won't Do It

An hour later I caught Runyan with a putter and a handful of balls on a putting green at the Miami Biltmore Club, practicing. That missed putt had worried him. The average duffer would have said: "That was just an unlucky shot. I'll be all right tomorrow."

Runyan said, apologetically, "After missing that one this afternoon I'm a great one to talk about putting. One fault of poor putters is that they aren't careful enough of their position. Now when I putt I stand facing the ball with my feet in a straight line. The ball is on a line with my left toe. The club is swinging nicely when it hits the ball. If you hit the ball too soon, as many golfers do, you don't hit it truly.

"Many poor putters stand in such a position that the ball is on a line with their right toe or it is between the feet. You just don't hit the ball correctly when it is there.

"Now, another thing," Runyan went on. "When you putt you should make your right arm part of your body. Rest your right forearm on your right thigh. That gives you a fulcrum for your swing. Let your left elbow swing freely. Now you've got a firm foundation. Your hands are close to your body. The only golfer I know who can putt well with his hands a foot away from his body is Horton Smith but that's because Horton is so darn' tall that he'd have to tie himself into a corkscrew to rest his right forearm on his right thigh and keep his hands in close."

Smith had come up to get in a little practice himself. His putting was very hot and he wanted to keep it hot. He nodded agreement as he heard Runyan.

"In putting, as in other departments of golf," the best putter in the country declared, "there are certain fundamentals which must be mastered. Runyan has given them to you. Once you recognize these fundamentals you can vary them to suit your individual needs. Such, for instance, as my height. Runyan's putting position is perfect. It wouldn't do for me, but I work from that position and then with it as a basis adapt it to my physical peculiarities.

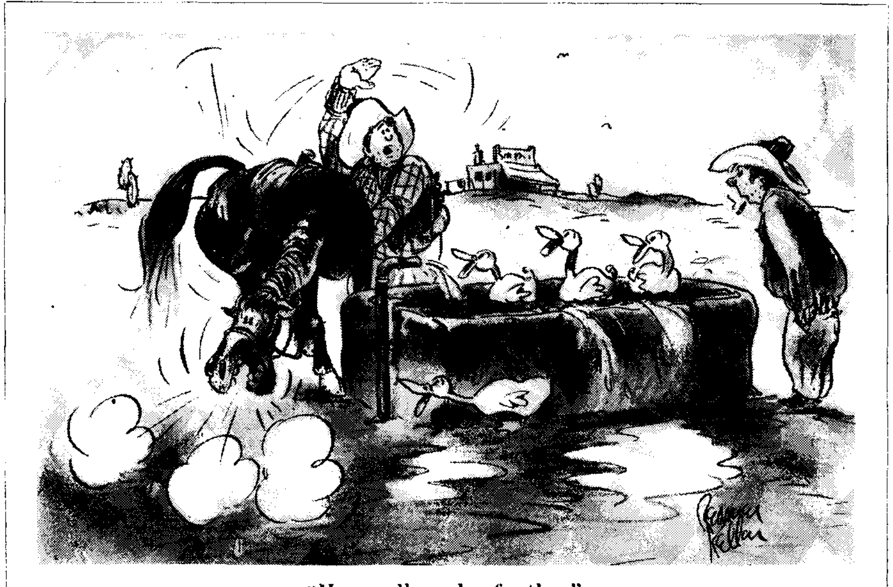
"You want to know where many golfers go wrong on putting? Poor putters forget that when in putting, wrists are not wrists but hinges. You want these hinges, to which your hands and your club are attached, to swing in the direction of the cup. Many mediocre putters hold the left arm too straight, too stiff. Try it. You find that the hinges can work in two or three directions.

"Now," Smith went on, picking up a putter and illustrating, "bend your left elbow. You see that your wrist action, the swing of the hinges, is confined to one direction. Your wrist action is free, easy and natural.

"Often golfers have heard that they shouldn't allow their bodies to get into their putting stroke. Now when you are making a long putt the chances are that your body will swing a bit, will get into the stroke. Let it. It's natural, and in golf the natural way is usually the best.

"However, there is just one universal fault of which all poor putters are guilty. They try to 'wish' the ball into the cup, instead of stroking it in. You can do that in practice maybe, but you can't do it in a match. That ball just won't be 'wished' when anything depends on the putt. And the only way to keep from 'wishing' the ball along the green is to know how to stroke it properly. And that takes just one thing—practice, practice, practice."

So there you are, golfers. The masters have spoken. Heed their advice and stop filling locker-rooms with your complaints.



"He swallowed a feather" REAMER KELLER

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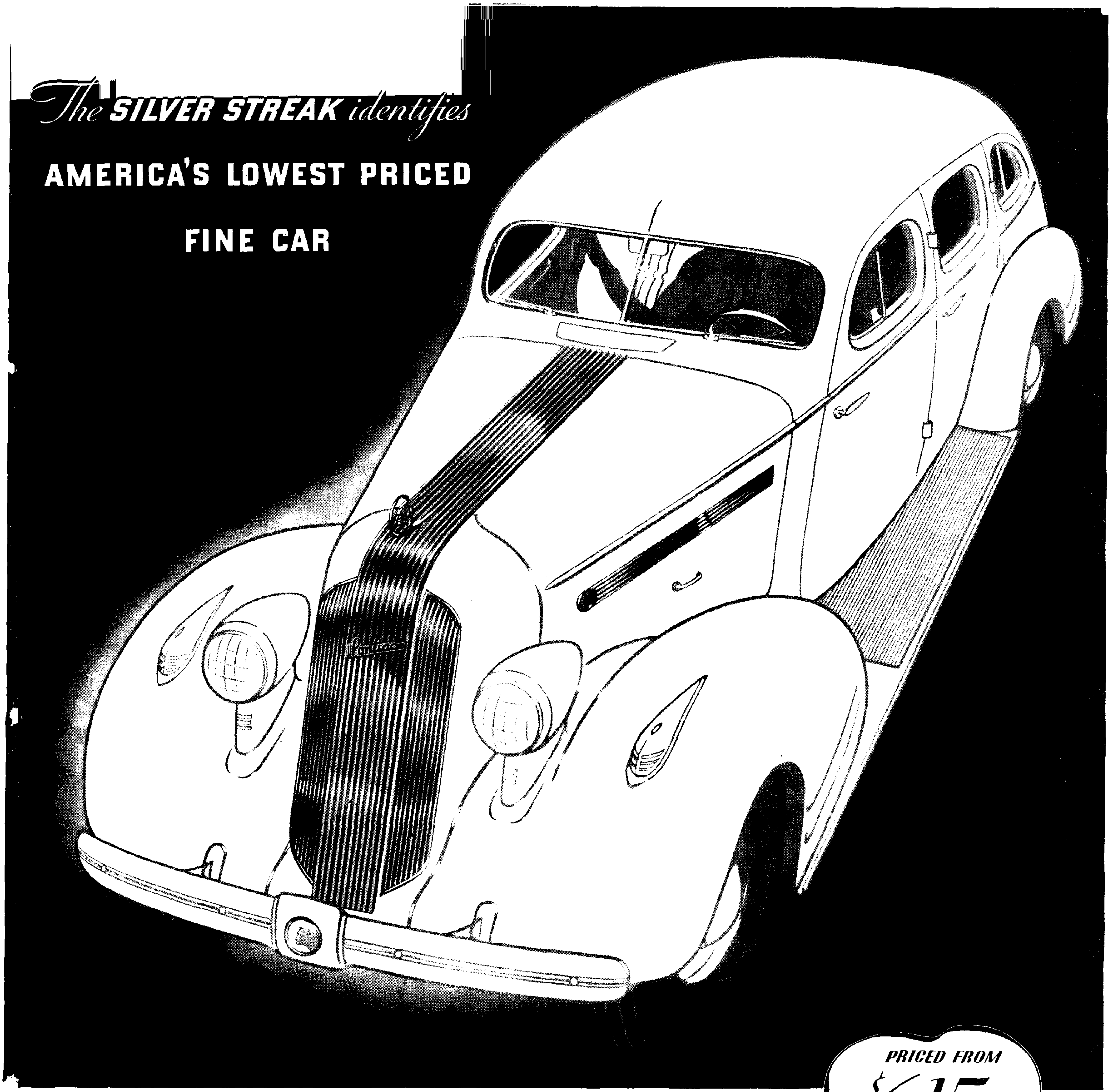

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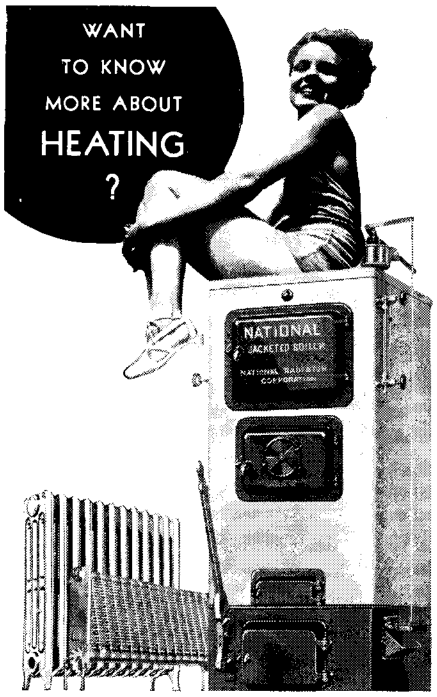

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# The Junk with One Eye

*Continued from page 13*

"Let's see what the old boy has in these chests. Camphor-wood. I'd say he learned pirating around Formosa. Hmm . . . here's a padded robe. Another one. Pick what you want. I'll go outside . . . no, that might make talk. I'll just—"

Paula said drearily, "Just put your eyeshade over the other eye."

"But—"

"I'm freezing." She wanted to be matter-of-fact; more, she had no intention of having him suddenly turn. If he lifted a hand to readjust the patch, she'd be prepared for it.

"As you wish," McDonald agreed. He moved the string so that the other eye was covered. "I'll make tea when you've changed."

She stripped swiftly, and hurried into a heavy undergarment of habutai. As she pulled on the robe she said, voice catching, "There. You said you'd make tea."

McDONALD had water boiling while Paula huddled on the thick, warm quilts. The hot liquid helped; at last she leaned forward to have a cigarette lighted. It was only then that she realized that her companion had neglected to readjust the eyeshade, although he had acted as one with perfect vision in the "blind" eye. . . .

Bill said, "Is it too hot, with tea and the padded robe? You're—"

"Was your mother Chinese?" Paula wished that the fire in her cheeks would cool.

"Eh?" Bill said. "My mother? Why, no. She—"

Paula, amazingly, was smiling, in this close cabin, with a man she'd never seen before, but whom she seemed to understand better than Greg Sands. She said, "Then it must've been your father. Tell me about it. We've a long night."

"About what?"

"The romance."

Bill threw his cigarette into the brazier. "You want to talk about romance," he said. "Modern girls beat me. Here you are . . . locked in with a man who hasn't seen a white woman for the time I've been on the junk, and a year and a half before that, in the village where I was studying fevers when H'ang Lui attacked . . . and your husband's out on deck, and you want to talk about romance with a half-caste."

"Is that what you are?"

"It's what you think I am," Bill countered. He went on grimly, "I'll bet you came upriver for a thrill. You're apt to get it before you're ransomed. H'ang Lui gave you to me, but when he sees you in daylight. . . . It's time to go to sleep," he ended.

"I can't sleep with . . . with my husband on deck. I want to talk."

Bill reminded her, "I said you'd be safe. Go ahead and sleep."

Under her quilts, listening to the lap-lap of water, she said, "Please blow out the light, Doctor. I can't sleep with one." And the room became black.

There was a long silence. The steersman chanted. A rope creaked. Then Paula said demurely, "Doctor, in the morning you must—"

"We'll discuss your troubles tomorrow."

"Umm. I was just going to say that in the morning you must change your eye-patch. It still covers your good eye, doctor, and you might fall down and hurt yourself . . . or somebody might notice the difference."

His ejaculation was sufficient reward for her.

Bill supposed, as he listened to her regular breathing, that he didn't understand women any more, if he ever had. She must have been using what was known as a line on him, the better to keep him at a distance. Her husband was a coward, and she deserved courage, having it herself. Bill had observed her moment of fear on deck, and how she had fought it down. She was pretty; lovely was a better word. No wonder she was married, and, possibly, on her wedding journey. On his own, if he ever had one, he didn't believe any pirate would take his wife from him.

H'ang Lui's summons woke him: "There is sunlight, lovebird," the pirate cackled. "Kum Yee"—the injured man—"has hunger; may he eat?"

The boat no longer moved. McDonald promised to examine the wounded man, and then lighted the lamp, watching the girl struggle from sleep. "Good morning," he said. "We're in one of our hiding places. Come on deck and we'll have morning rice. I'll start ransom talk immediately, using the argument that *since you're my woman I'm entitled to a share*. You . . . you'd better explain to your husband . . . that. . . ."

"I'll handle Greg. He's broadminded, really."

"The devil you say," muttered Bill.

"Don't be nasty. And turn around, please."

Back to her, Bill apologized. "I'm sorry about the bandage. I had an infected eye when H'ang Lui attacked the village, and told him I was half blind. I left the shade on, having a fool idea it might prove useful some day."

Paula started to speak, choked, and then, suddenly, they both laughed.

Greg Sands, rumpled and worn, had been tied all night, although quilts had been given him; when he saw Paula's face he snapped, "I suppose *you* had a swell night?"

"Your wife slept well," McDonald said. "I'm going to have it out with H'ang Lui concerning your ransom. I'll do the best I can, naturally."

The junk was in a winding little waterway.

"Look, Greg," Paula said. "This's really China. Isn't that a pomegranate in bloom, Doctor? It's like a star on fire."

"You think this's fun," Sands growled. "Last night, when I wanted . . . anyhow, now you call it fun!"

Paula said contritely, "It's been horrible. But it isn't my fault. You were coming anyhow, and . . . think of the publicity! Greg Sands, caught by pirates!"

NOTHING else could have soothed the leader of the Sandmen. He began to smile. Publicity. He said, "Paula, let's make it perfect. We'll give out that it was our honeymoon trip. Don't you think that has an appeal, Doctor?"

"Honeymoons are always appealing," said Bill, and stalked away. When he returned, he found them arguing, with Sands' final words being anything but complimentary. "In China," McDonald said, "we call a man who is half blind a 'junk with one eye.' But get this straight; Mrs. . . . the lady . . . your wife. . . ."

"Paula Hoyt," the girl said clearly. She was angry. Sands' i's had been dotted, his t's crossed, concerning the previous night.

Bill didn't discern the difference in names. He went on, "She was a patient of mine, and—"

"A willing patient?" Sands asked.

Dr. McDonald leaned against the rail, trying to look professional in a pair of trousers which had once been white. He said, "A word from me, and H'ang Lui will hang you up by your heels. All I need do is tell him you can't pay ransom." He went on, more gently, "I don't blame you, old man. Tied all night, knowing that your wife was a captive . . . but it might've been much worse. Now, H'ang Lui wishes you to be searched, and he's coming to do it. He fancies your clothes, so don't argue about it if he takes 'em."

Bill called for rice and tea; Paula, on the bow of the junk, ate the soft dry grains. The tea was hot and good. McDonald's guess was correct; the pirate wanted Sands' soft pongee jacket and silk shirt. In the jacket pocket the pirate found a wallet with money, and several letters. One of these, in Chinese, addressed to the abbot of the inland temple, the pirate read curiously.

He said to Bill, "What does this one want with the sound of horns?"

McDonald had to ask Sands, and then explained to the pirate: "He goes to the temple of the Three Buddhas to hear music. He is a musician—and a wealthy man. He can pay ransom."

H'ang Lui spat over the rail. "No," he growled. "Musicians are beggars. They go from village to village, playing for a handful of rice."

"This one," Bill informed him, "had a woman with him, a purse of money, and a letter to a great abbot. Is he a beggar?"

THE pirate considered; he touched McDonald's arm, smiling. "You are a wise person. It was a day of luck, when I captured you."

"Your luck will continue after I depart. I have saved the lives of five of your men. When I save the sixth, I am to go free. Such was the bargain."

"When a sixth is wounded, I will kill him and you shall stay longer." H'ang Lui glanced toward the bow. "You find the woman pleasing. Good. I believe she liked you better than her own man. Why not keep her?"

"It is written that white men may not retain the wife of another."

"A foolish law," H'ang Lui decided. He stared at Sands, and then at the letter he himself held. "The temple of the Three Buddhas," he said. "It is guarded. A rich temple. The priests exact heavy tribute." He stroked the letter with a finger, very thoughtfully. "It comes to me that, after we send a messenger demanding ransom, we . . . we might. . . ."

"It would be dangerous," Bill said slowly.

H'ang Lui ejaculated, "You guess my thoughts. It would not be dangerous. I know where the temple lies . . . near the upper river. With this letter—see the great mark of the jade seal!—with it we could go safely to the temple, and the guards would be unsuspicious. The gold of the Three Buddhas!" He howled, "There is the smell of gold in the air, brothers! Bring me brandy!"

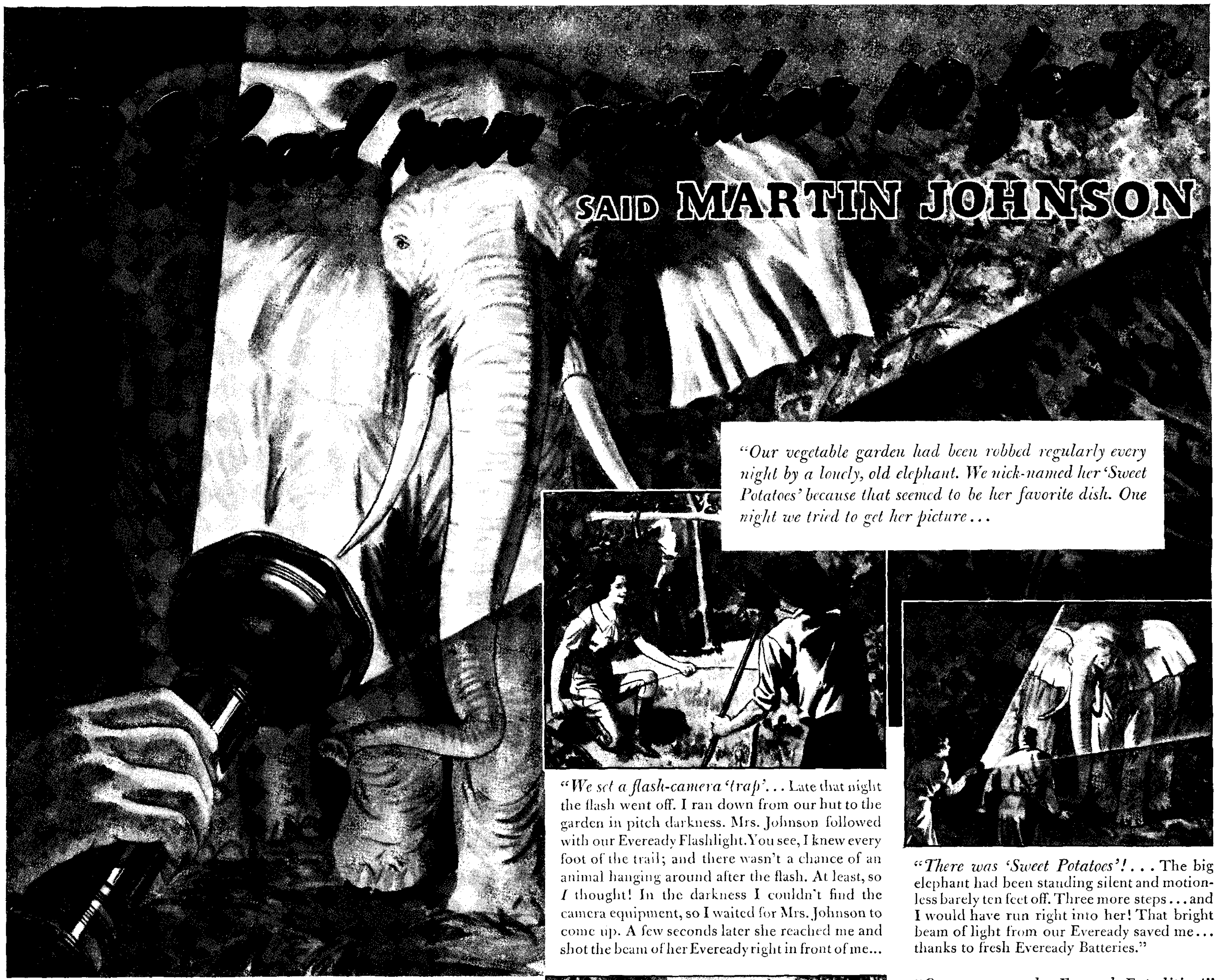
Sipping the purple liquor, Bill said, "It is not to be done easily, H'ang Lui. Suppose the white musician speaks wildly when you are at the temple—"

"You, One-Eye, are to be the musician with the letter!"

"It was agreed that I would take no part in any killing—"

"Nor will you. All I command is that you present the letter, and"—softly—"you will agree, for there may be fighting, and the sixth man hurt so that you save his life and go free. Also, lest *you* give an alarm, I will take the woman, and if you so much as blink an

*(Continued on page 40)*


"If I had run another 10 feet!"
SAID MARTIN JOHNSON

*"Our vegetable garden had been robbed regularly every night by a lonely, old elephant. We nick-named her 'Sweet Potatoes' because that seemed to be her favorite dish. One night we tried to get her picture . . .*

*"We set a flash-camera 'trap'. . .* Late that night the flash went off. I ran down from our hut to the garden in pitch darkness. Mrs. Johnson followed with our Eveready Flashlight. You see, I knew every foot of the trail; and there wasn't a chance of an animal hanging around after the flash. At least, so *I* thought! In the darkness I couldn't find the camera equipment, so I waited for Mrs. Johnson to come up. A few seconds later she reached me and shot the beam of her Eveready right in front of me...

*"There was 'Sweet Potatoes'! . . .* The big elephant had been standing silent and motionless barely ten feet off. Three more steps . . . and I would have run right into her! That bright beam of light from our Eveready saved me . . . thanks to fresh Eveready Batteries."

(Adapted from actual flash-photograph taken by this very elephant)

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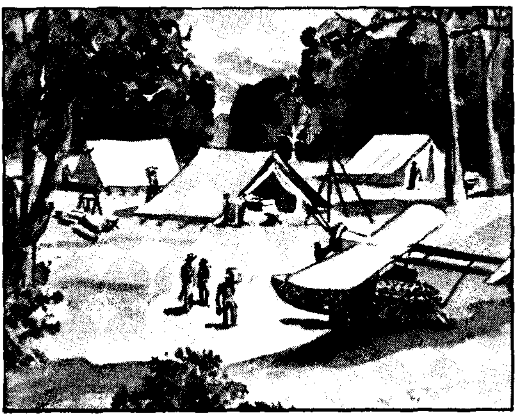

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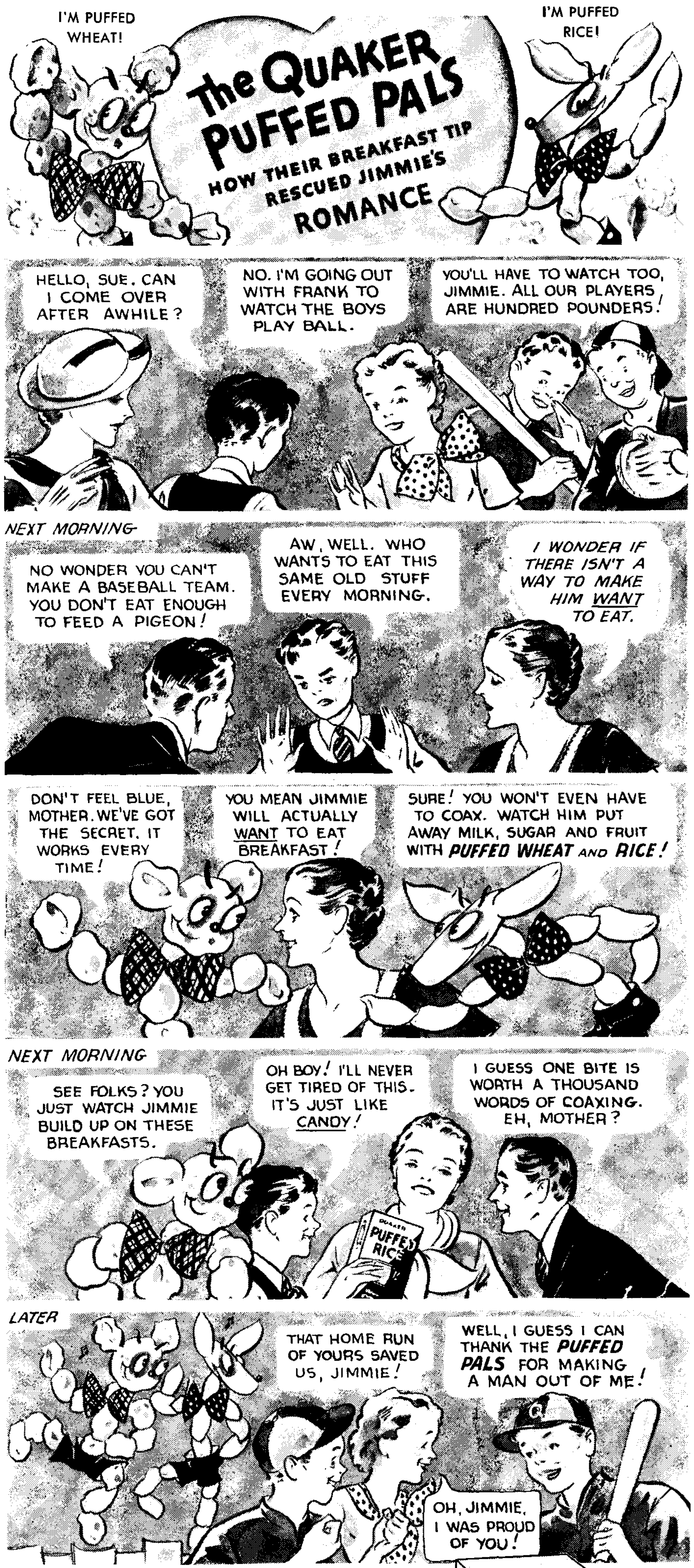
I'M PUFFED WHEAT!
I'M PUFFED RICE!
The QUAKER PUFFED PALS
HOW THEIR BREAKFAST TIP RESCUED JIMMIE'S ROMANCE
HELLO, SUE. CAN I COME OVER AFTER AWHILE?
NO. I'M GOING OUT WITH FRANK TO WATCH THE BOYS PLAY BALL.
YOU'LL HAVE TO WATCH TOO, JIMMIE. ALL OUR PLAYERS ARE HUNDRED POUNDERS!
NEXT MORNING
NO WONDER YOU CAN'T MAKE A BASEBALL TEAM. YOU DON'T EAT ENOUGH TO FEED A PIGEON!
AW, WELL. WHO WANTS TO EAT THIS SAME OLD STUFF EVERY MORNING.
I WONDER IF THERE ISN'T A WAY TO MAKE HIM WANT TO EAT.
DON'T FEEL BLUE, MOTHER. WE'VE GOT THE SECRET. IT WORKS EVERY TIME!
YOU MEAN JIMMIE WILL ACTUALLY WANT TO EAT BREAKFAST!
SURE! YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE TO COAX. WATCH HIM PUT AWAY MILK, SUGAR AND FRUIT WITH PUFFED WHEAT AND RICE!
NEXT MORNING
SEE FOLKS? YOU JUST WATCH JIMMIE BUILD UP ON THESE BREAKFASTS.
OH BOY! I'LL NEVER GET TIRED OF THIS. IT'S JUST LIKE CANDY!
I GUESS ONE BITE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS OF COAXING. EH, MOTHER?
PUFFED RICE
LATER
THAT HOME RUN OF YOURS SAVED US, JIMMIE!
WELL, I GUESS I CAN THANK THE PUFFED PALS FOR MAKING A MAN OUT OF ME!
OH, JIMMIE, I WAS PROUD OF YOU!

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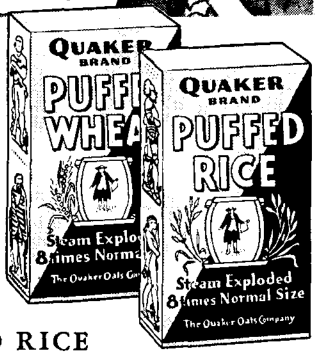
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PUFFED RICE
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The Quaker Oats Company

# The Junk with One Eye

*Continued from page 38*

eye, that will be the end of her. I like you, but I trust no one."

Gayly, "Not when the gold of the Three Buddhas is at stake. *Hai!* I have heard of the festival, when only Great Ones may see, they and their attendants . . . well, you will be the master, and we, even I, the attendants . . . and the gold is ours!"

At the bow Paula said to Bill, "The tea's cold. Is everything all right?"

"Everything," said Bill, "is terrible."

He explained, completely, H'ang Lui's plans, his own fears. . . .

When Greg Sands joined them, he said, "I'm going nuts, Doc. Why can't we sneak off? Get help at the village. You know the language."

"H'ang Lui is their idea of Robin Hood. The villagers'd send us back." Standing, "I'm going to dress Kum Yee's head. Whatever you do, don't attempt escape—" Bill held down the final word—"yet."

The ransom demand was written, the place of payment set out, and the message turned over to the village headman with directions for the involved delivery, all intricately and cleverly planned. After that, H'ang Lui had dark jackets, marked as hotel servants' livery, prepared for the masquerade. And, although the pirate had little fear of local authorities, the junk moved only at night. . . .

On the third dawning, with a smoky orange sky, the junk continued onward instead of being hidden. H'ang Lui said to Bill, "We arrive today. You, the master, and I, the servant, go ashore. The letter is presented, while I look about and lay plans."

AN HOUR later, the junk joined the brood of sampans jammed against the shore, where the shining roof of the temple of the Three Buddhas glinted; joined them, but was so carefully moored that departure would be swiftly possible. The two men went ashore as planned, to be courteously received by the abbot, and, because of the letter, granted permission to witness the festival.

Back on the junk, the two, and Paula, stood on deck. Bill wore Sands' jacket and shirt; H'ang Lui, the false livery. Somewhere a horn was blown, and the sound shook loose the great bell of the temple, stroke on stroke. It was evening, but the village was dark; now, after the sound, the lights were lit.

"It is time," said H'ang Lui. "I will see that the woman escapes with us when we take the gold. She must never speak, save to you. Her presence makes it perfect, One-Eye. The abbot knows that white women accompany their lords. I saw only a handful of guards about; my men will finish them easily, without danger to any of us. Then we return to the junk. . . ."

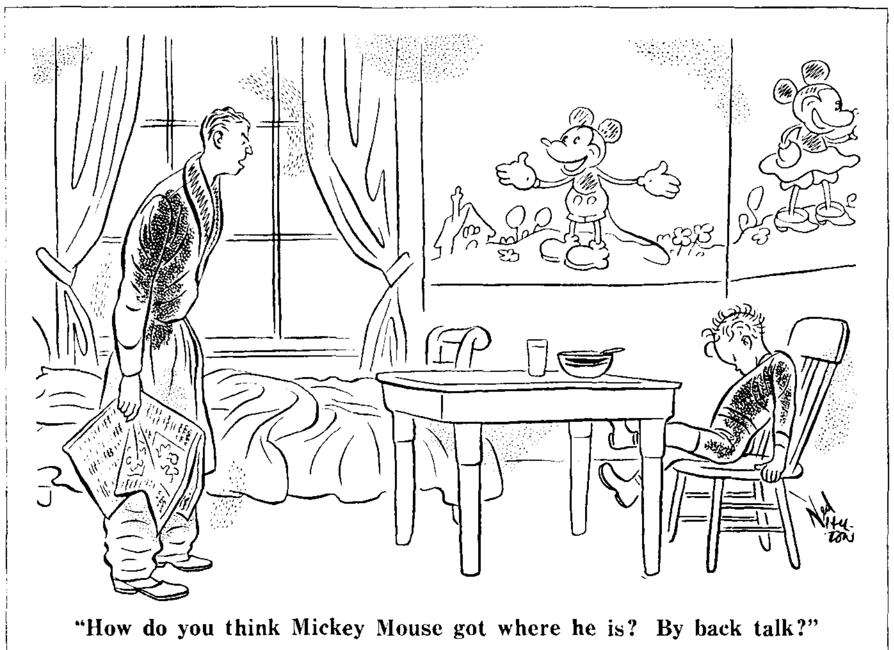
Bill had already explained the affair to Paula. Her hand was in his as they walked toward the temple, with a dozen or more "servants" behind them.

THROUGH the great gateway they passed, handclasped, and into the temple, as yet only filled with gloom, incense, and a few wealthy landowners. Yellow-robed guards, with short swords, were along the walls, and their scant number pleased H'ang Lui. The landowners' retainers were unarmed. A novice brought cushions for Paula and Bill; the pirates squatted behind them. Soon priests filed in, chanting, to which was added a whisper of music, the mere touch of thin fingers against metal strings. The main door was closed. As the first flute wailed, a hanging was drawn back, although only blackness seemed behind it.

Paula's hand was tight in Bill's. The music began to rise with a curious cadence, weird, pathetic, yet stirring and sensuous. The girl turned toward the man; their lips touched, and her kiss flamed through him. He thought he could see her eyes, deep as night, sweet as summer, and he forgot everything, who she was, where they were, what faced them.

Then the first lamp was lit, and strange images loomed through the incense. As the light grew, the details of the altar became visible; the serpents writhing, the elephants, the divinities of peace, and, behind the three Buddhas, a beetling square of limbs and bodies interlocked to form a huge chest of teakwood.

The abbot was present now. He walked to the altar, to the chest. One by one he unlocked the fastenings; priests, as old as he, helped him lift the heavy cover, and to lower the front. The treasure of the temple cascaded forward, falling with a golden sound to a black cloth . . . red jades, silver jades, amethyst jades . . . headdresses set with pearls and turquoises from Tibet, great blazing rubies from Burma



"How do you think Mickey Mouse got where he is? By back talk?"

NED HILTON

and fire opals from the South Islands and sapphires and topazes . . . and gold. Gold.

H'ang Lui could wait no longer. "Now!" he screamed.

Pirates rushed toward the gleaming treasure, toward the guards. A sword was lifted and the first shot brought dust from the beams. The abbot gave an order, and, in the eddying throng of priests and pirates and Chinese, Bill saw horror. The priests, instead of resisting, threw themselves at the brigands, rendering their weapons impotent by stifling them with their bodies. Knives flashed, revolvers brought death, but the priests pressed on, holding the pirates from the treasure. And dying in silence.

The outer door was flung open, and —what H'ang Lui had not reckoned on —more guards raced in. A pirate shouted warning. H'ang Lui, backing away, in despair seized the white girl. Bill lashed out at him and sent him crashing back, but the pirate managed to retain his hold on the fighting Paula so that she remained a shield for him. Then something hit McDonald on the head, and the Buddhas seemed to become alive, and whirl before his eyes . . . and vanish into blackness.

HE KNEW that he was being watched as his head became his own again, and opened his eyes, seeing abbot, priests and guards about him. He was in a large room with one very high window, a full eight feet from the floor; a priest was speaking. "The junk escaped, but we could catch it at the next gorge—"

"They were able to steal nothing; let them go." The abbot looked at the white man. "This one did not fight. Why? His woman left with the pirates. We will keep him here for a few days, and then send him down-river for punishment. He—"

"I was a captive," said McDonald. "Let me go now, and—"

The abbot was in no mood for discussion. He said to the priests, "The ceremony must continue. The gods cannot wait. Cover this half-blind man's good eye . . . so . . . tie his hands with cord . . . good . . . and leave him here. He cannot see, and, being bound, cannot regain his sight nor escape. Blow out the light."

The last priest to leave snuffed the lamp. The key was turning in the lock when Bill knelt with his back to the smoking wick in the hot oil. Pain rose from wrists to shoulders . . . he was free. Music was starting as he leaped for the high ledge of the window, a thing a sightless man could never have accomplished.

He had to find the river first, to orient himself. After that he crisscrossed the valley floor to discover a westward path, but before he found it he was mud to the thighs. Then he began to run, until his pounding heart throbbed like devil-music in his ears. Were the priests correct? Could he cut off the junk? Paula . . . H'ang Lui . . . he couldn't run faster . . . couldn't keep going . . . must keep going . . . up, at last, higher and higher, across the ridge, to see the river at last.

Waiting, in the reeds, was the worst. A minute was a dozen, a scant half-hour dragged to a full year, until he saw the junk float through the gorge, and he was swimming toward it at a long angle. He climbed the bow by means of the carved demon there. With one foot in the indented eye, he reached the deck, and saw H'ang Lui near the mast; saw that his guess had been right and that the pirate was about to seek forgetfulness of the fruitless venture; saw the pale oval of Paula's face.

With desperate caution Bill slid along the deck. To arouse the Chinese below could have but one end. H'ang Lui was on deck in dual role, as lover, and as watchman against pursuit, since he trusted no one during stress. Paula, Bill saw, was stricken dumb. If she had cried out before, there were no words left to her, and less hope. She was even unable to stifle a gasp when she saw Bill rise, and H'ang Lui, half turning with the warning, let out one shrill squeal for aid; then Bill's blow took him too high, sending him crashing against some iron litter on the deck.

Paula said, "Oh, Bill, Bill, Bill," and then pirates were everywhere, awake since there was danger of attack from pursuing priests . . . everywhere, and Bill went down from the sheer weight of bodies, although his arms worked in short, fierce blows.

"Do not kill him," shrieked H'ang Lui. "Save him for me."

Knives were at Bill's throat; he said, "Kill me quickly, then, H'ang Lui, for there is blood on your own face and you are going to die from my blow."

"You lie! I . . . there *is* blood! I bleed! Bind the wound, brothers—"

"The blood pours out," said Bill. "Cloth will not stop it. Soon you will be a drained keg, and die."

H'ang Lui bleated, "You shall heal me. Hurry! If you do not, my men will drive their blades into you."

"If I die," Bill reminded him, "you die also."

The pirate wiped blood from his face, felt the warmth of it in his eyes, the taste on his lips. "If you save me . . . if I do not die. . . ."

"You become the sixth man. Six I was to heal, and then go free." Softly, "I, and the woman, and the man."

"Yes! Yes! Only make haste!"

Whistling under his breath, but looking very serious, Dr. William McDonald set about his task, making it appear as complicated as possible.

Not until he had finished did Paula speak. "It hasn't happened. It couldn't happen. They kept Greg below and brought me here. What could I do?"

"Forget it," Bill advised. He snapped a command for Sands to be released and brought on deck. "Forget it. It's all over."

"Bill!"

"All over." He was very tired now. "When we were in the temple, you know . . . thank you for that."

"And that's all you want?" She held out her hands, slim, ringless, imploring. "I . . . I thought. . . ."

All he saw were her hands. "I'll get your ring back for you," he said. "I know that one of the pirates took it."

"My ring? Oh. You think it was a—"

Greg Sands broke in, "So you're back, Doc." He was stiff with being bound, he was unshaved, he was frightened and querulous. Notwithstanding all of this, he knew how a girl looked when her heart was in her eyes. "And Paula thinks you're a big hero now. You don't care where you get your thrills, do you, Paula?"

PIRATES were carrying H'ang Lui below; Paula looked at Sands, and from him to the shore. In moonlight, she saw little villages, asleep; here starlight shimmered on an image in a wayside shrine; there, on the bronze eaves of a temple. She said slowly, "Thrills, Greg? No, I don't care where I get them. You would have been thrilled, too, in the temple. The color. The costumes. The music. Which you won't see. Not as I saw them. As Bill did." She turned at last to McDonald. "You think I wore a wedding ring. Oh, Bill, oh, darling . . . don't you know . . . can't you see. . . ."

It was then, heart pounding harder than when he had raced across valley and hill, that Bill saw.

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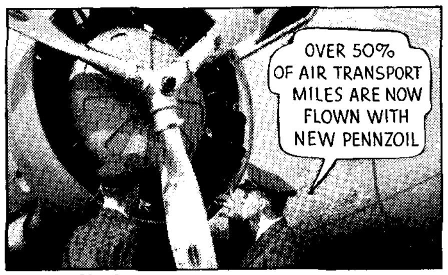
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# The Beautiful Lilli

*Continued from page 11*

that the rear axle wasn't dragging. The man really ought to be able to drive his car out.

"For heaven's sake," she yelled, trying to make herself heard above the roar of the motor, and waving the flashlight, "you'll never get out that way."

The man was Jimmy Erskine.

"Why, Jimmy," she said.

He must have followed her and passed her somewhere on the road. He must have cared enough to follow her.

"I told you I had to go to Chicago," he said.

Her heart sank.

"Where did you get the car?"

"Mr. Calthrop loaned it to me."

She handed him the flashlight. "Go and find a couple of fence boards or something," she said.

HE TOOK the flashlight and went off through the mud. Beatrix got in behind the wheel of the flivver. She had learned things about mud, living all her life on a bit of bad road, on the outskirts of Northfield, in Minnewaska. It was all in the way you did it. She let in the clutch gently and moved a few feet forward. As the wheels began to spin she snapped the lever into reverse and went backward until the wheels spun again. Instantly she went into first gear again. She got the car out on harder ground.

Jimmy Erskine came back, staggering under the weight of a plank. He stared at his car.

"It's all right," Beatrix said. "I drove it out."

"You drove it out?" he said.

"Yes, of course," she said.

Jimmy Erskine dropped the plank. "You would," he said.

"I supposed you'd thank me," Beatrix said.

He handed her the flashlight.

"Thank you," he said bitterly.

Beatrix laughed before she realized it wasn't fair to laugh.

He didn't say anything. He got some of the mud off his shoes by scraping them on the running board and climbed into the flivver and drove on. When he came out on the paved road he stopped.

"Do you know the way to Chicago?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," Beatrix said.

"I'll follow you then," he said.

"I'm not going to Chicago," Beatrix said. "I'm going to Northfield. But you can follow me for the next fifty or sixty miles and I'll show you where you go one way and I go the other."

She drove on. She drove hard. She had hardly crossed the state line when Jimmy Erskine passed her. He swung in front of her and slowed down. She guessed that was his way of saying she was driving too fast. But at that moment a big car went roaring by and crowded Jimmy Erskine's flivver until he had to stop. Beatrix stepped hard on the brake in order not to run them down.

Men piled out of the big car and surrounded Jimmy's flivver. They had guns. Two of them pulled Jimmy out of his car and pushed him into the tonneau of their car. One of them got into Jimmy's flivver. They drove on.

Beatrix followed them into the next town and up to the police station. When she got inside she saw that they had handcuffs on Jimmy and two husky policemen held him pinioned while a third searched him. His right eye was swollen almost shut.

"Where's the captain?" Beatrix asked.

A big man in a blue uniform stepped forward. "What is it ma'am?" he asked.

Beatrix took her father's last letter out of her purse, and her driving license, and handed them to him.

"My father is Senator T. T. Brown," she said. She pointed to Jimmy. "That man is a friend of mine. His name is James Erskine."

"Where did he get that car?"

"He borrowed it, day before yesterday, from a friend of his in Stockbridge."

"Let's see that certificate," the captain said.

Somebody handed him the certificate Jimmy had surrendered.

"What's the name of this friend in Stockbridge?" the captain asked.

"Calthrop," Beatrix said.

The captain turned to his men.

"What do you think you've got on this guy?" he roared.

The big policeman who held Jimmy's right arm spoke up. "He was driving a gray 1933 flivver coupe—the same as the one we just heard Riggle was making his get-away in. And when we got him he was doing seventy miles an hour. And he ain't got no driving license and he says his name is Erskine and the certificate of registration is in some other name."

The captain shook his head. "Let him go," he said. He turned to Beatrix. "It's like this, ma'am," he said. "We're all trying to get those killers that escaped from the pen three days ago and robbed a mail truck. It means a lot to us if we get them before the federal boys do. The federal boys have been rubbing it into us. So we're looking for these guys. We've never seen them. We've got to go by the description. We've been looking for a 1933 flivver coupe, color gray, for the last hour, ever since we got the word. We'll telephone the license numbers of this one ahead so you won't be bothered again."

He smiled at Beatrix.

"I wouldn't be surprised if somebody stops you and asks you to identify yourself. We're looking for Riggle's wife. She helped them escape. All we know about her is she's a curly-headed blonde, twenty-two years old, and pretty. I know you don't look anything like her but you're a curly-headed blonde and you're not much more or less than twenty-two and—begging your pardon—you're pretty. So if some cop stops you—you show him that letter of your father's. Your father's name will take you anywhere in Minnewaska."

BEATRIX thanked him. They took the handcuffs off Jimmy Erskine and gave him back his money and his pocket knife and insisted on shaking hands all round to show there were no hard feelings. Jimmy rubbed his eye inquiringly. It was turning now from red to purple. It was going to be an uncommonly fine black eye.

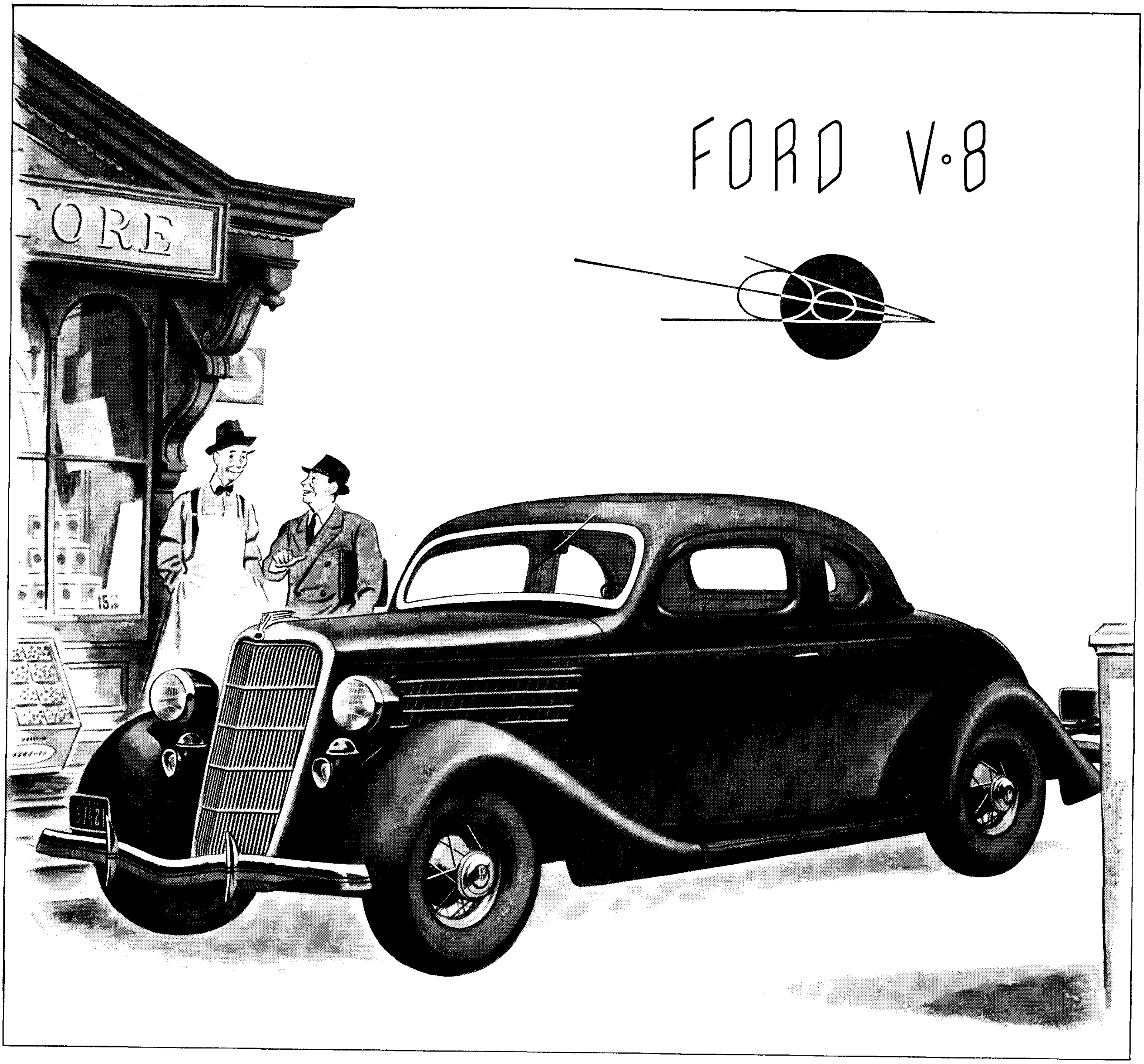
Beatrix persuaded him to drive ahead. She would be right behind him, in case he was stopped again. The road was straight for miles and miles. They drove on for an hour. They must have done between forty and fifty miles when she saw Jimmy's car swerve sharply and come to a violent stop. She had to step on the brake hard. When she came alongside he was out of his car and talking to a girl in a black dress and a ludicrous hat, half melted by the rain. She was sobbing. Jimmy reached in his pocket and drew out a bill.

"Here's five dollars," he said.

"What's the matter?" Beatrix asked.

"I-I w-w-w-want a ride to R-r-robey Junction," the girl said. "My mother's dying and I can get a train there."

*(Continued on page 44)*



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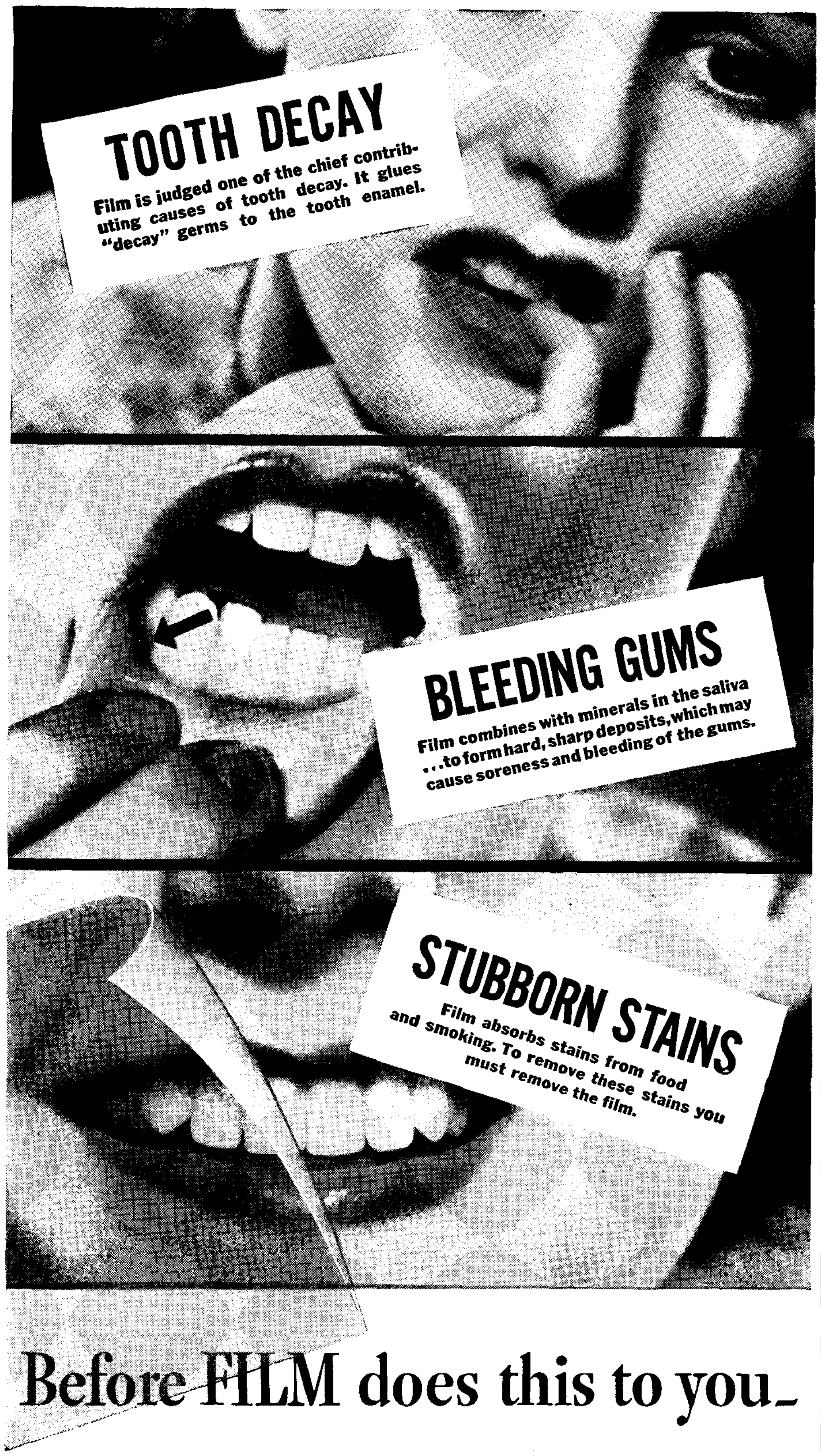
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# The Beautiful Lilli

*Continued from page 42*

"I've just explained that we aren't going that way," Jimmy Erskine said. "But somebody will come along any minute who is."

"It's only ten or twelve miles out of the way," Beatrix said. "I'll take her." She opened the door of her car. "Jump in," she said.

"No," Jimmy Erskine said. "I'll take her."

"I'd rather ride with the lady," the girl said. She got in beside Beatrix.

"But I'd rather you rode with me," Jimmy Erskine said.

The girl said nothing. She sat beside Beatrix and snuffled.

Jimmy beckoned violently to Beatrix. She had to get out of the car and walk over to where he stood.

"What do we know about this girl?" he demanded. "Why don't you let her ride with me?"

"Don't be silly," Beatrix said.

SHE went back and got into her car. Jimmy Erskine drove on. Beatrix followed him. The girl sobbed quietly beside her. Presently she stopped crying.

"There's a turn-off on a dirt road to the right about a mile farther on," she said. "Turn there."

"I think it's better to stay on the cement," Beatrix said. "Short cuts over country roads aren't so good when it's been raining hard all day."

The girl leaned forward. "Look—"

Beatrix took her eyes off the road long enough for one quick glance. She gasped. The girl held a little flat automatic pistol in her hand.

"You do what I tell you," the girl said, "and you won't get hurt."

"All right," Beatrix said. "I will."

"Slow down now," the girl said. "You're coming to the road. And don't try anything funny with the horn. Let your boy friend go on."

Beatrix slowed down and swung into the dirt road the girl indicated.

"Be careful," the girl said. "If you get us in the ditch I'll shoot."

"Why don't you drive?" Beatrix asked. "I'm too scared."

"I'll drive," the girl said. "But don't think you can pull anything on me."

She held the ugly little pistol pointed at Beatrix while Beatrix walked around in front of the car and got into the place the girl had occupied. The girl dropped her pistol in her lap. It had a lanyard that went around her neck, just long enough to let the pistol lie in her lap.

"You sit as far away from me as you can," the girl said. "And don't think you can grab the gun."

"I won't try," Beatrix said. She pressed close against her side of the car and in pressing she felt in the pocket of her raincoat the little box of cake she'd been given at the wedding.

Beatrix drew the little box out cautiously and dropped it overboard. She found other things in her pockets—a handkerchief and a package of cigarettes and the letter she had shown the police captain. The letter rustled too much when she tried to take it out of her pocket. But she dropped the other things out of the car at intervals. She got the flashlight out of the door pocket and into her raincoat pocket.

The girl stopped after three or four miles at a dark house.

"Get out," she said.

Beatrix got out.

"Have you got matches?"

Beatrix found a paper of matches and dropped the flashlight in the mud.

"You walk ahead of me up to the front door," the girl said.

Beatrix walked up to the front door, knowing that the ugly little pistol was pointed at her back.

"Open the door," the girl said, "and walk in and strike a match and light the lamp on the table."

Beatrix hesitated, her hand on the knob. She felt more afraid of opening that door and walking into the dark house than she did of the pistol.

"Get going," the girl said.

Beatrix opened the door and walked into the room and struck a match. There was a glass lamp on the table. She took the chimney off and held the match to the wick. It caught. She put the chimney back on. It was a wretched little room, with a rumpled bed in one corner.

"Now," the girl said, "take off your clothes."

"Take off my clothes!" Beatrix said.

"You heard me," the girl said. "And be quick about it. I want your clothes."

Beatrix took off her raincoat.

"Go on," the girl said. She held the pistol in her hand. "Get going."

Beatrix slipped out of her dress.

"I want the underwear and the shoes and stockings, too," the girl said.

"But I've got loads in the car," Beatrix cried. "I've got two suitcases full."

"All right," the girl said, "get your bags. I'll walk behind you."

Beatrix went out and got the two suitcases out of the tonneau and carried them into the house and laid them on the floor and opened them.

The girl chose underthings.

"I can't hold the gun on you while I change," the girl said. "You stand over there in the corner and turn your back and hold your hands up over your head and don't move until I say so."

Beatrix held her hands over her head until she ached. It couldn't have been more than three or four minutes.

"All right," the girl said. "You can turn around."

THE girl had put on the dress Beatrix had been wearing and the shoes and stockings.

"Now carry those bags back to the car," the girl said.

"Aren't you going to leave me any clothes at all?" Beatrix asked.

"You're lucky I'm leaving you the underwear you've got on," the girl said.

"But I've got to have some clothes," Beatrix cried.

"You've got to have clothes to walk out to the main road and stop a car and notify the police I've taken your car?"

"You know I can't walk three or four miles bare-footed."

"Get those bags out to the car," the girl said.

"Listen," Beatrix said, "if you'll let me have just one suit of pajamas I'll promise not to try to walk out. I'll promise not to report this till morning."

The girl's lip curled in a curious sneering grin. She was a pathetic little creature with hair of a strange blond color plastered flat on her head.

"Promise?" she said. "You'll promise. What good is a promise?"

"My promise is good," Beatrix said.

The girl stared at her.

"Why do you care?" she asked.

"Because I can't bear to look like such a fool," Beatrix said.

"To your boy friend," the girl said.

"Yes," Beatrix said.

The girl grinned.

"All right," she said. "Take the pajamas."

Beatrix grabbed a pair of pajamas out of a suitcase. They were white silk with no decoration except a red piping. She got into them in three motions, before the girl could change her mind.

The girl laughed.

"You look cute," she said. "You look like somebody in the movies. You're a real curly-headed blonde."

She put on Beatrix's hat, picked up Beatrix's purse, and noted the bills and the driving license.

"Come on," she said.

Beatrix rolled up her pajamas to keep them out of the mud and carried the bags out to the car. The girl got in behind the wheel.

"Goodby, kid," she said.

THE car roared off in the darkness. Beatrix went back to the house. The lamp was burning low. She guessed it wouldn't last much longer. She had no idea now what time it was.

She heard a car coming. She ran to the door. She ran out to the road and waved her hands.

Jimmy Erskine jumped out of the car and ran toward her.

"You aren't hurt!" he cried. "You're all right."

"I'm all right," Beatrix said. "But—but it's your turn to laugh. That girl had a gun."

He didn't laugh. He took her in his arms. For just a moment she permitted herself the joy of resting in his arms.

"Tell me what happened," he said.

"She had a gun," Beatrix said. "She made me give her my clothes and my car and everything."

"I mean what happened at the Calthrops," Jimmy Erskine said. "One moment you were for me. One moment we were driving to New York together and you knew I was going to tell you I loved you and ask you to marry me and you didn't think that would be so bad. The next moment you were turning me down cold—you weren't going to drive in to New York with me—you were going home to Minnewaska. Something happened. You know I love you. Can't you tell me what happened?"

"Nothing happened."

He put one hand on each shoulder and held her firmly.

"Come across," he said.

"Well—" Beatrix said. "Well—"

"Well what?"

"You said you were going to Chicago. When you were stuck in the mud that's what you said."

"I wasn't; I was looking for you. I woke up in the morning and you were gone and I got this car from Calthrop and started after you as fast as I could drive."

"Well—" Beatrix said.

"What happened? Why did you change so suddenly?"

"Well—" Beatrix said.

"Tell me."

"Who," she said, "who is the beautiful Lilli?"

Jimmy Erskine laughed. "Is that story still going?"

"Well—" Beatrix said.

"The beautiful Lilli is a music hall singer. I brought her to this country for a manager I know and she made a hit with the Park Avenue and Sutton Place crowd."

"Is she beautiful?"

"She is beautiful and in the theater she is one of the most utterly charming creatures who ever sang a naughty song."

"Then you were in love with her."

"Good Lord, no," Jimmy Erskine said. "She's a perfect hell cat."

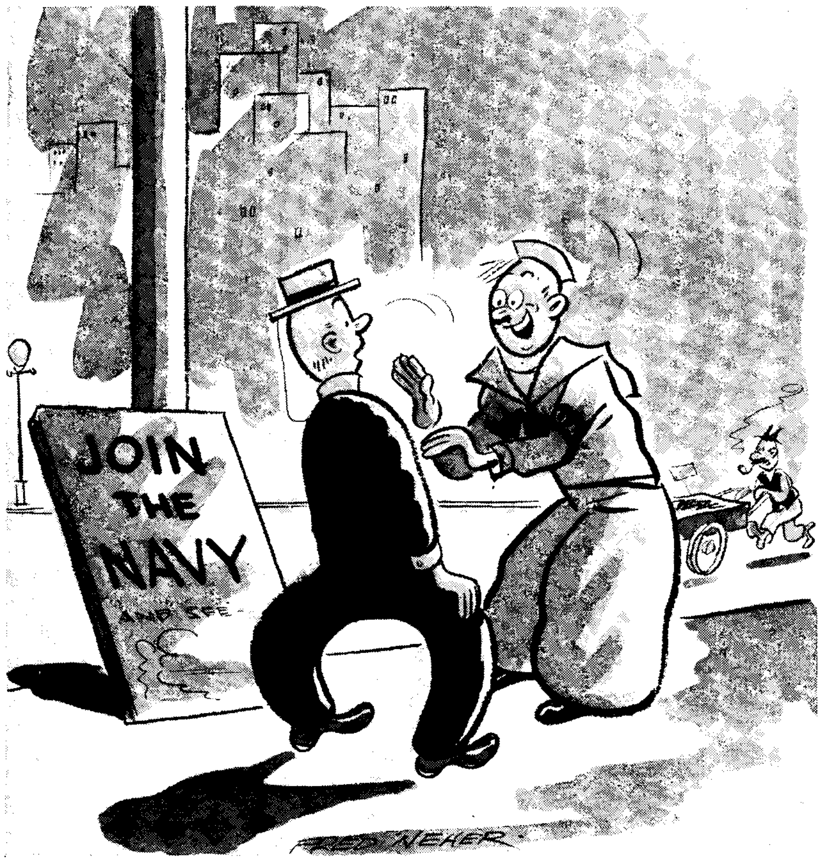
"Well—" Beatrix said.

"LISTEN," Jimmy Erskine said. "I had that woman and her two sons and her husband on my hands for eight days. They had a grand family quarrel twice a day on the average and I had to settle it. They fought with everything except knives all the way across the Atlantic. Besides, she's old enough to be my mother."

"Oh, well," Beatrix said.

He kissed her then. He held her close and kissed her and told her that he loved her.

They decided that the simplest thing to do was to wrap her up in a topcoat he had and drive on to Northfield. The family would be surprised, of course. But what's a family for, if not to be surprised? The Brown family was used to being surprised.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SHAPE

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●New Shape...Two tabs hold the plaster in shape... no slipping. Center part fits over any size corn ... no guessing. Wide enough to protect against shoe pressure... no crowding.

●Waterproof by Drybak Process... Exclusive! Gives a glazed finish that doesn't stick to stockings or cause shoe friction; nor is it affected by bathing.

●Individual Medicated Centers... 8 in each box of 12. Use them with full confidence. Very effective against hard corns.

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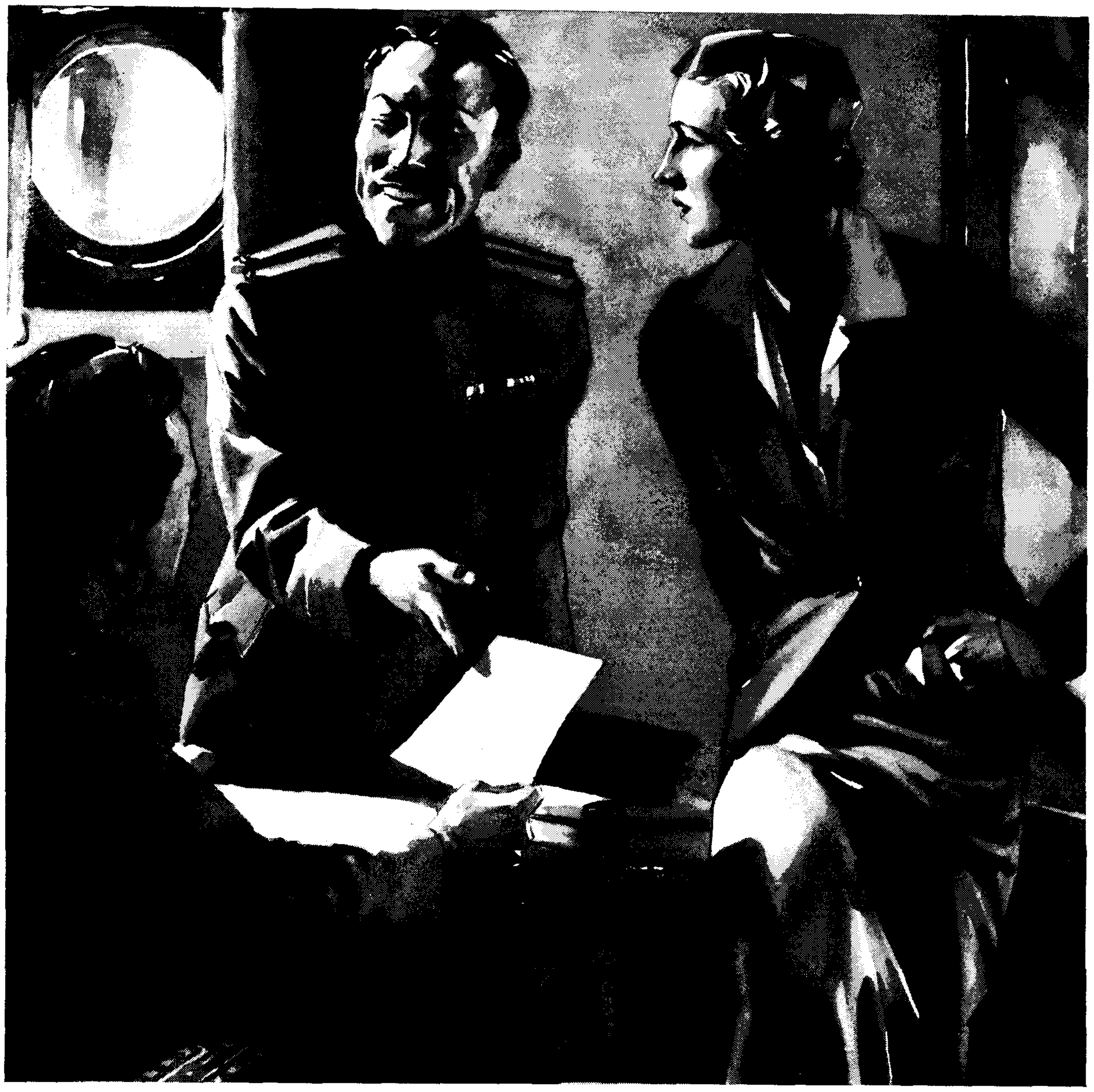

"What does it mean to you, Mr. Hammond? Something, please?" Watanabe asked

# The Brass Gong Tree

*Continued from page 19*

saying it to the darkness. Each time I say it, it whispers down the night, then it comes back to me, from the darkness, like an echo." Her head was tilted slightly back so that the line of her throat cut a fine arc against the outer darkness beyond the rail. And there was the rhythm of flame to her.

"YOU are quite terribly lovely," he said to her.

"So?" It was scarcely a word that she spoke—a sigh rather, an exhalation that had sound. Nor were there any words within him to tell her of his thinking—nor any need to tell of it, for it was there in both their minds like trembling sound in the metallic throat of the great time bell of Nikko.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "you will go mad of me. *Mad* of me. Perhaps this thing will never leave us free of its wounds. Have you thought?"

"Listen to me—who are you? You aren't a China Russke—you aren't a cabaret girl—"

"How do you know, Sturgis?"

"I *do* know—I've been out here for years and I've seen them come and go—and I know you aren't one of them."

"You can't see me in dancing slippers with soles a half inch thick," she smiled, "dancing for fried chicken and sauterne and anything else you will give me?"

"Frankly not—the picture doesn't fit. And you're too young for the Holy Russia routine."

"What is that?"

"'Before the revolution when dear Papa had his estates and we all went boar hunting on the back steppes.'"

She shook her head. "I have never lived in Russia."

"But you have been taught to call it Russia—when you speak English."

"Yes," she nodded. "Sturgis—listen to me, please. I will tell you all about me, but will you think about me a little more before I do? Will you think of the pain of empty arms—of the hollowness of dead hearts? Sturgis—there are so many days to life—so many years, sometimes. It goes on—almost forever. And the days of you and of me are so few compared to the long length of the whole journey. Will you think of that?"

"Will you shut up? I can't think any more."

He took her wrists in his hands and held them so tightly for a moment that he could feel her flesh wince under his fingers. "I can't talk to you!" he said hoarsely.

She raised his hand as he held hers and bending quickly she kissed the tips of his fingers. He caught her arm again as she turned away.

"Are you saying good night to me?"

"Yes, Sturgis."

"You want it to be that way?"

"I want it to—yes—for I am afraid still—afraid you would not understand the things I understand."

"I would not understand perhaps, that you are employed by someone as a fingerman? Is that what you mean? As the person who identifies certain people for—murder—in this extremely cockeyed part of the world?"

"Perhaps I do do that."

"Perhaps you do," he nodded.

She held her hands clasped before him. "How different we are, Sturgis! You are free—in mind and in blood. Free of blood, perhaps—of ancient hatreds and beliefs. There is no darkness within you—" She raised her hands to her lips. "Good night, Sturgis—" and the white of her dress was a pale flame in the shadows as she left him.

A LONG time later, he went down himself. His heels beat a wooden tattoo along the deserted promenade. Three caged electric bulbs still lit the deck with a brassy light and held it pendent above the wash of the black waters, but there was no life to it. The smoke-room was closed and dark and the bridge game in the tiny forward lounge that he had been vaguely aware of as he passed before, was done, the players gone to bed.

The gleaming threshold of the entryway caught the light within and lashed it across his eyes as he stepped

*(Continued on page 48)*

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UNDERWOOD PORTABLE

By **REMO POULSEN**
World's Amateur Champion Typist

"I've just seen a beautiful new portable typewriter... sat before it...admired its compactness...its new and decidedly different keyboard...its improved features.

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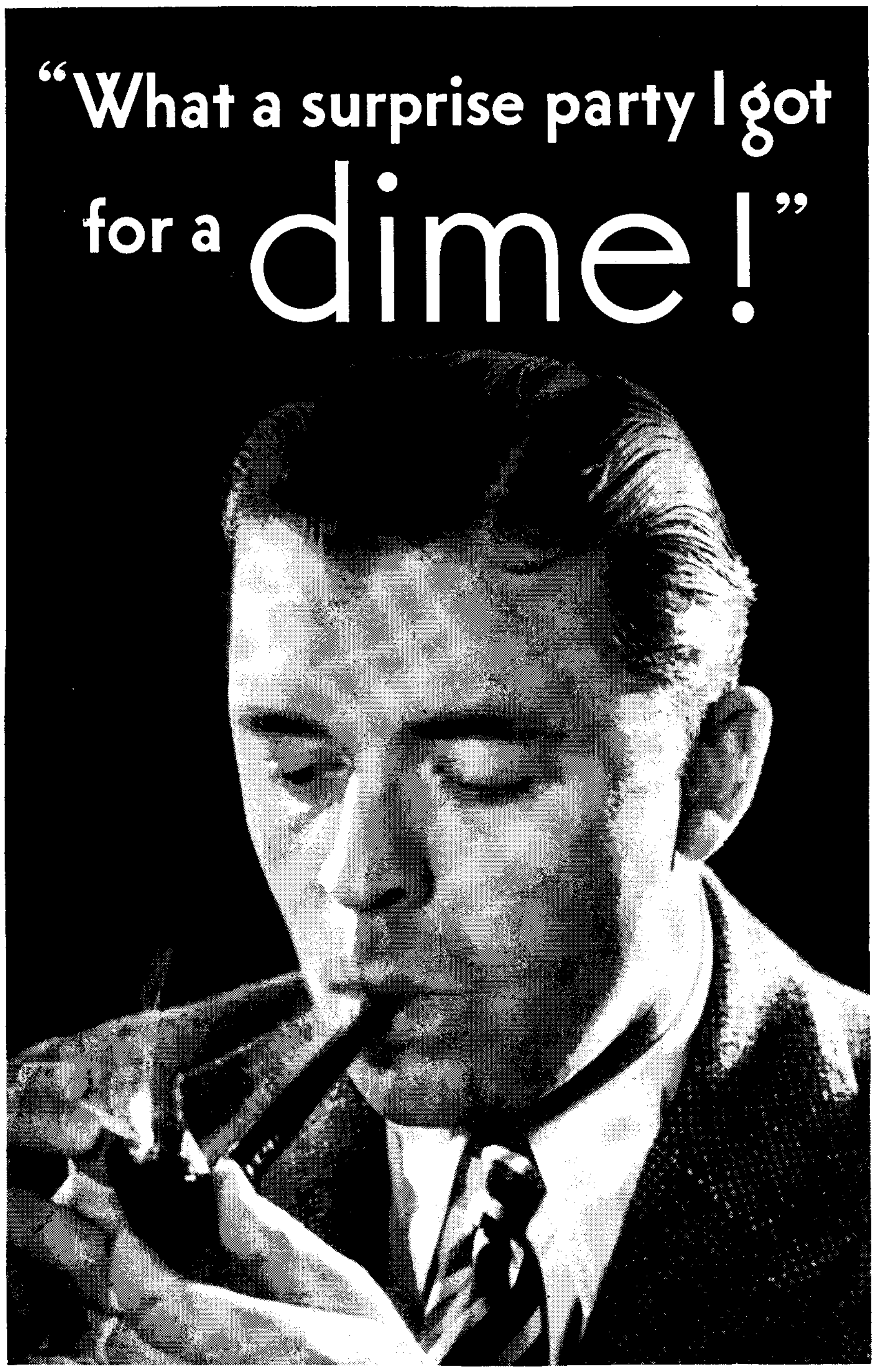
"What a surprise party I got for a dime!"

LYLE TALBOT . . . Warner Bros. Star, Union Leader smoker since 1924

MY FIRST pipeful of Union Leader tobacco gave me the surprise of my life. It cured me of the prejudice that expensive pipe mixtures are always best. You simply can't beat the fragrant, mellow, full-flavored *old* Kentucky Burley in this grand old brand. It's head and shoulders above any pipe tobacco I've ever smoked. And that dime-a-tin price adds a lot of profit to my pleasure. (It makes a grand cigarette, too.)

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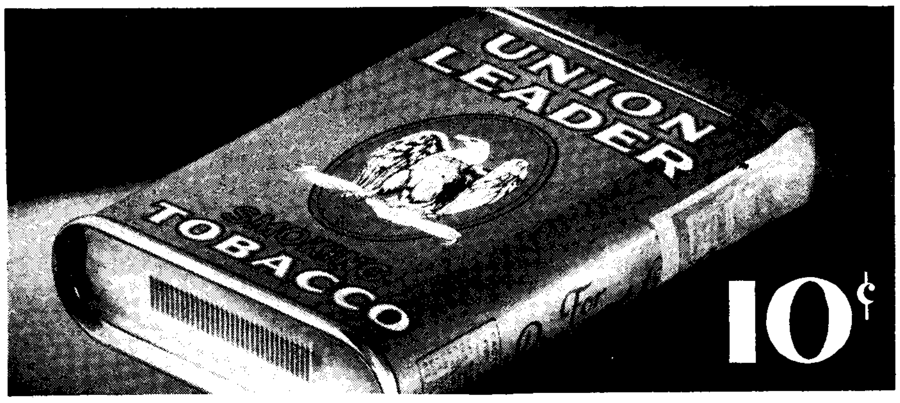


THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

# The Brass Gong Tree

*Continued from page* 46

inside. There is nothing quite as mechanically inanimate as a sleeping steamer at sea—and nothing so smugly independent of the ministrations of man.

Sturgis crossed the entryway. There were marks on the rubber decking of it. Two parallel marks that led from the deck outside to a door opposite the purser's cabin. A stateroom door. Marks about three and a half feet apart, traced faintly on the rubber decking by narrow pneumatic tires that had been dampened by the dampness of the windward side of the promenade. Almost, he expected to see Anton Krupp wheeled out of his cabin, but there were only the marks of his chair and the brightly lit silence of the entryway.

Sturgis went down the companion to the deck below and turned into his own passage.

IT WAS hot in Sesue Watanabe's cabin and there was a harsh ache in the back of his skull, low in it, above the hair line, as if he had been struck. It had been there for hours before he pulled on his tabi, stubbed into his sandals, tied a kimono about him and went on deck. The breath of the ship's passing was cool against his bare legs and his face, and a sense of loneliness that was rather pleasant came over him with the lateness of the hour. The deck lights were out and there was no sound except the thump of the engine and the whispering wash of the sea against the waterline plates, as the Dairen plowed through the intense darkness of that black hour before the dawn.

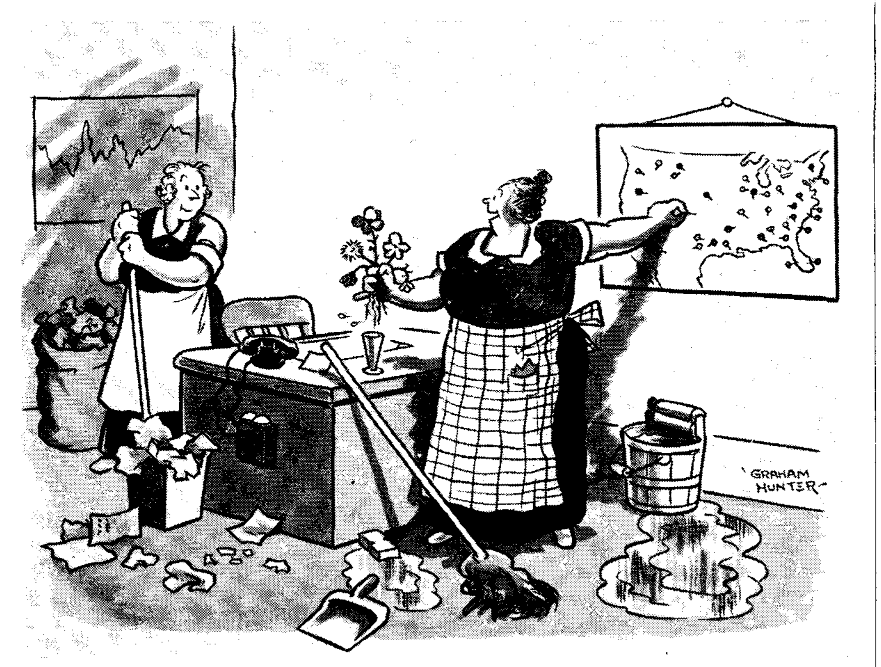
It was like a mood that shuts out reason, that darkness. For a moment nothing broke it—no light, no radiance, no phosphorescent gleam from the sea—and in that moment, he stood braced against it physically, with a strange distortion in his mind that there were tall weeds wavering up through the darkness—higher than the Dairen's funnel—higher than her hollow steel masts. They were weeds in deep waters. They swayed in graceful rhythm as marsh grasses sway when the fingertips of the returning tide reach in and touch their roots. Through them, nose downward, the Dairen plowed slowly, parting them with her blunt bow, laying the wet green velvet of them across her decks. As she sank through them, she turned lazily over to starboard, as a swimmer turns in the water, then her nose snubbed into gray bottom mud that rose upward, in slow motion, and folded itself over the lower rails until the forward well deck and her promenade and her bridge were covered.

The vision was so definite that there was an iciness in the backs of Colonel Watanabe's legs and the underpart of his tongue was dry suddenly. He crossed over to the rail and put his hands upon it for security. He stood there, holding the rail, leaning upon it, with the cool air in his face, trying to think of the connotation of a word. He had many words. Words in Italian and French and High German, in Portuguese and Hindustani, in English, in Cantonese and Russian and in Spanish. Each group was boxed in his mind like a separate pack of cards, to be brought out complete, when needed—to be exhibited glibly in their own peculiar idiomatic order like a parlor trick.

And like separate packs of cards they were similar in some cases but for the lieutenant colonel the similarity had no basic inter-relationship. For one thing, he had no Latin and no Greek. For another, he learned by rote. The word he was after was "sesquiing," but for the moment he was thinking of the roof tops of Tacubaya and of the snowy peak of Popo seen through the rain from his garden, when he was attached to his embassy in Mexico. And almost immediately he got what he was after—sesquicentennial. He had gone from Mexico to Philadelphia on leave the year they had their exposition to commemorate a century and a half of something. Sesqui—one and a half. Sesqui-plane—an airplane with one wing and a stubby half of a wing. Sesquiing—possibly to fly in such a plane?

A LONG while later there was a delicate streak across the darkness of half the world like a hairline of dull silver inlaid in black iron.

The lieutenant colonel went down to his bath and presently to his breakfast, which he had served in his cabin, to the radio log which came to him at 8 A. M. and to two radio flimsies addressed to him which came shortly afterward. He decoded them and sent for Hammond.



"On my last corsage I used their Omaha representative, and they never even missed him!" GRAHAM HUNTER

"Mr. Hammond—how does it happen that you employ as your secretary an airplane pilot of Miss Cass' ability, please?" The lieutenant colonel had a habit of leaving his mouth open slightly which gave to his face the appearance of an habitual smile. "Sit down, please, Mr. Hammond." He nodded to the wicker chair in his cabin and swiveled slightly in his desk chair.

"The fact that she's a pilot and can't make a living out of flying is merely an economic condition, isn't it? One I took advantage of when I found myself in need of a secretary."

"Mr. Hammond—who is Mr. Arthur S. Jones, please?"

"I have no idea."

The habit of living was deep-seated in Sesue Watanabe. He allowed no emotion to jeopardize the inexorable repetition of certain formulas of conduct which buttressed his natural timidity, as the ritual of religion strengthens the chimera of faith. He made people wait, for instance, with an exquisite procrastination which coiled the black anger in their hearts, until they talked. When people talked, his job was done and the doing of it made him feel permanent.

HE PUT on his cap and left the cabin. He came back in ten minutes and sat down to a new sheaf of papers which he brought with him. Vonny Cass knocked on the door a very few minutes afterward.

"Miss Cass—yesterday evening you told me you did not know who Arthur S. Jones was."

"That's true."

"Miss Cass—you were at Floyd Bennett Field with Mr. Jones in 1932, in June, please. Working for Mr. Jones when Mr. Jones represented the Curtis-Nordhall Company. How is it you don't know him?"

Vonny looked startled for a moment. Then she smiled.

"You're quite right," she said. She looked at Sturgis. "Hobey Jones, I'm sorry," she said to Watanabe. "There was no intention on my part to deny it. It just happens that nobody thinks of Hobey Jones by any other name than Hobey. When you said Arthur S., it was just another Jones to me. It meant nothing. Even his letters come Hobey."

"Miss Cass—please to look at this postal card. It's a picture of a Japan Air Transport Line plane in operation between Kobe and Seoul. How would that plane be described technically?"

"It looks like a Boelke Sesqui Forty."

"Thank you, Miss Cass. It's that general type. It's an Osumi-Naoshi, Japan made. One leaves Kobe every other afternoon at two. The N. S. K. plane leaves at one. On account of connecting schedules through Korea, this one," he tapped the postal, "arrives in Mukden six hours ahead of the N. S. K. plane."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"There is a marconigram for you," Watanabe handed it across to her. "You will understand that expediency made it impossible to deliver it to you last evening."

The flimsy read:

"Miss Vonny Cass,
Dairen Maru
"N. K. T. Line enroute Kobe-Dairen Arthur S. Jones may check for bicycle business stop sesquiing Mukden via Seoul this P. M."

"May I see that?" Sturgis leaned toward her. The colonel stood up. "You understand, of course, that I apologize personally for the necessity of delaying delivery of this, but military expediency gives me no choice in the matters where code is suspected."

Vonny looked at him. "This means nothing to me personally. But apparently you have made it mean something to you."

Sturg caught her eye and shook his head slightly.

"What does it mean to you, Mr. Hammond? Something, please?" Watanabe asked.

"Yes," Sturg nodded. "My bureau has been looking for Mr. Jones for a month. We understand he's out here to check up on the rumor that Stall and Day crashed north of Baikal on their round-the-world flight last June and that they are still alive up there somewhere."

"Is that what 'bicycle business' means?"

"I expect so. Miss Cass tells me she explained our way of communicating. We garble wires sometimes for business reasons only. We have no key and no set codes. A knowledge of our office routine enables us to understand them. It's a species of slang we use."

"How long has Miss Cass been in Amalgamated's employ as your secretary—that she does not know enough of office routine to have this mean something to her then, please?"

"Since the night before last, only."

Watanabe smiled and nodded slightly.

"Then it is I who have made the mistake. I should have interviewed you first, Mr. Hammond, before I went to the trouble of checking up on a perfectly harmless matter. Please to pardon me—please to, Miss Cass?"

There was no perceptible way on the Dairen when they left Watanabe's cabin and came on deck. An uproar of chain crashed forward, as the hook went down. Grubby launches crowded in alongside.

Below them, a half-door was open to the orlop deck and a snub tug shoved a loaded barge in under it.

"Did you ever fly a Morecroft Fighter?" Sturg asked her.

"I've flown the 420's. Why?"

He nodded. The niceness of her was in his heart—the cleanness and the warmth that were a part of her serenity.

"Vonny," he shook his head, "don't do it. Endos is as rotten as gangrene. Out here they've played both ends against the middle too often. They're not political—they're just rotten bloodsuckers on any faction they take over. Consigning agents my eye— Endos deals in murder and rape and mayhem. You'll get up there and if anything happens, you'll hold the bag."

"Pleasant prospect," she said. "Now tell me, if you don't mind, just why they will do this?"

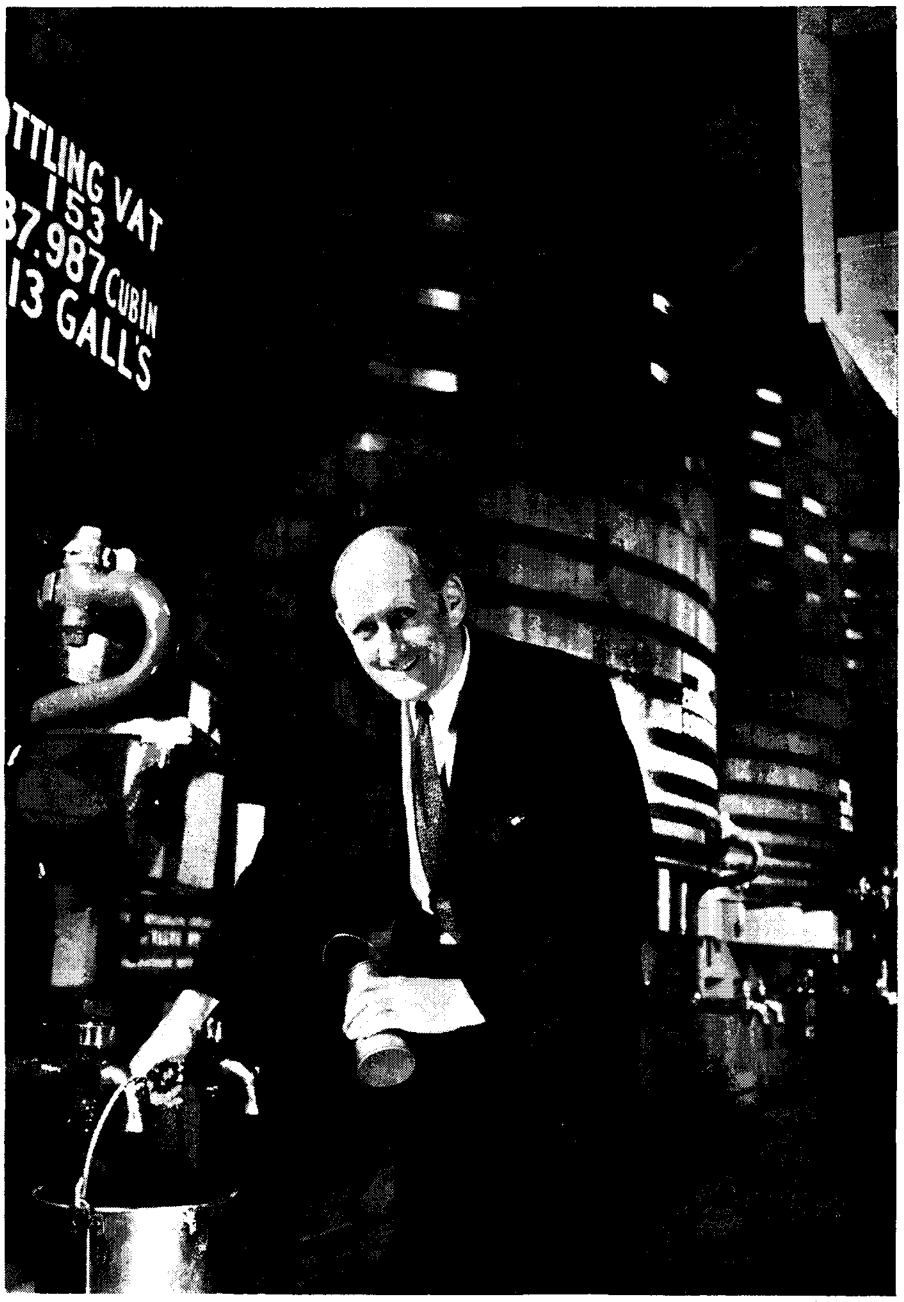
HE SMILED and he wanted to lay his hand over hers on the rail, but there was something that caused him not to and there was no questioning of it in his mind. A soul-gentleness for her, if you will. It was there within him and it was inestimably pleasant to abide by.

"Because I think," he said, "that you are going into Manchuria to contact that Morecroft Fighter shipment somehow for Endos. Perhaps you are to meet Hobey Jones and the two of you are to supervise assembly and testing—in direct opposition to the polite wishes of the League of Nations and to the almost fanatical aversion of the Japanese authorities, if they knew about it, which I don't doubt they do. And I think," he said, "that you have more real guts than any white woman I ever knew."

"And why doesn't Colonel Watanabe stop me? He seems to know all about me."

"The military mind," Sturgis said, "is essentially stupid. And even though the Japanese have the finest intelligence service in the world, it's ineffective because they can't resist the temptation to show it off. My guess is that they know

(Continued on page 50)



Ed Wiseman, now superintendent, has spent two-score years in the distillery. Here he is sampling a bottling vat for a proof-test.

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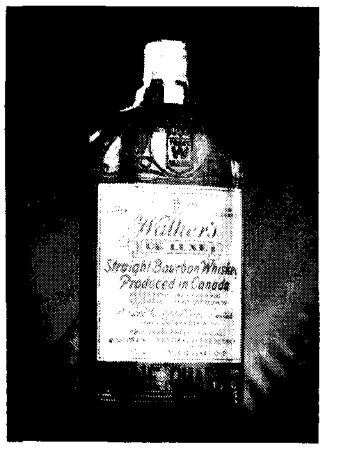
We take choice corn and mill it carefully to preserve the full life of the kernels. We put into the distilling all of the knowledge we have gained through 77 years' experience. After the rich liquor is ready, we lay it away in special casks of fine-grained oak from the Ozarks. *Hiram Walker's De Luxe Straight Bourbon* rests undisturbed in ivy-covered warehouses for six years or more. Then it is bottled in bond under the watchful eye of the Canadian Government. Try it—and enjoy the rich bouquet of real, old-time bourbon whiskey. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois.



Hiram Walker's BONDED WHISKIES

Some men are older than they look

HERE'S HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE

LOOK in the mirror. See how those wrinkles and age lines are etching themselves in your face.

If you lived in the tropics there might be some excuse for premature old age showing on your face.

The broiling sun soon dries up the natural skin oils and makes men and women look old before their time.

Shaving with alkaline soaps dries out the skin in much the same way as a tropical sun or a frigid winter wind.

That's why you see so many wizened-up old young men everywhere about you.

If you want to keep looking young and fit, throw away the old shaving brush and buy a tube of Barbasol.

Start shaving tomorrow with this modern latherless Barbasol that makes a pleasure out of the daily chore of removing whiskers.

No ingrown hairs when you use Barbasol. It holds each whisker steady to the cutting edge so that there is a clean cut at the base.

And finally, the bland oils in Barbasol leave your face in the pink of condition. It's so soothing that many people use it for sunburn, windburn and chapping.

You'll look younger if you shave with Barbasol.

*Tune in Singin' Sam—the Barbasol Man—every Friday evening over WOR, WLW and WGN. (See your newspaper for local time.)*

FOR MODERN SHAVING:
NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN

Try Barbasol's new razor blades—scalpel-sharp, 5 for 15¢

(Continued from page 49)

everything but where the planes are to be delivered—just as Mullanphy told us. They will find that out by watching Hobey Jones and you. Watanabe has practically told you that."

"I see. And it doesn't make you angry that I've ruined your job out here? That you'll probably be fired for helping me in this nefarious business I'm supposed to be in?"

He shook his head. "You haven't ruined my job. And you won't because you'll stay on the Dairen and go back with her. I'm not going to let you put your head into this noose, believe me!"

"Then you lied to Watanabe?"

"About Jones looking for Stall and Day?"

She nodded.

"I expect I did. I had to cover you somehow, didn't I, Vonny Cass?"

"Thanks, whatever your motives were. You owed me that lie. The wireless was from Mullanphy. I thought possibly you might not want Watanabe to know that Amalgamated had a tip-off on the Morecroft shipment. That's why I said the wire meant nothing."

He stared at her.

"How do you know it's from Mullanphy?"

"I don't actually—it's a hunch. But hunch or not, it has probably ruined my trip. The authorities will check on every move I make now."

SHE was not angry. She was amused at the prospect and Sturgis felt vaguely uncomfortable about her amusement, for there was the certainty within him now that the wireless *was* from Mullanphy and that his own stupidity in not guessing it was part of her amusement. That thought put the dark blood into his face. He said:

"It's an outrageous thing, Vonny Cass, that a woman as attractive as you are has to be so damnably capable in managing her own affairs too. It isn't right. It misleads a man."

"You resent that, don't you?"

"Why shouldn't I? I see you in Tokyo—and because of what you are at first sight—because you are a damned attractive woman—I offer to help you. Del and Bo offered to help you. But you don't need help. You can laugh at people who offer it. You're better off running your own affairs."

"Thanks."

He stood for a moment looking into her eyes and thinking of yesterday at Mullanphy's when the rain was on the roof and he had leaned down suddenly and touched his lips to the softness of hers. And he wondered why the hell he didn't do it now. But he knew he didn't because there was too much else there to spoil with that sort of thing—too much decency in her.

She saw what it was that held his mind and there was a fantasy to the moment. Then the light of it was gone and the burden of life descended upon them.

"Breakfast, I suppose," she said.

He shook his head and as he went up the deck alone he knew that what had happened to him was possible to happen, even though it could never be put into words. There were two worlds. In one there was Nahta—and in the other, Vonny Cass. He was Tomlinson, caught between, rightfully in neither, but living fully in both of them.

A BREATH of bad weather soughed down from the northward.

Pat Nugent stood at the rail, the wind slapping into his excellent tweeds, plastering them tightly to his gaunt height and ruffling the hair on his narrow skull.

"So," he said, "we are in the Yellow Sea, Sturgis—*well* in it. And there is no escape until we get to Dairen unless we sink in it—and even then we don't escape it—we absorb it, or it us." He rubbed his thin hands together. "And it will be a fine night for a murder, when this weather hits us."

On the deck behind them were the marks of rubber tires as there had been in the entryway late the night before.

"Krupp," Pat said, "he's been promenading with his Pekin boy at the controls. The thought makes me thirsty. Why," he pinched his lower lip together between his thumb and forefinger, "is it, d'you suppose—that a man in Krupp's predicament doesn't eliminate himself? He seems to have the intelligence; that's all it takes."

"Does it occur to you possibly that he can't?"

A steward was closing the weather doors behind them. The wind wailed down the ship's side, rattling the loose edge of a canvas boat cover on the deck above them until the sound of it was like drumsticks. There was a lightsome streak on the horizon ahead—a streak between the darkness of the sky and the darkness of the water. The major turned his head and looked aft for a moment.

"Sturgis," he said, "your charming lady of the sleeping car is on deck. She is in a flowing silk skirt and I think it is blue but I am not sure because it is, as I say, flowing and long and I cannot be bothered whether it is blue or not for she has a divinely slim waist and other appurtenances of womanhood and she has a little linen waistcoat arrangement, with long points. White—with two large buttons. And the invitation of the whole thing is unbelievably imperative to a man of regular habits. So I shall retire to the smokeroom and pour a libation to the wine-dark sea." He waved his hand over the rail and started forward, plowing into the rising wind. There was a definite push to it now and the whine of it carried the feeling of pain.

STURGIS turned to meet her before she got to him. They stood together at the rail, braced against the wind. Her hair was tightly bound with a scarf and she had wrapped her iridescent oiled silk slicker tightly about her and strapped it somehow over one hip. He could feel her nearness racing in his wrists. He could hear the clicking rustle of her slicker as she clasped her hands and rested her arms upon the rail. The faint loveliness—the living warmth of her—was in his nostrils. The bracelets of gold that she wore on each wrist—plain, heavy bands of gold—struck together with the movement of her hands. She was speaking to him.

"These are the things you must know of me, Sturgis. Whatever you find them, they are my life and you must know them—" She paused when the wind was high against her and she went on when it softened. The effect was like youthful chanting in a pleasant chapel. "There is a place in France—in the south, which lies between Villefranche and Beaulieu. It is called Cap Ferrat."

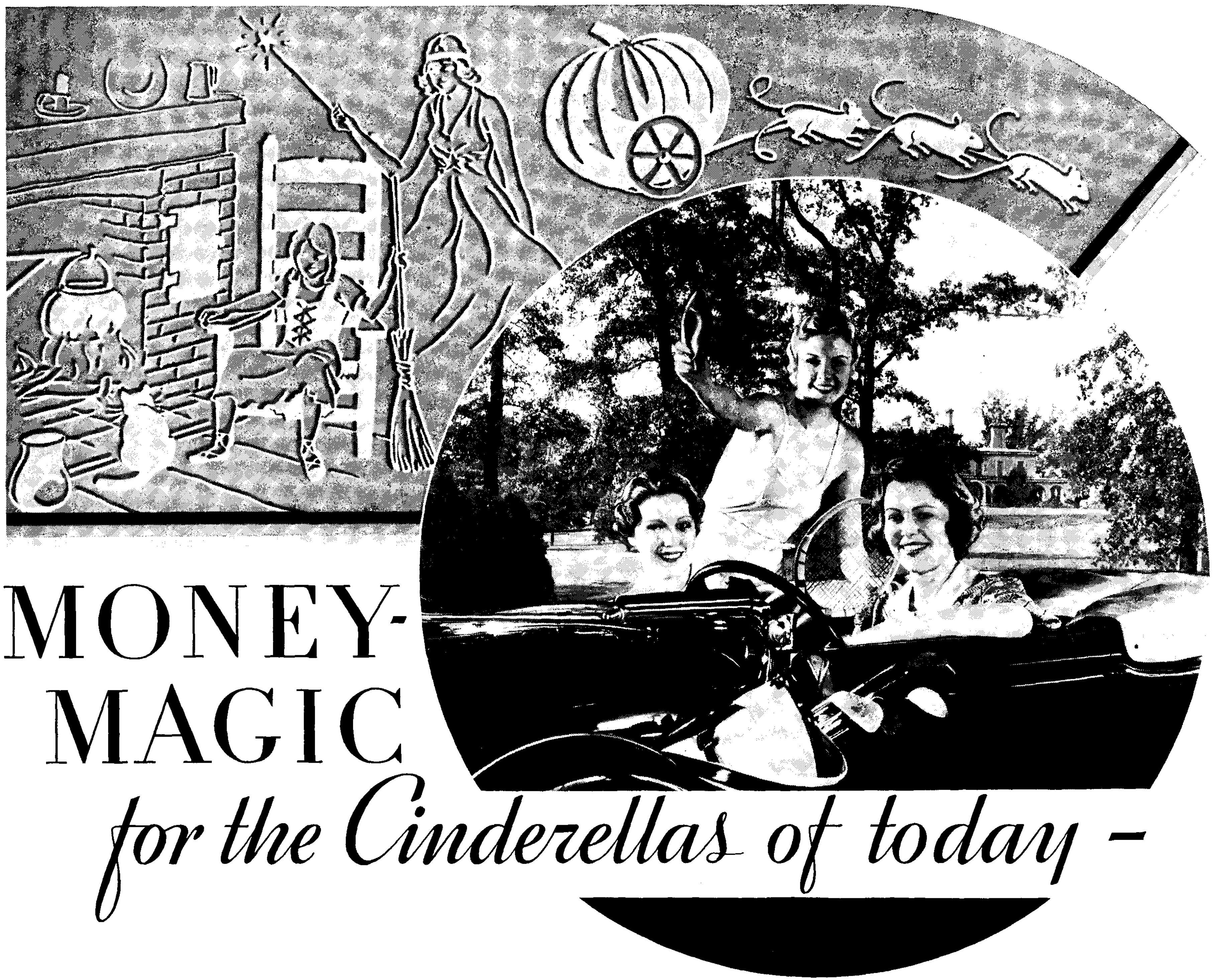
Sturg nodded.

"I was born there," she said, "because my mother fell on the long stone steps to the boathouse. I was to have been born in St. Petersburg. My mother never was well enough again to go there. When I was five she died."

The painful light of the storm streak on the horizon shot upward into the gathering darkness and died out as suddenly as the glow dies in the filaments of a bulb when it is switched off and there was nothing between the whipped blackness of the sea and the dark storm above except the soft howl of the wind.

"My father played tennis—and he gambled, because these things amused him above all others. He had money for both. Shall I tell you how much money?

(Continued on page 52)



# MONEY-MAGIC *for the Cinderellas of today –*

**SHE HAD YOUTH,** beauty, and a wistful hunger for life. But her wealthy stepsisters got all the breaks. They wore the good clothes, ate the fine food, lived in idle ease. Cinderella did the hard work and took what little joy came her way.

Magic changed her life—dressed her up and sent her to the ball. In the end, she found the fulfillment of her dreams . . . she got her man.

Millions of American families are Cinderellas, dreaming of comforts and pleasures seemingly far beyond their grasp, when as a matter of fact there is a magic way of escape from their drab ashes.

Instalment buying was once relatively small in scope. The coming of the automobile gave rise to a new conception of its potential economic value to the nation. The perfection of the radio, oil and gas burners, refrigerators and other modern appliances, tremendously increased its importance in the American industrial scheme.

From the once little local instalment plan has been developed the great time payment financing system—a magic wand that has put labor-saving necessities and health-promoting comforts into millions of American homes . . . brought color and happiness to millions of families, as it can for you.

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Merchants who sell and individuals who buy on the time payment plan must make sure that *the company back of the system* has a history of integrity and fair-dealing, and ample resources.

Commercial Credit Company was founded in 1912 with $300,000 capital. Today its companies employ 1800 people and more than $41,000,000 of capital and surplus. It financed nearly $400,000,000 of sales last year. Its charge for service is moderate. It carefully supervises collections to protect both buyer and seller from any loss.

Its ever-increasing operations have played a major part in opening vast markets for American manufacturers, stepping up production, decreasing costs and selling prices, making jobs for millions of workers. Without such a financing service, American industry would move at a snail's pace—labor would be a drug on the market.

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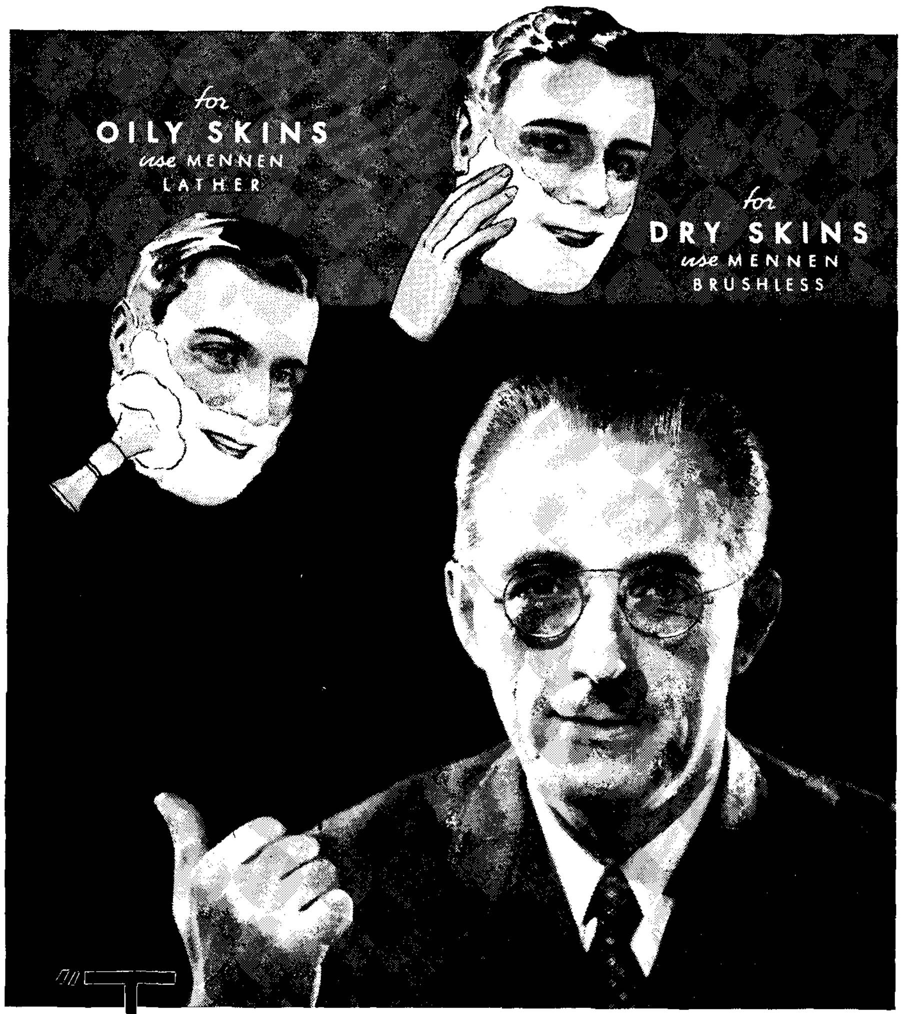

for OILY SKINS use MENNEN LATHER
for DRY SKINS use MENNEN BRUSHLESS

Try both these shaves...

use the coupon to get my skin tester kit"

W. G. Mennen

"MEN—let me bring you a brand new shaving comfort. We've started something revolutionary in shaving. I think it's going to change the shaving habits of the whole nation. WE'RE NOW MAKING ONE TYPE OF SHAVING CREAM FOR *OILY* SKINS, AND ANOTHER TYPE FOR *DRY* SKINS. You know, ALL skins are either *oily* or *dry*. Yes, sir, that's a scientific fact. So let me send you trial sizes of both my creams, and find out which one is built for YOU. After that you'll surely say 'Mennen for Mine.'

"For oily skins we recommend Mennen *Lather* Shave. Its rich lather washes out over-active pores; gets rid of imbedded grease deposits; keeps the skin healthier, younger. And, boy! how it wilts whiskers, especially the oily kind.

"And then for dry skin there's Mennen *Brushless*. It's emollient—softens, soothes, relaxes dry, taut skin. Takes away that tight, drawn feeling—roughness, redness, too. You'll like it—especially because it's a cream, not a grease.

"Now find out which type of shave YOU should use. Send 10¢ for my Skin Tester Kit. It contains both types of Mennen Shaving Cream and three other products. All 5 are shown in the coupon below. But please use this coupon only if you're serious. No sample hounds wanted."

• • •

Mennen Lather Shave and Brushless Shave come in tubes at 35¢ and 50¢. Also the Lather Bowl at 75¢; Brushless in Jars at 75¢.

**After the shave** . . . Mennen Skin Bracer, *a new tingling tonic. Has a subtle mannish odor —the girls like it, too* . . . also Mennen Talcum for Men—*the most popular men's powder. Doesn't show. Kills "face shine."*

MENNEN 2 types: LATHER SHAVE and brushless SHAVE

MENNEN SKIN BRACER
MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
Brushless
MENNEN Blades

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen double-edge blade." Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-5-18.

.........................................

.........................................

Oily skin or dry, you'll say, "**MENNEN for MINE**"

# The Brass Gong Tree

*Continued from page 50*

Will you believe me? They say he lost twenty thousand pounds one evening in the Salle Privé between dinner and midnight and that in expiation he gave twenty thousand pounds to the Bishop of Nice before he came home—waking the bishop and putting the check into his hands personally. He was wounded in the right knee at Tannenberg. He got out through Turkey somehow—but he could never play tennis again. When I said he played tennis before, I meant you to understand that he was one of the finest gentleman players in Europe."

"I think I did understand something like that."

She nodded. "There was less money after the war—but the Villa Nereid had been my grandfather's before it was my father's and there were interests we owned outside of the Soviet that were more than enough to keep us. My father, however, could not believe that. It was not in his nature to believe that any amount of money was more than enough, so he attempted to disprove it and he succeeded—but I was seventeen before his success was an accomplished fact." She smiled.

A SUDDEN back draft of wind, as the Dairen bucked it, brought a thick ship smell up to them—hot bread newly baked and wood scrubbed in bitter water and potatoes stored in earthy sacks.

"He was bearded now, my father, and without his tennis, his waist was gone slightly. He was a violent individualist always. Russia meant nothing to him emotionally—nor did France nor Germany nor any other country. And their political upheavals interested him only as they interfered with his individual habits. He had spent most of his life in France because he preferred life there. So had his father. Russia had been a place to go to in response to court authority that commanded their appearance at intervals. Nothing more. After the debacle, aristocratic émigrés bored him. He had no use for professional Russians. He lived above all class, all rank, all restraint but his own tastes.

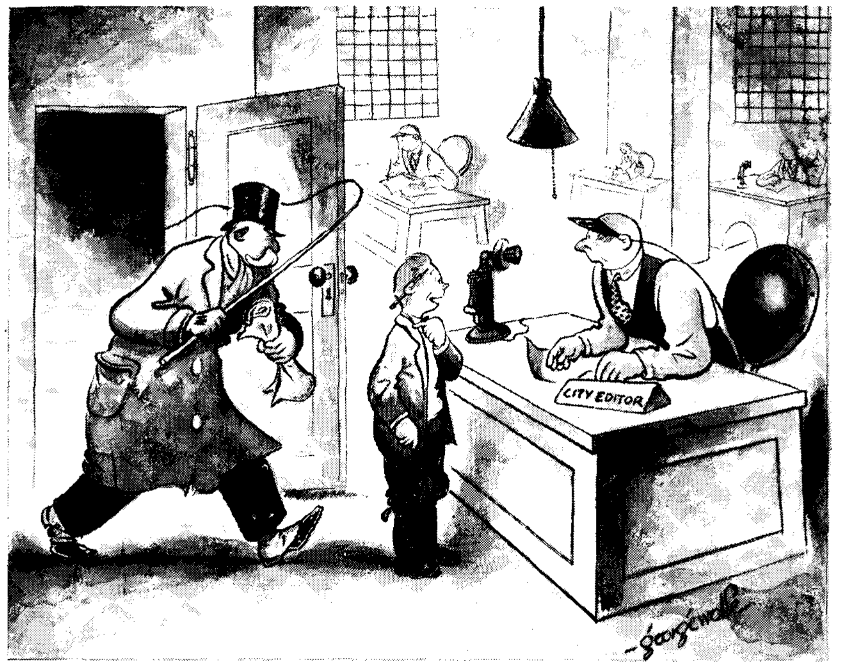
"He rejoined his old regiment and fought against Germany at Tannenberg because it appealed to him at the moment to do so rather than wait for the Scottish grouse season to open. But in spite of all this—he was reaching back unconsciously into the roots from which he had sprung. There is no escaping that ever. He was a Russian gentleman—with the power of life and death over his people—with the heritage of absolute, unquestioned authority—with the stigma of a thousand years of blood cruelty behind him, if that is a stigma. The gayety of his youth was gone—the gayety that had staved off this reversion. And that left him what he was. Acquiescence to it was as strongly bred in me as authority was in him. It was one between us—not a fear, not a desperation—but an accepted part of life as the sun is—as air is."

SHE turned and looked at Sturgis. "Some of these things I have always known—some I have had to put together afterward to complete the picture. I hope I have done it so you can see it clearly. He came home one evening with a man." Her fingers were intertwined with each other so tightly that the blood was gone from under their nails and the tips were blue in the half-light. "I wish I could tell you what a girl of seventeen thinks, but I cannot, for I was never allowed to know those things. They can't be very important anyway."

"White horses," Sturg said, "with flowing manes—men in armor, with plumes and bright lances shattering the sunlight?"

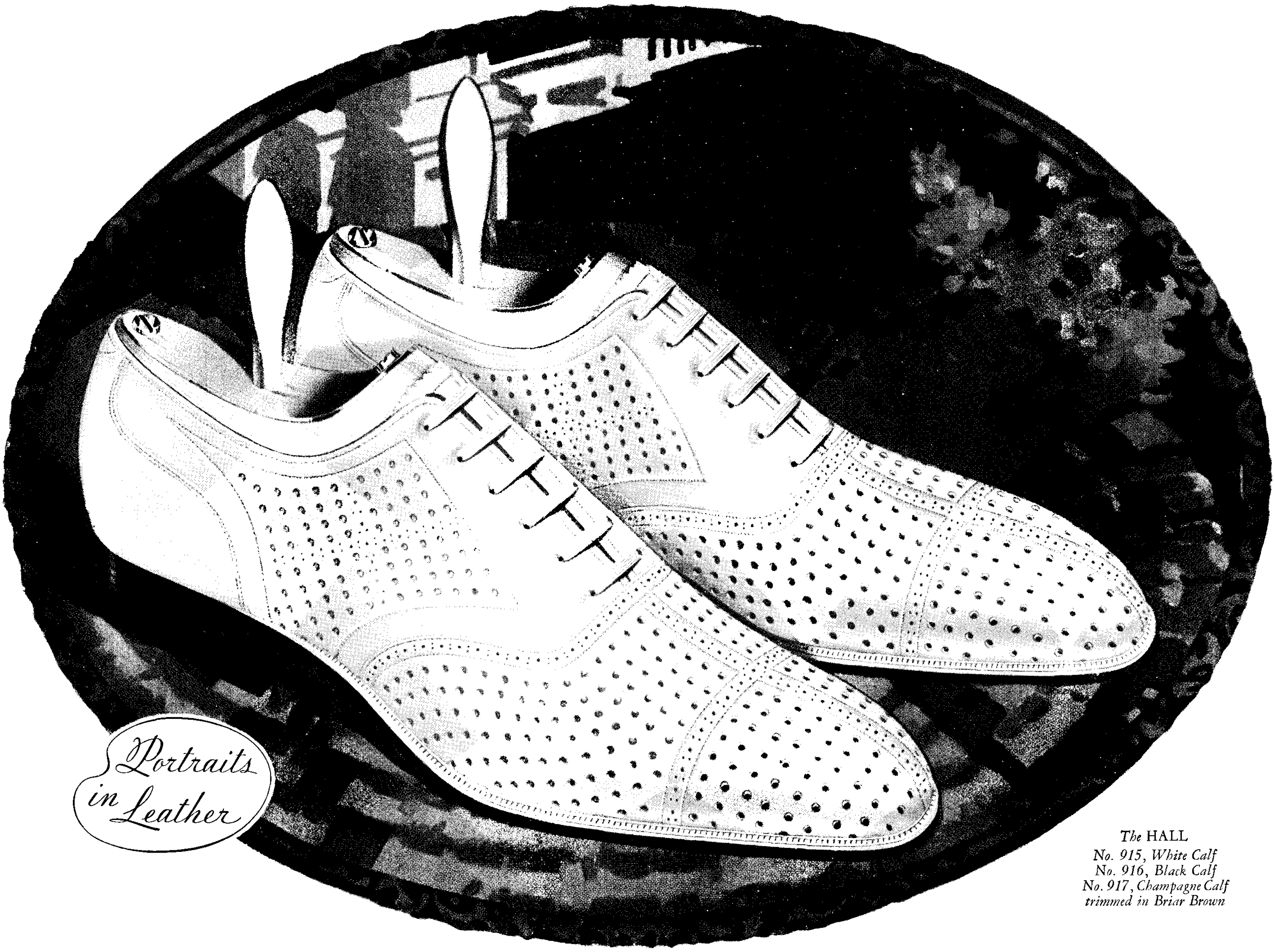
"Perhaps," she nodded. "The Villa Nereid was of stone and the halls were long and very wide. There was a dampness to the walls in the winter months. The great iron chandeliers were rusted with it. The windows rattled with the mistral and there were large white borzois that roamed inside the locked gates at night and bayed the moon from the weed-grown space where the tennis courts had been. But to me it was a pleasant house until that evening." For a long moment she stood there without speaking, staring out into the darkness—so long a time that Sturgis wondered if she would ever go on. Then very softly she said, "I cannot tell you what he was like except that I knew I was to belong to him."

*(To be continued next week)*



"A Mr. Hackett to horsewhip you, sir!"

GEORGE WOLFE



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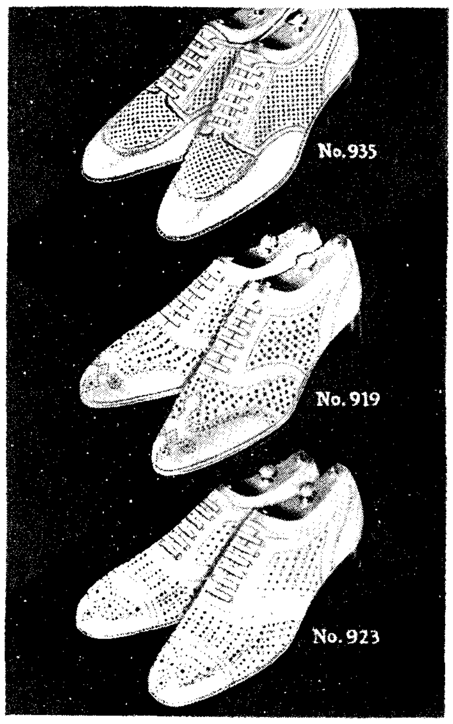
HERE'S a smart, new idea you'll welcome this summer, ventilated shoes for business and pleasure that are as cool as they are comfortable. You can feel the cool air flow in and out with every step.

There are a variety of patterns, in all the popular leathers and lasts. Of course, Friendly offers regular summer styles, but we're sure you will have at least one pair of these smart Friendly Tropicals.

But be sure they are Friendly Shoes. For then you are assured of the finest leathers, carefully selected and fashioned by people who have made the Friendly Trade Mark mean the utmost in value.

Friendly Shoes are aptly called "Portraits in Leather," and most styles are five dollars with the Custom Grade at six.

Friendly dealers in all forty-eight states are now showing the Summer line. Write today for interesting new free booklet, "A Walking Encyclopedia." Name and address of nearest Friendly dealer will be included with our reply.



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**HERE'S ONE REFRIGERATOR FOR** keeping fish, meat, game, or extra ice cubes, for weeks at a time.

**HERE'S ANOTHER FOR** keeping leafy vegetables, dairy products and other foods fresh and pure.

**HERE'S A THIRD FOR** emergency fast freezing of ice cubes and frozen salads and desserts.

**AND HERE'S A FOURTH** refrigerator for making and storing large quantities of desserts and salads.

# "Yes, mam, that's right. We sure do need *four refrigerators!*"

If you have ever tried to cook a big dinner on a range with only one or two burners, you know the disadvantages of not having adequate facilities. This is just as true in an electric refrigerator.

One or two temperatures will not give you complete refrigeration. You must have *four*—four separate and distinct temperatures, each serving a different purpose and each *necessary* if you are to enjoy all of the economies, advantages and conveniences electric refrigeration offers.

In the beautiful, new Kelvinator SD models, you get these four different, constant temperatures—*not freezing speeds,* but actually four different refrigerators in the one cabinet. And the engineering principle which makes this great feature possible was pioneered and perfected by Kelvinator.

The Kelvinator dealer will gladly explain this feature to you and show you why, in an investment like an electric refrigerator, you are wise to buy *the best*—particularly since the 4 in 1 Kelvinator costs no more than other leading makes which do not have this feature.

See the new Kelvinators before you buy. The Kelvinator line, headed by the beautiful 4 in 1 refrigerators, includes 19 different models. Prices are from $77.50 f. o. b. factory, upwards. And, if you choose, you can purchase on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *Detroit. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

AIR CONDITIONING **Kelvinator** AUTOMATIC HEATING

FOUR REFRIGERATORS IN ONE

# Choice Locations

*Continued from page 18*

to the Los Angeles railway sheds, absolutely undecimated, to find wives waiting happily, new babies on the arm.

The parent company, finding Van to be a good traveler, shipped him and his underlings off to the North Pole, away to hellangone out there among the ice floes and the polar bears, to a so-called village named Teller, consisting of one corrugated iron shack and a hitching-post for reindeer, and there he shot Eskimo, with the same thirty-five hired hands who had sweated with him in Africa—another seven months in the ice, with nothing to contemplate but seals and Eskimos.

Van Dyke has a number of novel and startling theories about handling men over a long haul. During the first month on a job in the wilderness, they are likely to be calm enough and spend the nights fiddling with radio sets, home-made, trying to tune in Los Angeles or Culver City. There is laughter in the camp. In the second month, the men usually begin to show signs of festering and then they want to fight. Animosities crop up over trifles. Old pals part. Jealousies creep in and there is snarling—Old Lady Human Nature at work. So Van actually encourages the personnel to drink hard likker and here is what happens in those sullen periods after the first month.

The entire mob starts in, say on Monday night, to do a chore of ground and lofty drinking, mainly to take the boys' minds off their ennui, nostalgia, grouch of the moment, or what-not. On Tuesday morning, the working crew looks pallid, acts pallid and obviously feels pallid, but every man jack is strictly on the job, as the weakling who failed to show up would be regarded as a shameful sissy who couldn't take it, and would be so informed to his teeth.

The company labors hard all day Tuesday, each pale invalid waiting for the next man to topple over, which nobody does. On Tuesday night the lads are low, completely exhausted, sickly penitent, go to bed at seven, looking wan, and a big day's work follows on Wednesday, as everyone is robust again. On Wednesday night, they begin all over and glasses clink until the wee hours. It sounds to me like a grand idea, but it might not get by the Morals Committee of the West Indian Behavior League of Conduct and Deportment.

### He Longed to Be an Actor

Mr. W. S. Van Dyke—and let's be dignified for a couple of laps—was born in San Diego and departed from that spot at full speed when the enormity of the thing dawned upon him. He is now about forty-six, but looks younger, still retains all his hair, all his enthusiasms, and was recently married to Miss Ruth Mannix, who knows nothing whatever of African lions, Eskimos, or the picturesque grass huts of the tropic seas. From now on, when M-G-M says to Van: "How would you like to gallop off down there to the South Pole, stay seven months, and shoot us a lively drama?" the new Mrs. Van Dyke may possibly have a word to put in, such as: "Yes, and how would you like to stay home in Hollywood a while?" And so, perhaps, the Gulliver days of Mr. Van Dyke are drawing to a close.

However, that will not dismay him or break his heart, as he never really yearned to travel afar. People often say to him: "My, my, Mr. Van Dyke, but you must have had so many exciting adventures in those savage places!" Van always chuckles and replies: "I have had more adventures in the town of Hollywood than anywhere else in the world."

Our hero went on the speaking stage at the tender age of seven, but was not the Shirley Temple of his era. Presently he decided to be a coal miner in the hard-coal department; found pecking away at black diamonds monotonous; next went into lumber and came right out again; started to be a newspaper reporter, and then, without the slightest warning, was appointed assistant to the noted D. W. Griffith, first film director to wear puttees.

That was off yonder in 1915 and the picture was Intolerance. He always longed to be an actor in the movies, but nobody would let him.

Resigned finally to his directorial fate, he made a slather of silent pictures, probably all pretty terrible. They had such names as: Sins of the Parents, Madonna of the North, Barriers Burned Away, Men of the Desert, Secret Service and Raw Country.

### Movies and Molars

In recent years, he has completely turned over a new leaf and is now adding to the gayety of nations with such high-grade ore as The Thin Man, and Forsaking All Others, which he dashed off in three weeks, assisted by the twin stars, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. It cost about three hundred thousand to make and is expected to gross a million, and for a long time the studio hesitated, wondering if the idea was really any good.

Others to his credit: Never the Twain Shall Meet, Eskimo, Penthouse, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Manhattan Melodrama, which incidentally rang the bell this year with the Academy awarders as the best original story. Van's most recent production is Naughty Marietta, held in high esteem by those who have seen it. After winding up Marietta, he determined to take a good long vacation of ten days and go, of all places, to Washington, D. C. Reason for that, he knows the Army and Navy officers, who have threatened to show him a good time, and it is possible that he may see the Big Chief, who writes him an occasional letter.

I like his Thin Man best of the lot, but he doesn't. No, sir. "Of all your pictures, Mr. Van, which is your favorite or pet job?" I inquired; and what do you suppose he answered? Forget Me Not. It was a silent drama, made eons and eons ago, with Bessie Love and Gareth Hughes, made independently and bought up by M-G-M, who immediately sent for Van. It was a sad tale of orphans in the rain, and wistful. So maybe this rough-riding, two-fisted fighting man might be a softie at heart, or a secret sentimentalist. I wouldn't like to come right out and say so, for I'll be seeing him.

Then here's another quaint matter concerning our director. The amazing fellow can pull teeth. Not only can he pull teeth, but he can fill them, and does so in an emergency. On those long jaunts into the remote spaces of the world, some luckless lad is certain to come down with a depraved tooth and swell up, whereat Van puts on his mercy apron, hauls out the dental kit, drills into the aching molar, fills it with amalgam, stops the pain. So neatly done are these offhand jobs that when the victim returns to Hollywood, local dentists often peek inside and leave Van's filling alone. He is, therefore, the only

*(Continued on page 56)*

**MAY DAY IS LEI DAY**

**(and every day is a day for DOLE Pineapple Juice)**

All over the world Maytime is the time for joyous festivals. And in Hawaii they welcome May with colorful garlands of sweet-scented flowers . . . Cool delicious punches and gay pitchers of DOLE Pineapple Juice make the occasion one to remember. Vacuum-packed to retain the field-fresh goodness, you can now obtain this pure, unsweetened pineapple juice at your grocery store. Try it for breakfast — for morning, noon and night. You'll find a tall sparkling glass of DOLE Pineapple Juice helps to make every day seem like May Day! Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market St., San Francisco.

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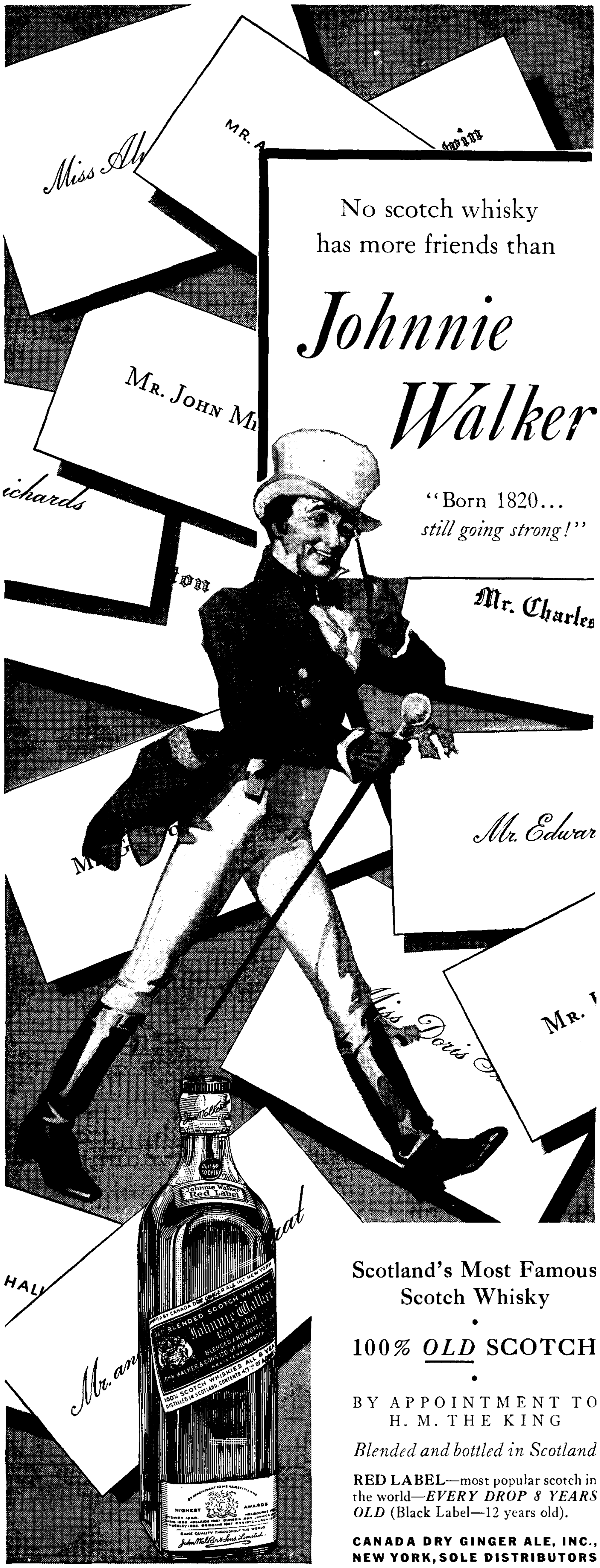
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**CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS**

(*Continued from page* 55)

tooth-filling director in the United States, and, mayhap, the world.

One of his favorite people is the head grip of his company and the head grip is Pop Arnold, who weighs three hundred pounds and can fight like a hyena, but doesn't care for it. When they are using airplanes on the job, they often have to remove Pop from the loaded plane, or it's no dice. He has been gripping with Van so many years that nobody can remember, and some of his quaint sayings are company legends. They had a homecoming banquet in the studio after the last trip north, which was not attended by Pop, who later on explained to Van with regret in his voice: "If I'd of knowed you was gonna eat, I'd of went, but if I had of went, I couldn't of et nothin'."

### All in Fun

In the making of The Prizefighter and the Lady, Van was the final director and finished the job. They began with another director, who possibly couldn't stand the heavy going, and ended with Van, and in that stirring opus the leading gentleman player was none other than our old friend, Maximilian Adelbert Baer, champion of all the white races between Brooklyn and Bali. He was accompanied and given moral support and comfort by Jack Dempsey, social guide and mentor to rising young champions, and when you have two merry and unrestrained souls like Max and Jack on the set, your days are wholly free of boredom. The leading femme was Miss Myrna Loy, but she behaved steadily like a lady and took no part in the turbulence.

Messrs. Baer and Dempsey are really just a couple of light-hearted, overgrown boys, and will automatically begin to play rough, and so they did on the set at M-G-M. They treated innocent studio hands to the old hot-foot gag, an ancient humoresque of the training quarters, which consists of having a flaming match stuck in your shoe beneath the table, to your startled discomfiture and the great joy of the funsters. Max and Jack are old hands at all the rough, comic stunts, and Mr. Van, who is a polite and peaceful person, said sadly: "Well, if the boys want to play rough, I suppose we'll have to."

The first thing that happened after that, Van hung a butterfly on Maxie, the pride of Livermore. A butterfly is a heavy hoop of steel, used to deflect light rays, having a gauze middle. The hoop itself is murderous, but the gauze cap is fragile and couldn't harm a fly. So Van hung the butterfly on Max, with a hard down-swing, hitting him with the gauze, and at the same instant, Pop Arnold hurled thirty-five pounds of scrap-iron to the floor and Mr. Baer like to have died of fright. At the following session, Van put on the gloves with the champ, who agreed to hit easy and so did hit, except for one short left hook that almost stopped work for the afternoon. Just good, clean, studio fun. . . . For every practical joke of the padded ring, Van knows two studio whimsies, and later on, Mr. Dempsey had his turn.

"The right way to kill a man," Van told him, "is to shoot him through the belly like this." He then poked a long forty-five into Mr. Dempsey's much-hammered midriff and his assistant stood behind him and fired off a revolver at the floor. The famous Dempsey tan turned the color of old abalone and it required half a minute to convince him he wasn't dead.

Mr. Van Dyke is a noted party giver and guests at his soirees usually find the place stimulating and tumultuous. . . . There is a shining and commodious swimming pool and on days when the visitors are quite gay, they spend the afternoon throwing each other into the pool, clothes and all. The director guarantees a suit of old clothes for every guest and some of the veterans wear their oldest as a matter of habit when calling at the Van Dyke establishment. It was Max Baer who promised everyone it would be jolly to watch him hurl his boss into his own pool, but unfortunately it was the world's champ who went overboard, all shiny in a four-hundred-dollar outfit, fresh from his tailor's.

In his long absences from California, the director's affairs are handled by his secretary, an extremely capable young woman, who has been on the job for six years, and who asserts Van is really the only man in the world she is afraid of. She runs his business affairs and his household, pays all bills, collects the dues and when he returns from abroad, she hands him a neat statement, showing receipts, disbursements and all facts, and he invariably declines even to look at the figures. However, he has just been married, so this old custom may change, as there is no such animal as a married man who refuses to look at the figures.

When they were pegging away at the screen story for The Thin Man, the scenario workers conferred repeatedly with the director, and asked if he had any suggestions. "Yes," he said, "just give me eight scenes between the man and wife."

The writers objected, arguing that such eight scenes would not in any way advance the story or the action. "I don't give a whoop about that. Give me eight scenes between Powell and Loy." So they did.

It must be confessed that Mr. Van Dyke is mortally afraid of two things—airplanes and white moths. When a white moth flutters into the room, Van goes somewhere else, saying nothing to the moth. . . . He is forever dashing about in planes, and never gets over the terror of it. When he knows that he must travel in the morning by air, he lies awake all night, frightening himself with mental images of his impending destruction. The pilots know his weakness and often laughingly bump him around from cloud to cloud.

### Party Pranks

After winding up Forsaking All Others, the director gave a party and invited fifteen of his young lady actresses, workers in the picture, for an evening of wassail and merriment at his home, and the fifteen pretty dames relaxed blissfully and drank cocktails, fearless of the morrow, as they could sleep until noon. To their morning horror, they found a studio call for seven o'clock on a job of retakes, and when they straggled in, Van stood them in a line, scowled at them, shook his head gloomily, conferred with the cameramen and said: "You girls all look terrible. You look like you'd been out all night, and you better go home and get some rest."

They did so, the truth slowly dawning. To even matters, they gave a party for Van at the Ambassador, and tried to dance him to death, all fifteen taking him on in rotation, but he swears the plot failed utterly, as he loves to dance, and no fifteen girls alive can wear him out.

The director is an enthusiastic admirer of President Roosevelt and is firmly convinced that he will succeed himself in office. In fact, Van has made a number of wagers on the outcome of the next election and is looking for more on the same terms—even money that President Roosevelt will carry each and every state in the Union and the Hawaiian Islands to boot.

# First Flight

*Continued from page 28*

cracked up the docile Maurice Farman biplane known as the Mechanical Cow. Lowden had a kid brother, though, who'd been at the front several months; had already brought down several Halberstads and Aviatiks. Lowden was a bit of a bore, the school felt, about that brother of his. "The darndest kid," he'd say, buttonholing you, his dull, kind face transformed. "I've seen him do a falling leaf that would make even Banyard's hair stand on end. The darndest kid. . . ."

Ray, settling down to a routine school of tactics for the next two months, sometimes felt homesick; and nearly always he felt lonely. There were the long English twilights to cope with, after duty. He'd become restless in the company of staid, older men like Jimmy Lowden, who were contented to play billiards and read magazines in the mess-room. Nor could he find complete congeniality in the other, the gay crowd. Men like Carteras and Fredericks, who looked upon amorous adventure as the mainstay of existence when off duty. On Saturday nights, properly tanked after a good dinner, they'd beckon to him, sensing his loneliness. "Come along, young 'un. There's room for you in the car. Only three of us going, and four little bits of fluff crying their hearts out for us. Come along, young 'un. Life is short."

He'd smile and shake his head. And they'd slip off without him, down to the gaslit labyrinth of the lower town, where there were known to be some nifty girls.

ONE Saturday evening he went for a walk alone to the upper town. At the top of the hill, a mile or so from the field, he came upon the vast, dim bulk of the Monopole, its lights concealed in dutiful obedience to the Defense of the Realm Act. But he heard music inside, and on an impulse he turned into the driveway.

A dance was going on in the palm garden. The orchestra's suave, even rhythm made Ray a trifle homesick. While he was standing there a pleasant, middle-aged woman said to him: "I'm the hotel hostess. Would you like me to find you a partner?"

He followed her across the parquet, and was introduced to a girl. A grave, little girl, with richly golden hair tied at the nape of her neck in a Psyche knot, and an exquisite face. Ray asked her solemnly for the next dance.

She was taller than he expected when she stood up. She danced perfectly, two fingers poised airily on his left shoulder. They didn't speak while dancing—not from embarrassment or shyness, but because they at once seemed to attain some kind of mutual understanding. Later they wandered out into the hotel garden facing the sea, and found a bench. While they sat there Ray took her hand in his. After a while he kissed her. "You're a darling," he told her. "I've been looking for you for months." She said: "Silly," and gave his hand a little squeeze.

During the next month he saw her nearly every Saturday night at the hotel dances. She was an orphan, passing the summer at a near-by cottage with an elderly aunt. She was a quiet little girl—deep, reserved, yet tender. At seventeen she seemed to have a profound yet instinctive knowledge of human values. She understood his loneliness, and what he wanted of her—the haven of her arms, and the soft pressure of her lips, which she'd surrender gravely and with a curious little dignity of her own. She had a brother out in Mesopotamia, and perhaps because of him she understood Ray's appalling loneliness in a strange country.

Once, on an August evening, he said urgently: "You never say that you love me. You never say any words of love, Margery." She looked at him thoughtfully, and pressed his hand. "It doesn't mean that I haven't feelings because I don't talk, Ray," she said. "Other people always tease me about not talking. Please don't begin it, too."

When he was kissing her good night, in the darkness of the garden, he made a discovery. "Margery!" he exclaimed. "You're crying!"

"Oh, it's nothing," she said, and turned her head quickly.

But on the bus, returning to the flying field that night, Waterhouse, another cadet who'd been at the dance, remarked: "That Dawson kid is made of the right stuff. Did you see this morning's Times? Her brother's battalion was wiped out in Mespot, and he was badly injured. But I see she kept her usual date with you. She's like that."

Yes, Ray agreed, when he could find his voice. She was like that.

ON a Saturday toward the end of the month Creuzevault gave a dinner to celebrate his thirtieth birthday. Creuzevault was a French-Canadian, a staff officer, and the son of a Quebec politician. He had loads of money, and was often on bad terms with the local A. P. M. because of his blithe attitude toward his duties. Ray was mildly surprised when he was invited to the dinner, but supposed it was because he'd crossed with Creuzevault from Canada on the same transport. They had passed a casual evening together at a dull Liverpool hotel. When he received the invitation he telephoned Margery that he'd possibly be late at the dance that evening. She received the news with her usual serenity. "Righto," she said cheerfully. "But don't get too squiffy, my lamb, if you're flying tomorrow."

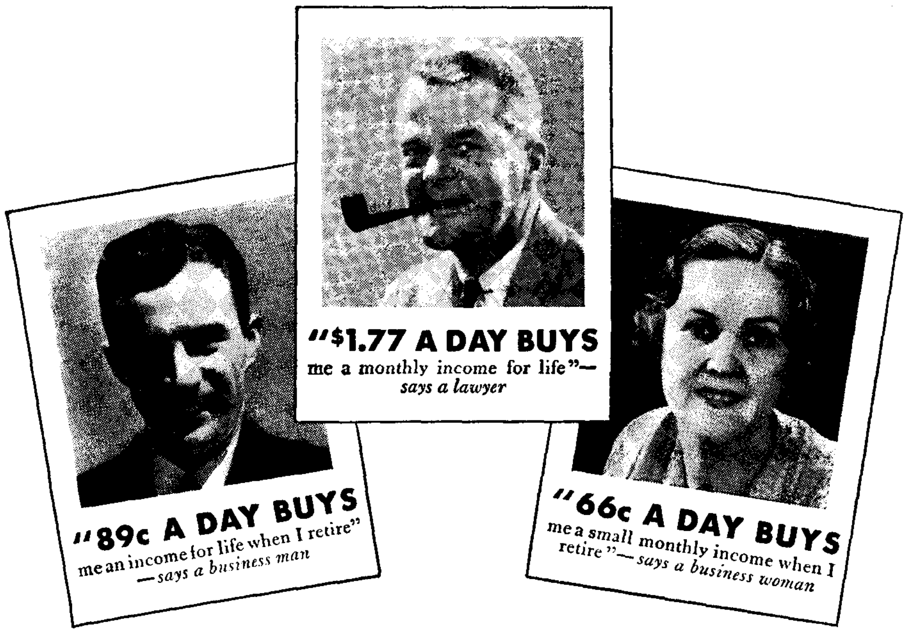
Creuzevault had hired a private dining-room in town, at the Plough Inn, renowned for its cooking. He greeted his guests effusively. Ray Conway hardly knew any of the other men, except Carteras and Fredericks, those two gay dogs from his own unit, who were in fine fettle. Among the strangers there was an R. F. C. captain, dark and self-assured, and extremely young-looking for his rank. He was already well-heeled, Ray noticed. Creuzevault, introducing him, said: "We're all glad to have Brad Lowden with us. There's no finer pilot in the R. F. C."

Ray said to Brad Lowden: "I've heard a lot about you from your brother, Jimmy. I don't think he knows that you're back on leave. Do you want to call him up? I can give you his billet number."

Brad Lowden laughed lightly. "How's the old horse getting along?" he asked; then turned his attention to another man. Later, during dinner, he said to Ray: "I hear you're a good pal of Jimmy's. For Pete's sake, don't tell him I'm on leave. Jimmy has a golden conscience, and I'm off to London, for one more not time."

The dinner was a lively, noisy one. When it finally broke up, and Ray prepared to leave, he discovered Carteras and Fredericks waiting at the door for him. Brad Lowden was with them, teetering slightly. "Come along, young 'un," Carteras said. "The night's young. And we've a little angel booked

*(Continued on page 58)*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Even if you save as little as 18c a day, you can have a small but regular income paid you in your old age.

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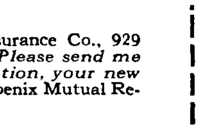
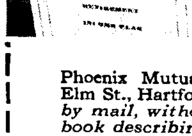
Plan for Women





Plan for Men

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A WIFE TO BE PROUD OF or How to keep a husband happy!

IF YOU LOVE ME, DON'T BUY ME ANY MORE SHIRTS LIKE THIS ONE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN MADE BY A FOUR YEAR OLD CHILD!
OKAY, MY HERO, BUT TELL ME_ WHAT SHIRTS DO YOU LIKE?
OH, WISE WIFE - WHEN YOU BUY SHEETS YOU BUY "LADY PEPPERELL" — JUST REMEMBER THAT SHE HAS A HUSBAND, TOO, — "LORD PEPPERELL" - AND THAT'S THE SHIRT FOR ME!
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(Continued from page 57)

for you. Just been speaking to her friends on the telephone."

Ray's eyes were lustrous, his face flushed. He'd never wined so thoroughly before. A sudden elation seized him, mixed with a vague curiosity. "Lead me to it!" he proclaimed loudly.

They clattered downstairs. At the corner of High Street and Gay, where the latter leaps over a cobbled brink toward the lower town, Carteras veered downhill.

"Hi!" Ray shouted. "Where you going? Monopole's up this way."

"Monopole?" Fredericks exclaimed. "Dear lad, this isn't Sunday school! Wait and see what Carteras picked for you. Talk about Paris. . . ."

Ray stood there, swaying under a blackened street lamp.

"Got a girl of my own," he declared importantly. "Up at the Monopole."

The others laughed. "Vicar's daughter?" Brad Lowden asked solicitously. "Do you play croquet with her on Daddy's lawn?"

"You've got to grow up some time," Fredericks suddenly said.

Ray tried to focus on their blurred outlines. You've got to grow up some time. . . . The phrase hurt. At seventeen, especially, it hurt like hell. Facing the three of them, half-hating them, he felt rather than saw something impatient, predatory, in their faces. Something potent and violent which occasionally gripped men, all over the face of the earth. It was something that wasn't part of him yet, and which he couldn't pretend to. It wasn't a mask. It was the opposite of a mask.

He said to them, with a small, apologetic smile: "Honest, I can't leave my own girl waiting. . . ." Then he turned, and left them.

The long walk to the Monopole cleared his vision and cooled his head. It was nearly midnight when he reached the hotel. In the palm garden the crowd merged to a blur as he caught sight of someone pale and silvery-gold in a white dress, and his heart quickened. He approached her, still a little flushed, his hair still rumpled. "I guess I'm too late for a dance," he said humbly. "It turned out to be pretty much of a beano. So—so I took my time walking up here."

Margery smiled. And at that smile her previous partner, a Canadian gunner, left her abruptly—as if he needed no further cue. "Don't worry, *darling,*" Margery said. She put a little singing cadence on the second syllable which was peculiarly her own. "I kept the last four dances, simply in case you did turn up."

LATER, when they were sitting on the friendly old garden bench, she remarked: "You're not happy tonight, Ray. Is there anything wrong?"

It was true that he was in a brooding mood. He blurted out the truth, as he always did to her. "Jimmy Lowden's brother is on leave," he said. "But he wouldn't let me tell Jimmy. I feel sort of badly, because Jimmy's always talking Brad up to the skies. Brad's off on a week's loop, you see, beginning with the lower town. He doesn't want family entanglements."

Margery nodded. She understood. She said in her quiet way: "I met Jimmy once. He's the salt of the earth. You must never tell him, Ray."

After that they sat in silence, and once again Ray was happy. It was like being home. Always he had this feeling with Margery. But when she kissed him later, her kisses were more responsive, more urgent, than they had ever been before. It was as if she were grateful to Ray, and closer to him than ever. She was at once maturer and more emotional. . . . Then they heard the band in the palm garden playing "God Save the King" and they knew that the dance was over.

As they turned toward the hotel something happened to the world. The sky over the dark and invisible sea became livid with flame. White pencil strokes of searchlights traversed vertical streamers of orange light. Then the entire, solid face of the Monopole became momentarily visible in a light brighter than day, followed by a cataclysm of sound. The whole earth reeled on its axis.

Before they ran toward the palm garden door, Ray had time to turn his face skyward; to discover two elongated and pale cigars, trapped in a network of sliding beams high above the dark sea. The Zeppelins seemed barely to be moving, but the night was alive with a singular and prolonged vibration, like the sound of telephone wires in flat, open country.

IN THE palm garden Ray squeezed Margery's hand, held it for a moment, and joined the khaki male surge toward the hotel exit. Outside, he plunged into a commotion of cars and motorcycles. An M. P.'s whistle was shrilling. Someone offered him a lift to the field.

At the field countless dim figures were already lined up in the darkness. Ray fell into rank, and stood there waiting. After half an hour the order came to fall out, but to remain in billets. The Zeppelins had gone. Nobody seemed to know exactly what had happened, but there were a great many rumors. . . .

Early the next morning Banyard sent for Ray Conway. He hurried over to the orderly room, and found the C. O. waiting there in a tense attitude. Banyard wasted no time. "Carteras and Fredericks haven't shown up," he stated bluntly. "Can you offer any suggestions?"

"No, sir," said Ray gravely. Banyard gave him a long, sharp look.

"I've been making inquiries," the C. O. said. "You were at a certain dinner last night. Not quite your element, I might say, but then I'm not your wet nurse. The point is: you were seen leaving the Plough Inn with two of our men, Carteras and Fredericks, and also an R. F. C. captain who was on leave. Where did you leave them, and where were they going?"

After a pause, Ray said: "I don't remember, sir."

"Was it at the corner of Gay and High Streets?" Banyard shot at him.

"I don't remember, sir."

Banyard frowned. "You know what happened, don't you?" he said suddenly. "The Zeps scored one hit, in the lower town. Some bodies were found in a completely wrecked house—which happened to be out of bounds, for very good reasons. Carteras and Fredericks have been identified, with—er—considerable difficulty. Even if you do take me for an ass, Mr. Conway, you can still help me if you choose. There was a third man in uniform found with them, and so far unidentified. *Who was he?*"

Ray barely heard the question. His brain kept repeating a single ghastly phrase. Some bodies were found. . . . His gaze slid past Banyard, and through the orderly-room window he saw Jimmy Lowden, standing outside the repair shop. Jimmy was bending over the rudder of an Avro in his earnest, concentrated way, voicing some remark to a mechanic. Ray ran his hands down his cold cheeks, and heard his own voice from a great distance. "I don't remember the third man, sir. I was a little tight at the time."

Banyard pounced upon him. "Then you admit the possibility that the dead man was one who was at the dinner? Speak up, man. This is *extremely* important."

Ray, wondering if he looked as shaky as he felt, said: "My evidence wouldn't be any good, sir, considering my condition at the time."

Banyard's thin face under its surprising crest of flaming hair looked older, more lined, than it had ever looked before.

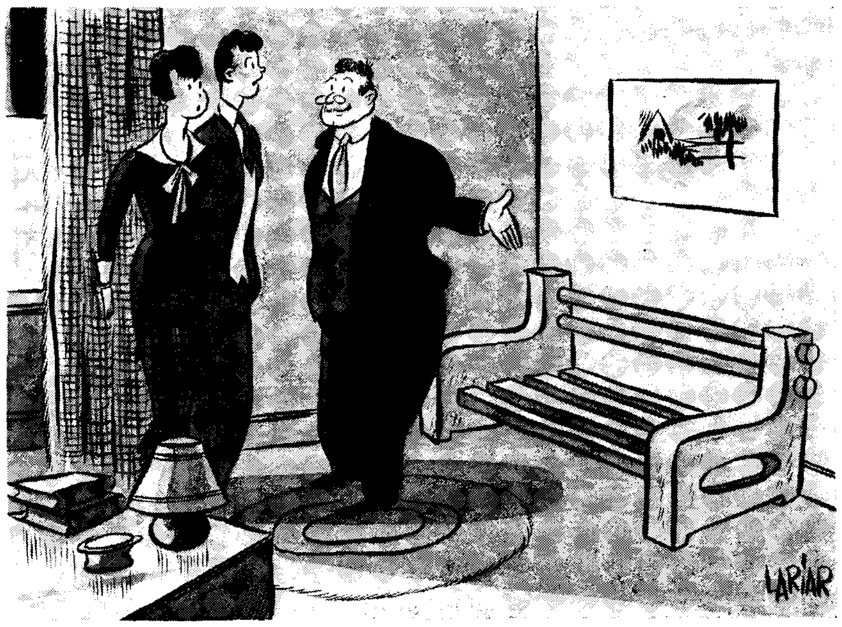
"You're a poor liar, Mr. Conway," he said. "You may go now."

He scribbled something on a pad.

IT WAS Margery who later found the War Office report in The Times, and showed it to Ray. The clipping said: "*Missing, on Active Service,* Captain Bradley Lowden, R. F. C."

Margery was too wise to make any comment. But suddenly she put her arms about him, and held him. Her eyes, lustrous, seemed to say: "There, but for the grace of God. . . ." At that moment Ray loved her supremely.

A week later he left for France. He never saw her again. But it wasn't until years later that he realized the enduring quality of the thing known as first love. That trial flight into the rarefied region of contact with the opposite sex. It was perhaps the most vivid of those intimate possessions which men call their memories—especially when the man owed something of immeasurable value to the girl in question. . . .



"Now you won't have to go walking in the park any more!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

# HAMILTON LANDSLIDE

## *revealed in "Watch Preference Vote" of 10,068 College Students*

If your son or daughter is graduating from school this year, we have news for you, news that will help you choose the gift the graduate would really like to receive.

Impartial reporters interviewed 10,068 boys and girls in forty-one colleges to discover what make of watch students believed to be the most accurate time-keeper, *and what make of watch students would like to own.* It was a Hamilton landslide!

Although more than seventy-five names of watches were given, Hamilton received ONE out of every FOUR votes in answer to each question. No other watch received this outstanding preference!

Here is a significant fact which may explain Hamilton's leadership. Nearly *eight* out of *ten* students said ACCURACY was their first requirement in a graduation watch. Naturally, the watch which many times proved its accuracy in exploration, transportation and research is the watch your son or daughter wants to own.

Your jeweler will be happy to show you the many new 1935 graduation season Hamiltons. For a son, ask to see the new Hamilton strap models with cases curved to fit the wrist. For a daughter, see those new Hamiltons called "the most accurate small watches in the world." Prices are the lowest in Hamilton history. Write to us for a copy of our special graduation watch folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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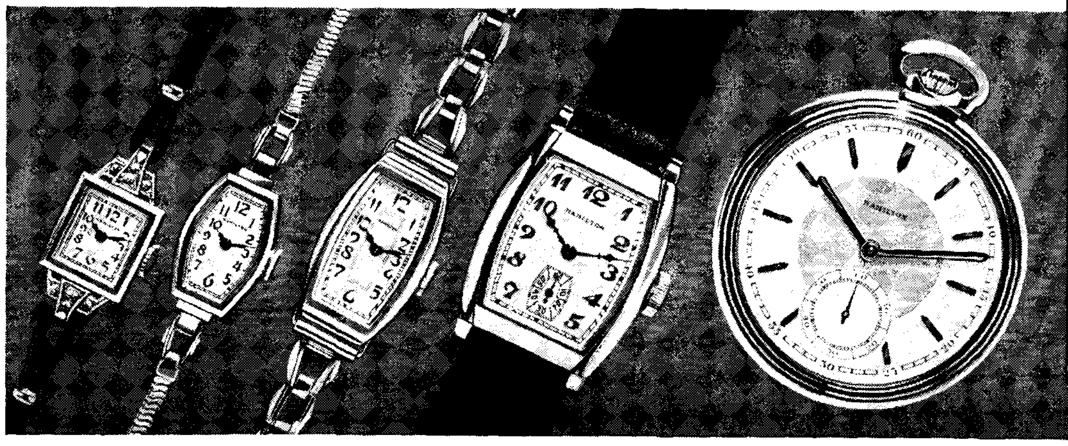
**NEWS FLASH!** (Extreme right) Season's sensation in smart watches — the new Hamiltons with cases curved to fit the wrist! Shown is the NELSON. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold. Inlaid black enamel dial (shown), $50. With raised gold figure dial, $52.50. Other wrist-fitting models also ready.

# HAMILTON

*the Watch of Railroad Accuracy*



**THE HAMILTON HONOR ROLL OF ACCURACY**

Hamilton has taken part in many of the greatest adventures of modern times—adventures where accurate time-keeping has been vitally important to scientific research, or even to the protection of human lives. For example, Hamilton time guided . . .

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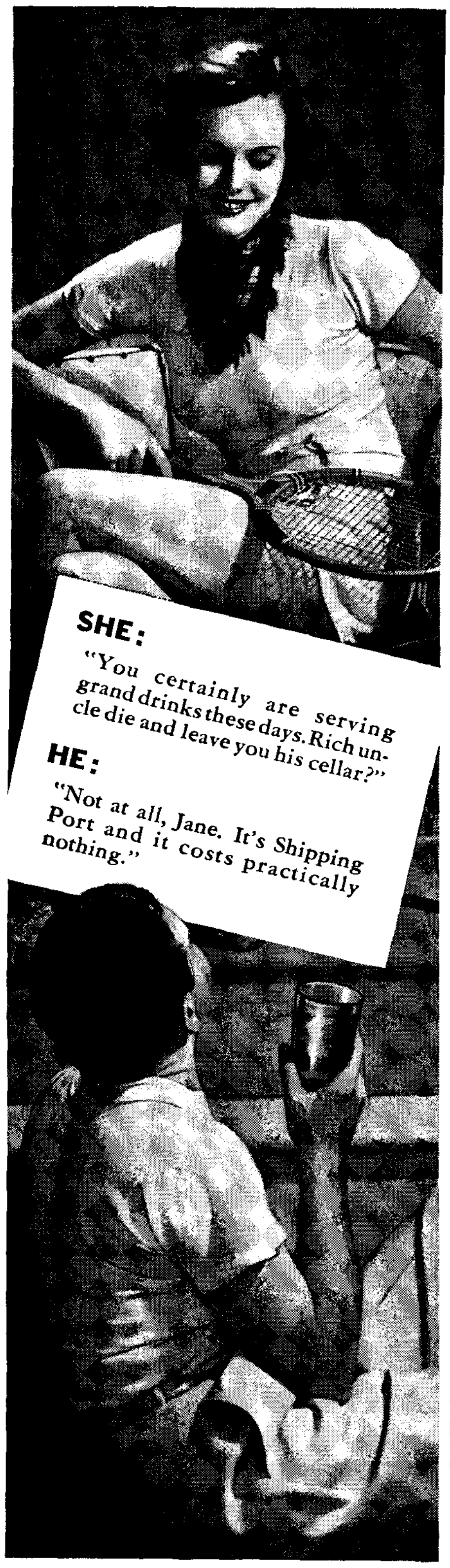
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*If you prefer Rye, ask for Wolf Creek, a fine Maryland straight Rye whiskey.*

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville, Ky. and Baltimore, Md.

*America's largest independent distillers*

# Second Young Love

*Continued from page 22*

him of being a great fool, and asked what he thought he was *doing*. There was a fine color in her cheeks and the impressionable young Californian fell in love with that. There was a three-cornered tear in her skirt, mud on her nose and a ruined pair of white gloves. Ray fell in love with the whole ensemble. That was why his apology was so sketchy as to be non-existent. That was why his unruly eyes clearly proclaimed that he wanted her for his very own.

In his proposal, three days later, he stated just what he wanted, wasting neither time nor energy inquiring what her needs might be. It is probable he supposed himself to be well equipped to supply them.

They went to Naples for their honeymoon, and so great was his happiness that he danced in the fiacre that conveyed them from the quay to Bernadini's. He danced so lustily that he danced his way through the floorboards and had to run, so to speak, inside the fabric of the cab, before the driver responded to the summons to stop.

Eight short years of a selfish, laughing married life; twin boys and then the fire curtain was down.

AT THE death of Ray, Edna ceased to be a girl and became a matron. The distinction, which is subtle, was marked by subtle changes of voice and conduct. Her voice lost some of its youthful silver, and her conduct assumed a delicate shade of restraint.

Because friends and neighbors were too kind and too gentle and too sympathetic about her loss, she sold the little house at Pasadena, boarded a ship and returned to England through the Panama Canal.

It was easier to get life into some kind of perspective divorced from surroundings which revived the living memory of Ray in a hundred ways. The last thing that he would have wished, or she herself wished, was to approach the future wearing outward symbols of woe. The funeral in her heart was her own affair and was not to be dignified by sharing it with the world. Nor was it fair to the twins that a single tragedy should rob them of the happiness they had enjoyed before Ray made his useless sacrifice. For their sake she determined to be just as much fun as if nothing worse had happened than that Ray had been sent away for a year or two. It was not an easy task, but in her philosophy it was worth having a shot at.

SO EDNA did not return in crape and sorrow, but walked with her head up and a smile. And if her smile lacked the soft edges it used to wear, that was because the graver which had scored her husband's name upon a headstone had slipped and cut two fine, hard lines at the corners of her mouth.

Edna Carrol entered the city of London in a black tailor-made suit with a spray of gardenias on the left shoulder. The twins were sent to a prep school in Surrey and while the decorations for the flat she had rented were being made, she went on a tour of visits through the English counties.

Edna had a perfectly clear perception of her future plans. After a decent period of mourning, she would, in all probability, marry again. She did not form this resolution because to have done otherwise would have been an insult to the happiness of her first marriage, but because, sooner or later, the twins would be needing the help and counsel of a stepfather, which it would be unfair to deny them. Beside that her own feelings were of little importance. The glamorous years were over and the door had been slammed with romance on the other side. She had no illusions about finding a second Ray in the world and, indeed, had no intention of trying to do so. Her next husband would need to be a man of substance. In return for the material gifts he would be able to offer she would make him a good, faithful and efficient wife.

"My love life," she told herself, "is over, and it's up to me to face the future as sensibly as I can."

So Edna wrapped up her youth in lavender and, screwing her pretty head a little more tightly on to her shoulders, stepped forth into the world.

The season was late autumn and Edna rode to hounds or stood with gray, grave gentlemen, by spinney and covert side.

The company in which she found herself cast was of somewhat mature age, since, with the financial upheaval which followed the war, youthful sprigs of English country families have been driven to forgo the pleasures of idleness, which they had previously accepted as a birthright, and invest their talents in the sorry business of getting a living. Her new surroundings were in violent contrast to the life she had lived in California. Gone was the ebullience of youth displayed by Ray's friends and business associates. Gone was the impulse to make whoopee and tear up the place. Instead there reigned calm and sober-sided peace, which even alcohol failed to raise above the level of flushed affability.

THE very few young men she met showed no disposition to flirt with her. They were, indeed, rather depressingly polite. They knew her to be a widow with a couple of brats, and, seemingly, that was as much as they wanted to know. But the effect that she produced upon middle-aged men of substance was startling. At shooting parties they competed for the favor of her company; their cars were at her disposal and they vied with one another to give her advice in the matter of investments. They talked sagely on the subject of education and offered her the advantages of mature experience in a diversity of ways.

Edna Carrol was not bored by this new aspect of life. In a sense it pleased and flattered her to have become the companion of men who knew what they were talking about, even though they did get a little out of breath when they walked uphill.

Her ready acceptance of a tranquil and more philosophical form of existence came as something of a shock to her, for it was rather a middle-aged attitude of mind for a young woman not yet thirty years old. But surveying her reflection in a mirror she told herself that it was providential that she was able to do so without resentment.

"I'm very lucky really. The boys are darlings—I'm not hard up and it's high time I taught myself to behave like a sensible woman."

She did not observe, or preferred to ignore the flattering reflection uttered by the mirror. For the mirror proclaimed as plainly as a spoken word:

"Darling, you're lovely and you'll never stay the course."

In her assumed role of a long-headed, sensible woman of the world Edna had unconsciously epitomized every quality that a man of mature years was likely

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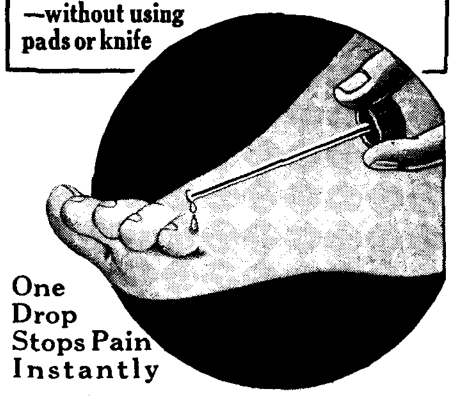

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FREEZONE

to desire in a helpmeet. She was amusing, but never funny. She was forthright but never harsh. She was clear-headed without being clever. She held the eye and filled it. She wore her clothes as if they meant something. Her sympathy was never tainted with slop. And above all she listened even more readily than she talked. Such an unusual combination of virtues contained in a single wrapper could only produce one result. And so it did. The number of her admirers was greatly increased and to her relatives and well-wishers it became abundantly clear that it was only a matter of time before she would make a first-class match.

Her mother and married sister had a most adventurous talk about it. Neither of these ladies was of a sporting turn, but their conduct in the discussion bore a strong likeness to a tipster marking a card for a racing event.

"I DO feel so happy about the way dearest Edna is managing things," said Mrs. Furlong confidentially. "Poor Ray was a very nice fellow, but quite a hopeless detriment. It doesn't do to criticize the ways of Providence, but one can't help feeling that perhaps his death was a blessing in disguise. If only for the sake of the twins! Now, if Edna decides to marry Sir Elmer Porter look what he could do for her! Plenty of money—a town house—a country house and not a thing to worry about. Sir Elmer would be an excellent person to marry."

Nancy Gates shook her head wisely.

"She won't. Why should she? Bruno Clavering has twice the income and he's a director of nearly a dozen city companies."

"I daresay, but there is something about Sir Elmer!"

"Old family stuff! But all that is hopelessly out of date. Besides, think of the risk if the Labor Party gets in with a big working majority. Men like Porter are natural targets for the socialists to shoot at. Suppose they imposed a capital levy? Oh, no! Give me the big business man all the time."

Mrs. Furlong sighed.

"Well, at least, it's a comfort to know that dearest Edna is certain to do the wisest thing."

Sir Elmer's proposal was launched, with the dignity of a battleship, across a table at Simpson's. Sir Elmer had no taste for restaurants of a more modern character. He liked to be sure of the sirloin from which he chose his cut. With a well-filled plate before him he came slowly, but confidently, to the point.

"I don't have to tell you, my dear, that you're a devilish attractive woman. I'm not altogether a youngster, but I'm young enough to appreciate that fact and put it into words. I've yet to meet a woman I'd as soon see sitting opposite me at table." He filled his mouth generously and, after a decent period of mastication, washed down what it contained with a glass of Chambertin, embarked upon the second stage of his courtship. "I'm not going to bore you with a lot of nonsense about my feelings for you. You must take 'em on trust.

"It's my belief the world owes more than it's given you up to date, and that's where it seems to me I can be of use. You've seen Longwater and seen the house in Hill Street. It's a bit old-fashioned, but, well, that will be up to you. *Carte blanche* to do what you like with it. If you want to hunt you can have all the hunters you want. If you want to shoot, Longwater can show you as many birds as Six-Mile Bottom. As things stand you have your independence, but if you consent to marry me there's no reason to feel that you've lost it.

"I won't ask too much from you, I give you my word. As regards the marriage settlement let your lawyer fellar talk to mine. Hate discussing money, always have, but I promise you'll have no cause to complain. If you think something should be settled on the boys all you have to do is say so. Well, that about sizes up the situation. Think it over, my dear, and give me your answer not now, but when you wish."

Edna did not say very much. In the presence of these mighty bulwarks of security which he offered she was aware of an emotion that approximated terror. It was the first time that she had seriously considered Elmer Porter as a husband and, in doing so, her feelings toward him underwent a most peculiar change. Until then she had regarded his friendship as one of her most comfortable possessions, but his proposal altered all that and now she did not know what she felt. She only knew that there rose up before her a fortress behind whose walls all worldly dangers disappeared. The drawbridge was down and she had but to enter and be possessed of security, but all that she could say was:

"It's very dear of you, and I couldn't like you more. I—I'll think it over."

Sir Elmer nodded encouragingly.

"That's the idea. No hurry. Plenty of time ahead for both of us."

Burdened by beef and security, Edna waded homeward through the dusty sunlight of early spring.

Bruno Clavering's proposal erupted a few days later. He exploded it with as much force and vitality as he would have employed at a company promotion. In sharp detail he defined the precise benefits she, as a shareholder, would enjoy. He faced his hand and showed his cards. They were unbeatable. Four aces and a joker.

It was a miracle that she managed to escape without committing herself. Also it was the first time that Bruno had put over a big promotion without anybody taking up the stock.

EDNA escaped into Hyde Park and sat on one of two vacant seats under a plane tree. Within a week she had received two proposals, and in the light of that experience she realized that at least three others were imminent. She thought:

"Two proposals! I shall never better either of them. For goodness' sake what am I hanging back for?"

And the answer was delivered by the outrageous conduct of two sparrows on a bough above. Many important messages have been delivered by little birds and this particular message was to Edna of the utmost importance. Two men had offered her marriage. They had offered her houses, horses, jewels and wealth. They had made love to her with the heavy artillery of material possessions, but in the inventory of what they had offered were two vital omissions. Neither the heart nor the body had been included nor had a word been spoken of what she might do for them. "Look what I can do for *you!*" they had said, and she was looking with eyes that saw.

A sportive wind and the hand of Fate lifted the soft felt hat from the head of "Batty" Cleave and tossed it into Edna's uplifted face.

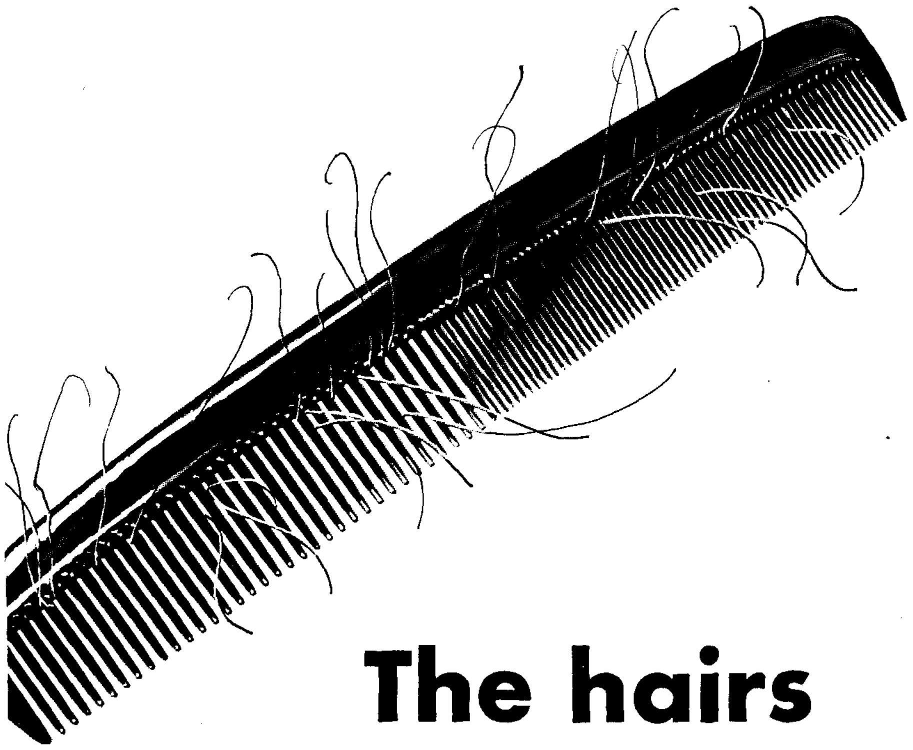
"What a fool thing to do!" she exclaimed and cast the offending hat aside so that it fell into a muddy patch in the grass.

"When a man has only one hat," said Batty, "that's no way to treat it." He recovered his property and looked at it ruefully. "You don't happen to have a hat brush anywhere about you?"

"No, I haven't," said Edna crisply.

"Or a comb?" he asked. "I don't ex-

(*Continued on page 62*)



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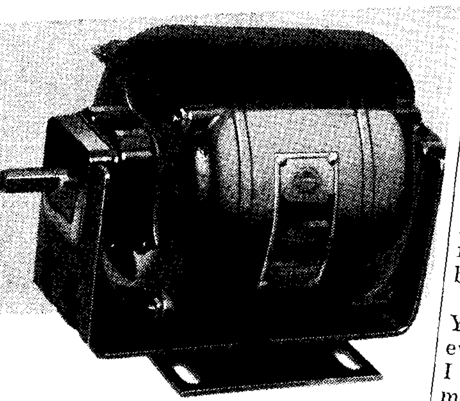

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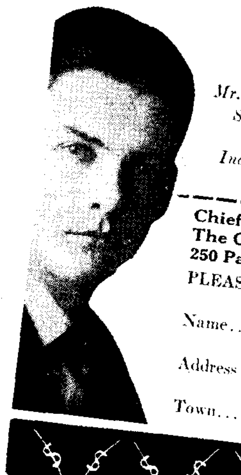

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*(Continued from page 61)*

pect you'd like to lend me a comb?"

"I wouldn't."

Batty passed a hand over his wind-ruffled hair.

"That's too bad—too bad. How am I to meet my best girl with a muddy hat and my hair all anyhow?"

Edna looked at him and saw that he had a most engaging smile. Also she felt sure that she had seen that smile before.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "I know you. You were staying at Falling last when-ever-it-was. We weren't introduced but I saw you through a hedge of elderly men with gold-lined faces. I've forgotten your name, but you've got twins; which in my opinion is a very labor-saving device. Why don't we go and have tea together?"

"Possibly," said Edna, "because it doesn't happen to be tea time."

"I knew that," said Batty, "but at the moment my hospitable resources won't run to anything better than tea. Of course, if you'd like to take me out to lunch that'd be different."

EDNA smiled back at him. It was so long since she had listened to nonsense of that kind.

"I thought you had a date with your best girl."

"I didn't say so. I only implied that I was in no shape to meet a best girl. Matter of fact, I haven't one so's you'd notice." He fumbled with his collar. "Here's a darned thing! Collar's gone adrift from its moorings. I suppose you couldn't fix it for me? I'm the dub of the world at doing anything for myself."

"Come here, then."

He filled the vacant seat beside her and Edna got to work on collar and stud.

"What's your name?" Edna asked.

"James, Edgar, Bathurst Cleave, commonly known as Batty, but I respond to anything in the nature of a loud laugh or a wild party. Thanks a lot. I never had my collar better fixed."

"'Thanks a lot' is an American expression. Are you an American?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"I could wish I were. For then, in all probability, I should be rich and industrious. I spring from a very old English stock, the Do-noughts—pronounced Doughnut. The original Doughnut came over in a hammock with the Conqueror. What about that lunch you suggested?"

"I really don't see any reason why I should stand you lunch on so short an acquaintance."

"There is no good reason, except that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Edna started violently.

"Whatever made you say that?"

"Why, it isn't original."

"No, but there is an awful lot of truth in it." She took his hat, brushed it carefully on the sleeve of her coat and returned it to him. "Put that on your foolish head and come along," she said.

They lunched at the Berkeley Grill and Edna attacked the dishes set before her with an appetite which she had not displayed for a long time. When the meal was over Batty called for the bill and covered it with a fiver.

"I thought," said Edna, "that I was going to pay."

"For quite a while I thought so too," he admitted, "but it has been such a jolly party that I feel like making it my own. Of course if you care to retaliate by asking me to dinner tonight, I guarantee to swallow that and my pride at the same time."

Edna regarded him gravely.

"Do you really do nothing for a living?"

"That depends on whether I have got the sack or not. There are occasions when the sack is slow to mature, which time the nose bends to the grindstone. Just now I am looking around for a soft billet. I am open to any offer appropriate to the status of an ex-naval officer, axed without the option of a fine. Just before our meeting in the park I was thinking of attacking the gigolo business in a big way, but I am afraid you are responsible for crushing that idea at birth." He stopped and sniffed the air. "I'll have one of those cigarettes you're smoking. They smell rather nice."

IT DID not occur to Edna to tell him to smoke his own blinking cigarettes. She even went so far as to strike a match for him to light one of hers. She was doing that when a voice said:

"Hullo! You again!"

Bruno Clavering was much too large-minded to resent the woman to whom he had proposed barely an hour before lunching with a younger and more attractive man. It was Edna who felt a shade of guilt about that. He gave her one of his "that's-all-right" nods and waved a hand at Batty.

"This young sprig a friend of yours?"

"I hardly know," said Edna. "I suppose he is."

"What is much more to the point is that you are a friend of Mr. Clavering's," said Batty cheerfully. "Why not persuade him that I'm just the man he's looking for?"

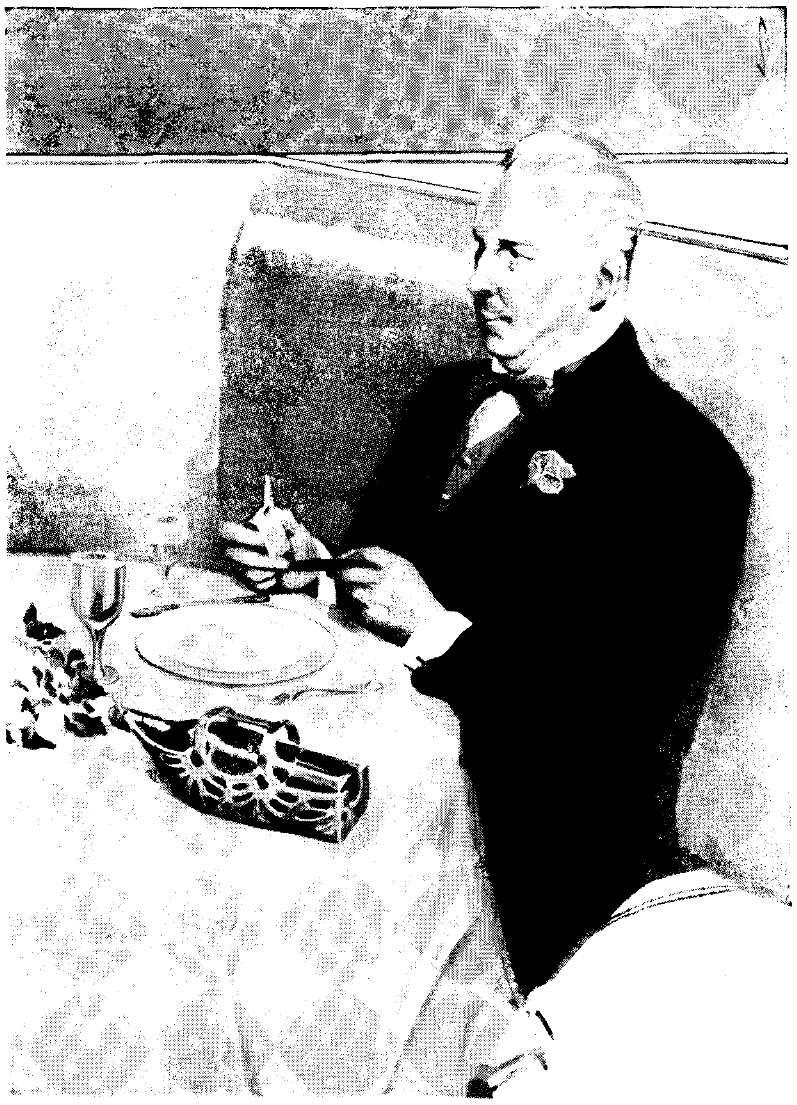
His opportunism took away her breath.

"Well, for all I know you may be," she stammered.

"There you are, sir," said Batty. "She's done her bit, I've done mine and the next move is up to you."

The great man's smile was human and distinctly encouraging. He said: "You have plenty of nerve. But what can you do?"

"I'm a born asker."



Sir Elmer's proposal was launched with the dignity of a battleship

The Clavering smile widened.

"Well, I've known quite a few men who made a success of life because they weren't afraid to ask for what they wanted. My city office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Batty rose and saluted.

"Ten it is, sir, and if, after our interview, you could spare me from my duties for half an hour I should like to run round and tell Mrs. Carrol the good news."

Batty Cleave celebrated his appointment to one of the many branches of Clavering's business by taking Edna down in her car to see the twins the following Sunday. He arrived in the highest spirits with a button off his coat, and refused to leave until she had sewn it on. While she sewed it on he stooped and kissed the top of her head.

"Do you mind not doing that?" she asked severely. "You seem to have no control of yourself."

"Nonsense. The action was perfectly controlled. It was designed and carried out with deliberation and a clear objective. Later I may become even more controlled, and then—look out."

Edna turned her eyes loose on him. "Either you promise to behave yourself in a rational way or the trip is off."

Batty shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, all right. Spoil the day before it's begun. Come on! Where's your hat? Let's go."

It was impossible to deny his success with the twins. Ten minutes after the first reluctant handshake the three of them were presenting a tolerable likeness to the statue group of the Laocoön, a writhing mass of humanity upon the grass. In earnest of the confidence reposed in their new friend the twins attacked with a mutual resolution once and for all to crush and tear the life out of him.

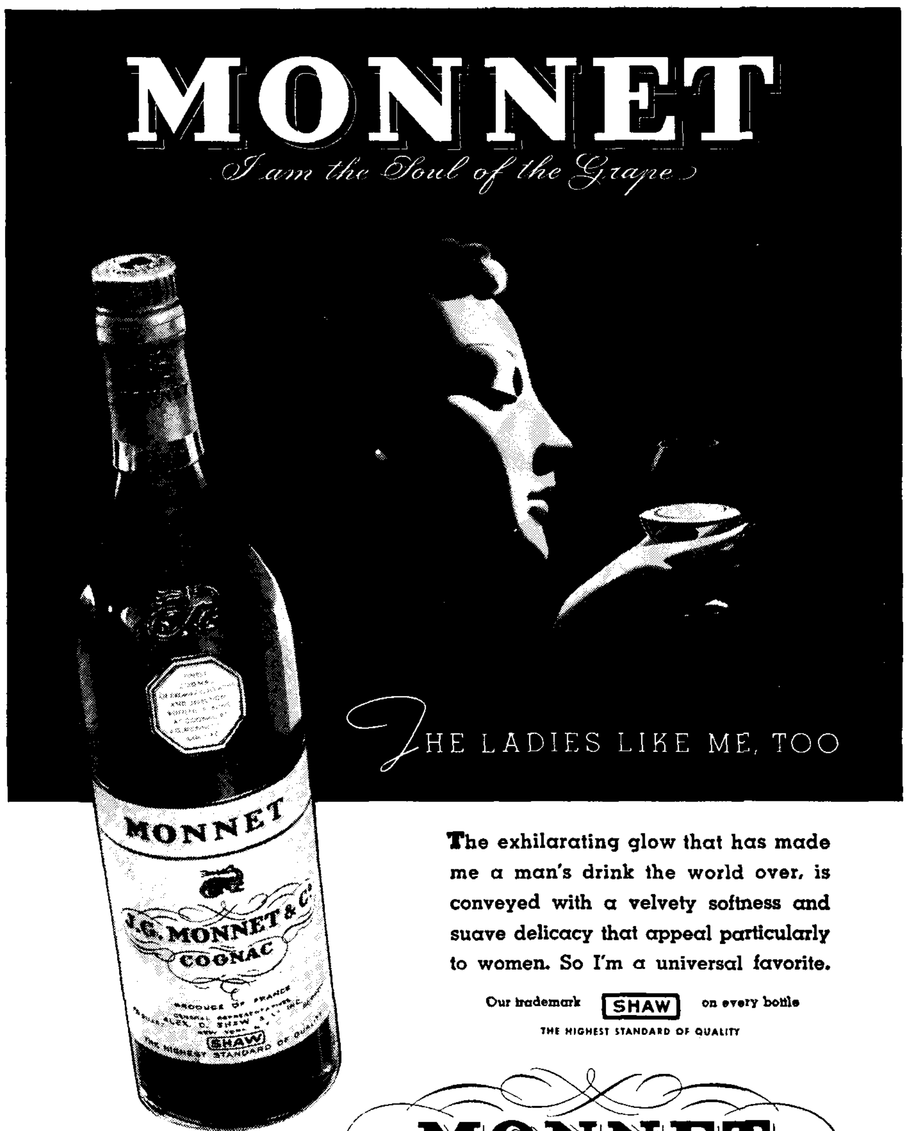
Since their father's death their mother's men friends had aroused in them no such joyous demonstration. They had been persons to inspire awe and a sobriety of conduct; persons who asked what they intended to be when grown up, and who even fell into the error of assuming a voice specially designed, if never calculated, to win the confidence of the young. In Batty they beheld a human being fashioned in a mold of perfection. They recognized him as a man whose legs existed to be kicked from under him, and whose body was created by nature to be swarmed over and hammered by the shut fists of devotion.

AFTER an ineffective attempt to subdue the riot, Edna turned her head away and rested it against the trunk of a tree. For, stupidly enough, she had begun to cry. Until then she had been successful in subduing her tears and at this show of weakness she could hardly have been more angry with herself. They were such funny sort of tears, too; for they had the power to wash away all the studied dignity she had acquired in the last two years. It was as if the dried-up springs of youth had reopened. They washed away the fine hard lines at the corners of her mouth and the sensible look in her eyes. They washed away the poise and the restraint which had made her seem an ideal person to preside at the tables of the rich and the mature.

Had Bruno Clavering or Sir Elmer Porter seen her then they would have viewed with the gravest misgivings the offers that they had made to her. They would have recognized the fact that here was no woman but a girl whose emotions were crying aloud to be given free play.

The shouts rose to a higher pitch as the concerted efforts of the twins sub-

(*Continued on page* 64)



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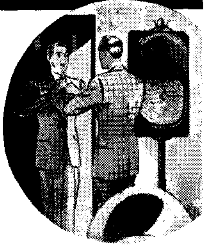

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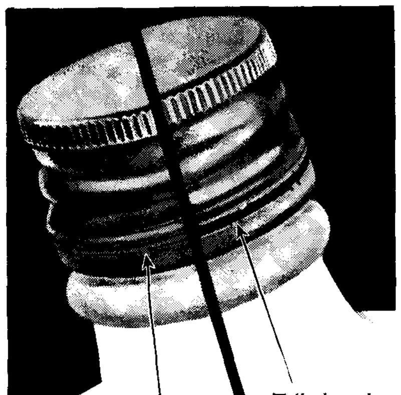
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*See Advertisement . . . Page 65*

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*(Continued from page 63)*

dued Batty's struggles and brought him to the fringes of a "pax."

"I was a fool ever to have brought him," Edna reproached herself. "He's upsetting everything. Elmer or Bruno could have done so much for the kids, but what can that fool do?"

And all the unruly, tear-released emotions laughed at her and jeered triumphantly.

Said Mrs. Furlong:

"I can hardly bear to speak of it. Dearest Edna had the world at her feet—then this!"

Edna's married sister beat a tattoo on the table.

"If I had been Bruno Clavering I should have thrown that young man out on his ear instead of giving him a job at seven hundred a year."

"Men are very peculiar," sighed Mrs. Furlong. "Sir Elmer sent her a car for a wedding present."

"Hm! That was relief at his escape. What a fool! What a fool! It makes me positively blush to admit that she is my sister. Batty Cleave, indeed. Why, he can't even tie his own dress tie. There isn't one thing in the world that he can do for her."

Mrs. Furlong shook her head.

"Well, she had her chance and she threw it away. The whole thing is a tragedy—a stark tragedy."

But on the stage where that stark tragedy was being enacted, two people were crushed into one armchair.

"Will you or will you not get out of this and go to work?" Edna insisted.

"But I tell you I've got a splinter in my finger," said Batty. "What do you suppose those sharp white teeth are for except to get a splinter out of your husband's finger?"

"Well, if you lose your job, don't blame me."

"I won't," he promised. "I'll just live on your money until I get another. Matter of fact, now the holidays have begun, the sack would be rather welcome."

Edna gave him a cold look with a warm fire banked up behind it. It was the sort of look you could take either way. She said:

"Speaking of holidays, who was it started the sausage fight at breakfast yesterday?"

"That will never be known," said Batty. "I think it sort of started itself. But why worry? There were no casualties. A sausage is like a boomerang. After its flight through the air it returns to the breakfast plate. You can't accuse me of failing to eat our ammunition when the armistice was signed."

EDNA took his face in both her hands and kissed it systematically.

"I don't suppose there is a greater fool in the world than I am."

"Are you sorry to be that?" he asked.

"Very," she answered, and the sun seemed to rise up in her eyes, so that anybody might have said:

"If you saw that painted on a canvas you wouldn't believe nature could be so beautiful."

It is no wonder that Batty got his feelings under perfect control.

"Oh, stop it, you idiot!" she cried. "Batty, you great fool . . . *Batty. . . !*"

He said:

"When a woman refuses the simplest request. . . ."

## Bonus Bill Patman

*Continued from page 25*

behind them. What more could anybody want? What utter nonsense to talk about *that* credit ever suffering impairment! Why, the very idea!

Personally, Mr. Patman is a tall, plumpish man of forty-two with a round face, an aureole of curly hair and a mouth that looks rather inadequate after hearing his rich, orotund tones. Frame him in scalloped paper, and he could be mailed as one of those old-fashioned valentines. There could be no greater mistake, however, than to write the gentleman down as one lacking in the essential vitamins, for his record shows the simple directness of a Durham bull. No weak man jams a bill through the House of Representatives session after session against the furious opposition of party leaders, committee chairmen, the press and even the President himself.

### The Bad Man of the House

Just as he fought for his education, so did he fight for a place in the American Expeditionary Force. Turned out of an officers' training camp because of serious heart trouble, he enlisted in the regular army as a private, regained his health and ended up as a lieutenant in a machine-gun division. Doomed to politics by having been born in a cabin, he served three years in the legislature, and in 1924 won election as district attorney of Texarkana. There he proved honesty and courage by fighting vice and graft. Deciding to run for Congress in 1928, he took his political life in his hands by denouncing the Ku Klux Klan.

Refusing to regard the House as a morgue where new members must lie on a marble slab for several sessions, Mr. Patman hit Washington with mouth wide open. Before he was warm in his seat he opened up on the trusts, clamored for a soldiers' bonus, demanded that the profits be taken out of war, strangled Wall Street wolves with his bare hands, and at the height of his fury happened to catch sight of Andrew Mellon as the aged Secretary sat dreaming of the day when he could give the nation a $19,000,000 art gallery.

With a bay that shook the Capitol, the Texan sprang to the attack. Mellon created the depression and deficit "deliberately and willfully as an argument against the payment of bonus money in cash." Hoover was his "hireling." Mellon had *not* severed himself from his vast holdings as required by law, and must be impeached. Even when the harassed Secretary resigned to go as ambassador to the court of St. James, Mr. Patman cried that it was a "presidential pardon," and swam after the boat until overcome by exhaustion.

One may not like the rambunctious congressman, but only a fool will deny his driving force. He did not like the bonus army's march on Washington and said so. An ardent dry, he voted against repeal, defying his party. In his last bonus battle he had the country against him, even the American Legion, and those who fought him are still plucking feebly at the coverlet. The two Texas senators, Morris Sheppard and Tom Connally, keep great Danes outside their office doors and sleep in their togas.

Whether the Patman is really strong, or merely looks Samsonish by comparison with the weak lot around him, is beside the point. Unless the President likes stone bruises and barked shins, he will do well to send for the gentleman from Texarkana, and give him the celebrated smile full force.

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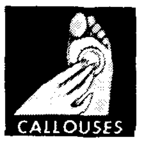

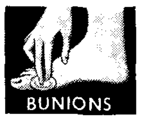

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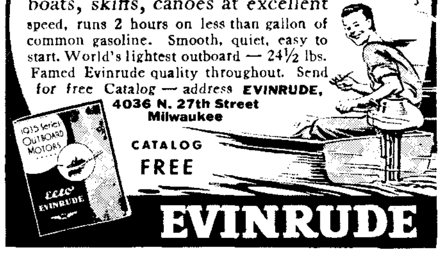

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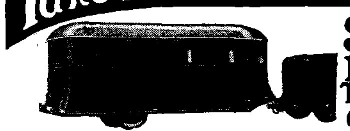

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# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster

***Lifting*** the bride over the threshold of her new home is one of the oldest and most universal of all wedding customs. Not only did it exist in ancient Rome but has persisted for hundreds of years in China, India, Palestine, Egypt, Morocco, the British Isles and nearly all European countries. Its origin is lost in antiquity.

***In*** 1890 Amos Rusie, pitching for New York's National League Club, made two records—one good and one bad—that have never been broken during these 44 years. His reputable record was 345 strikeouts and his disreputable one was giving opponents 276 bases on balls.—*By Frank F. Menke, New York City.*

***Live*** premature births have taken place as early as 215 days, or more than nine weeks, before the normal duration of 280 days, and postmature births have occurred as late as 330 days, or a little over seven weeks after the full term, a total difference of 16 weeks, or nearly four months.

***A new*** business, which bets on courage, has been discovered in Czechoslovakia. It will make an agreement with a penniless and desperate man, whose family is in dire need, to pay his wife 500 Czechoslovakian crowns—$21—if he commits suicide within a certain number of days. If his courage fails him, he owes the company 500 crowns, which may be paid in small amounts over a period lasting from one to two years.

***Of*** the hundred-odd standard species of domestic chickens bred around the world, all lay white or brown-shelled eggs, with the exception of one—the Araucana of Chile and other South American countries, which produces a blue-shelled egg.—*By John Costa, Newton, Massachusetts.*

***Natives*** of the Fiji Islands, despite their savagery and low regard for human life, are known to die of grief. There are records of many cases in which both men and women, upon being permanently separated from their sweethearts, have developed what they call "dongai," which is nothing but love-sickness, and physically decline to the point of death. —*By Anne Chadell, New York City.*

***The*** only woman in the world who is the head of a monastery is Do-je Pa-mo of the Sam-ding Monastery, in Tibet. Do-je holds this unique position because she herself is unique, being the only female incarnation in that country.

***Bamboo,*** said to be "one of Nature's most valuable gifts to uncivilized man," is the fastest growing of the higher plants. There is a species in Ceylon, the *dendrocalamus giganteus,* that frequently grows at the rate of one inch every 90 minutes.—*By H. Wetmore, Tacoma, Washington.*

***In*** the United States, invention is the mother of some very comfortable fortunes. There are said to be about 50 patents earning approximately $1,000,000 a year each, about 300 earning $500,000 and 2,000 earning at least $100,000, a total of 2,350 inventions which annually produce in royalties about $400,000,000.

***The*** brain is one of the fastest growing parts of the human body. Under normal conditions, it has attained 20 per cent of its adult size at birth, 50 per cent at the end of two years, 80 per cent at the end of four years and its full growth at the end of six years.

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue. New York City.**

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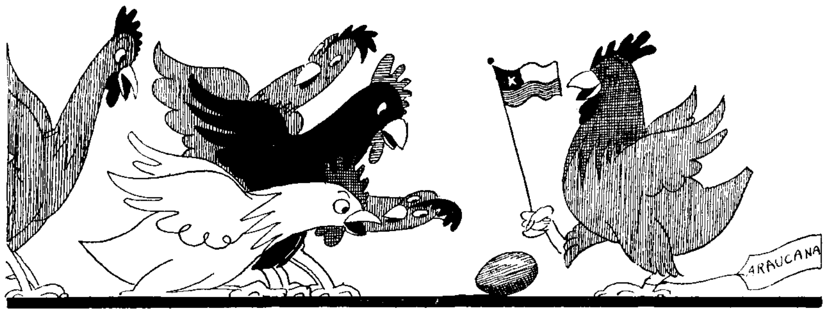

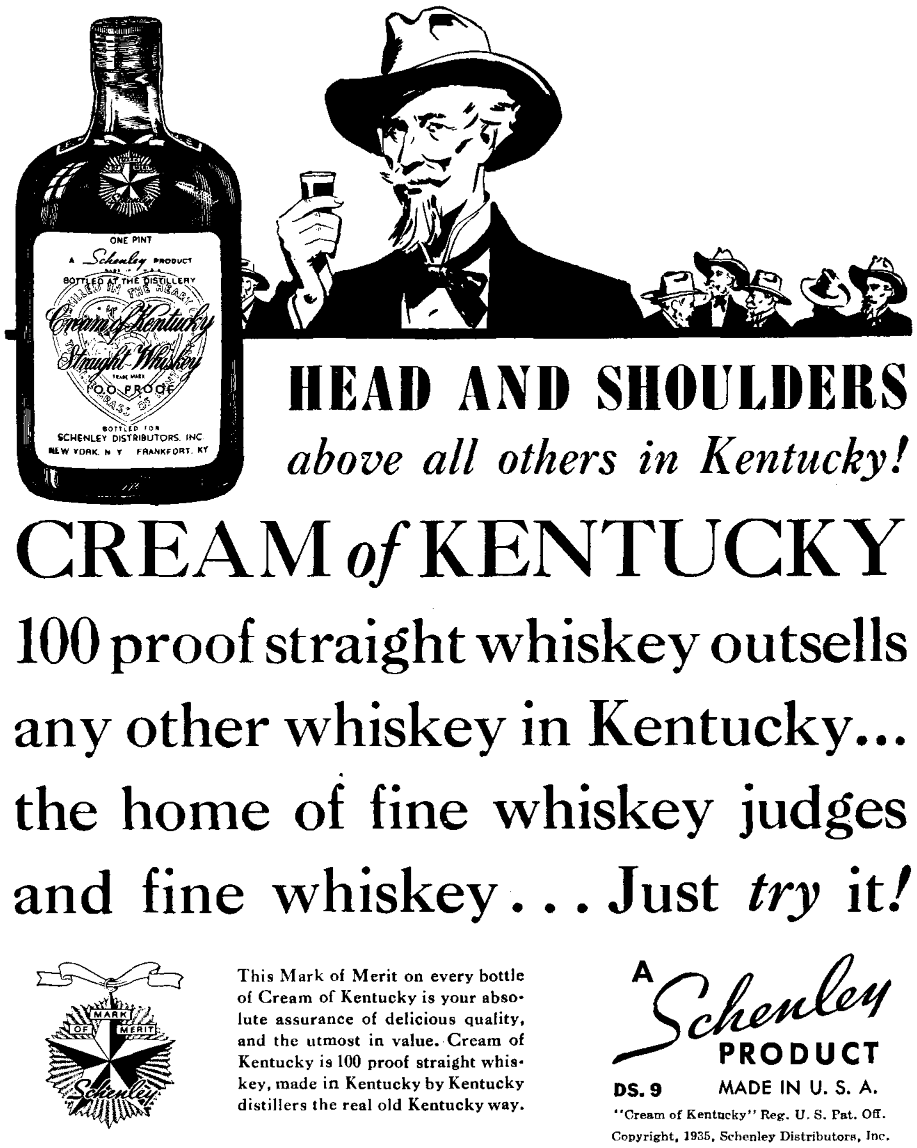

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# The Bat Flies Low

*Continued from page 21*

reason why you should be left alone here all day."

"Shan't be alone," Hayes replied. "Keeping Hassan."

When in the early morning light, the second car, driven by Slim, had disappeared around a high shoulder of rock, Lincoln Hayes turned to Hassan ès-Sugra, who stood at his elbow. The landscape was utterly desolate, one of rock, shingle and sand. In the stillness of the desert it was possible to hear the sound of the engines for a long time. But at last it became inaudible. The two men were left standing in silence and solitude.

Below them were the cars deserted by their native drivers. The tents remained standing. Hayes turned, facing Hassan ès-Sugra for a moment, then began to descend the slope.

Outside the big tent:

"Hassan," he said.

"Sir?"

Hassan ès-Sugra's gentle eyes met Lincoln Hayes' penetrating stare. Neither of those oddly contrasted faces registered the slightest change of expression.

"Captain Rorke believes that the people who inhabit this monastery near by know the secret of the hiding place of the Lamps. If we came to steal—people to avoid; but I come with a square offer. I propose to head for that monastery."

"As you wish, sir."

"You know where it is?"

"Only the general direction."

"Likely to be marauders in these parts?"

"No, sir, except perhaps jackals, and I have fastened all the stores in the tin boxes. We are hidden here from the caravan road. We are very short of water, but there is said to be a small well near the monastery."

"The heavy cars?"

"Mr. Slim has removed several plugs and hidden them."

"Good."

LINCOLN HAYES nodded. From the breast pocket of a very worn drill jacket he produced a cigar, nicked it and thoughtfully began to light it.

"What kind of people live at this monastery, Hassan?"

"I cannot say, sir." Hassan ès-Sugra extended his slender palms. "But people in monasteries are not as a rule to be feared."

"Make up rations, Hassan. Going to look for that monastery."

"As you wish, sir."

"Are they Christians there?"

"I believe not, sir." Hassan ès-Sugra's voice grew very grave. "Little is known about them. The place, I am told—I have never seen it—was built by Christian monks long, long ago. But these"—he hesitated—"others, who now live there, so the story goes, belong to an order which is neither Christian nor Moslem."

"Queer order."

"It is very strange, sir. I have heard that they come to the aid of those in difficulties in the desert, but that they do not welcome visitors."

"Come under the control of the resident officer at Sîwa?"

"Probably, sir. But it is also probable that he has orders to—"

"Leave them alone?"

"Very likely, sir. I cannot say."

Mohammed Ahmes Bey had declared that he was not a Moslem. Nevertheless, a fanatical Moslem of the type of Hadji ben Azrîl had willingly acted in his service. Lincoln Hayes flicked the lapel of his dingy jacket. Rorke had been damnably reticent—it was the Celtic sense of the dramatic. But here in this monastery—it was possible if not probable—might lie the secret of Hatasu's subjection, of those strange vows which cut her off from the world!

When later they set out, Hassan ès-Sugra was armed only with his ebony stick, but Hayes had a repeater in his pocket; both men carried packs. The morning was developing a stifling heat.

It was not unknown, Hassan ès-Sugra had said, for small parties of travelers to be attacked in this part of the desert. It was practically unmapped, near as they were to Sîwa. The sentiments of any tribes who might occupy the small and unvisited oases were unknown to the authorities. It was partly for this reason, but not wholly, that Hayes had insisted upon the three men escorting Ann. For himself he had no fear. He believed in the divine right of the just.

IT BECAME a deepening mystery to Hayes by what sailing marks the Egyptian was making his course, and:

"Sure we are heading in the right direction, Hassan?" he asked.

"We are following what is called the Road of the Sun, sir."

"The Path of Harmachis?"

"It is the same."

"We left that more than two days back."

"It is true. But now we are upon this path again. Once, when I was in Sîwa, not the last time, but the time before, a very old man told me the way to this monastery. Captain Rorke, sir, who is very clever, made our last camp, which we have just left, upon the Road of the Sun."

"How do you know?"

"Did you notice, Hayes effendîm, two little mounds of stone were on a high point to the west of the camp?"

"No."

"They were there. They were put there to guide travelers."

"H'mm!" said Lincoln Hayes, for all his fitness, bathed in perspiration. "Travelers *do* make for the monastery, then?"

"The stones are not there for that purpose, sir," Hassan ès-Sugra replied gently. "They are intended, I think—I do not know—to help any who are lost or sick to a place of refuge."

Lincoln Hayes tramped on. The scene resembled an illustration for Dante's Inferno; not a scrap of vegetation was visible—the sun was merciless. This journey with Hassan ès-Sugra, definitely, was not in accordance with Rorke's plans. What these had been Lincoln Hayes did not know. Perhaps, in fairness to Rorke, he should have notified him before he left for Sîwa that he intended to endeavor to penetrate to the monastery. He knew why he had refrained from doing so. He had feared that all of them would make trouble. Yet, that they suspected he could not doubt.

"It is told, sir," said Hassan ès-Sugra, "that the Path of Harmachis ends at the foot of these mountains. It is an old superstition—like the name of the path. I cannot say where it comes from, but they say that the Sphinx watches over the path to these mountains; that here—and not at Gizeh—lies the secret of the Father of Terror."

It was a scene to have inspired the wildest legends. The prospect immediately before them reminded Lincoln Hayes of a giant-stepped pyramid. Actually, it was a small mountain composed of limestone, but it rose in nearly regular terraces, each some fifty feet high. They were irregular, jagged and broken upon their faces, but the several plateaus, or so it appeared from where they stood, presented a fairly smooth appearance, but no vestige of vegetation.

Hayes, who had dropped down upon a rock, unslung his glasses and inspected the prospect closely.

He was still staring through the powerful lenses when:

"Observe, sir," came the gentle voice of Hassan ès-Sugra, "the two piles of stones."

"Where?"

Hassan touched his shoulder and, extending a lean arm, pointed.

Lincoln Hayes focussed on the indicated spot and, sure enough, there were two mounds of stones, flanking a faintly traceable path—a mere goat track!

"I see them, Hassan," he said quietly.

He explored beyond the guiding mounds and, searching the rock surface yard by yard, presently made a curious discovery. Part of the third and fourth terraces was artificial, or semi-artificial. It was composed of stone or mud walls! He could see windows and loopholes. An extensive building lay hidden here in the mountainside.

He lowered his glasses and turned to Hassan ès-Sugra. Perspiration trickled in rivulets down from his sun helmet to his chin, but there was no expression upon the sun-baked face.

"We have found the monastery," he said.

THEY halted for half an hour. Hassan ès-Sugra ate a few dates and drank a little water. Lincoln Hayes nibbled a bar of chocolate, washing it down with a mild whisky which he carried in a flask.

They set out again.

The climb to the second step of the mountain was more arduous than it appeared. The path, which was composed of small stones, was evidently nothing else than the channel of a dried-up stream. There was no evidence of any human presence ahead. Lincoln Hayes' hopes were growing less and less. After all, in all human probability this desolate place was deserted. He pulled up suddenly, looking ahead through his glasses, and:

"Hassan!" There was something tense in his voice. "What did the head of a *ram* stand for in ancient Egypt?"

"It is the sign of Ammon Ra, the god of Light."

"So I thought."

Hayes returned the glasses to their case and pressed on. The head of a ram, very badly defaced, was still discernible cut upon a boulder to the right of and above the path which they were following!

Here was confirmation of Rorke's theory that this place at some time had been affiliated with the Great Temple of Ammon Ra, more than thirty miles away.

They pressed on to a point where the path entered a ravine—a black, forbidding-looking gully, for shadow lay ebonlike in it. Beyond, the path might be traced, rising higher, seeming to end before the face of a straight, upstanding rock.

Actually, in the higher part of this rock, as now could quite clearly be discerned by the naked eye, were many unglazed windows appearing in groups of three. As they entered the gully:

"Here, sir," said Hassan ès-Sugra, "we are likely to be ambushed."

(*Continued on page 68*)

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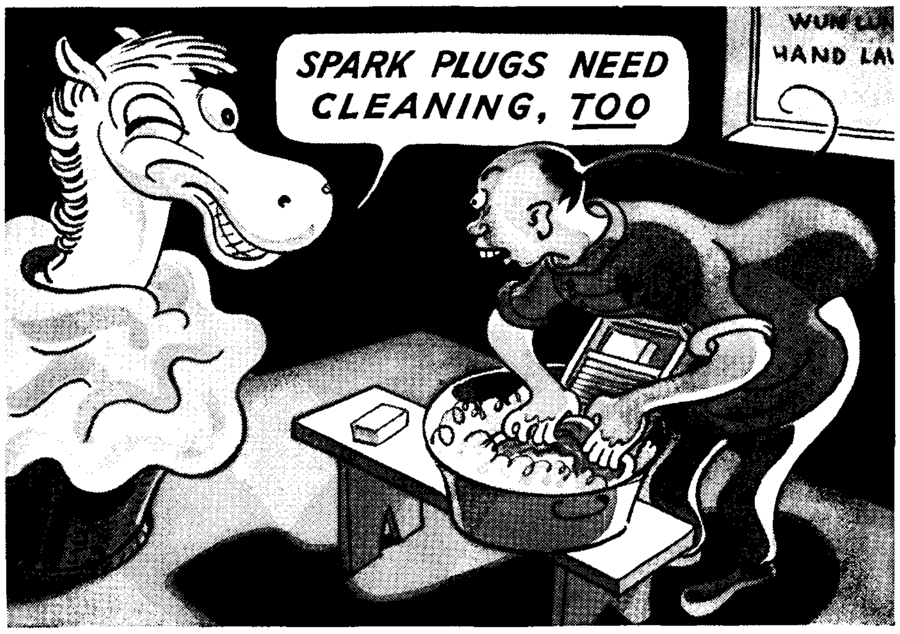
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# The Bat Flies Low

*Continued from page* 66

"Never mind," Lincoln Hayes replied; "we'll get out."

Hassan inclined his head and they climbed on. Deep in the shadow of the ravine, he spoke again:

"Look back, sir. We are followed!"

Silhouetted against the V-shaped patch of light, so that one figure looked very tall, and one figure very short, two men stood!

Except that their heads appeared to be shaven, that they wore some kind of robes, it was impossible to detect details.

"Expected this," said Lincoln Hayes, "but have made certain moves."

He was, as always, a man who took big chances, but never until he was assured of at least two lines of retreat. In this case he had the absolute honesty of the proposal he planned to put forward, the influence of Hatasu, and the fact that in a note which Ann Wayland carried for delivery to the district officer he had stated that he and the headman, Hassan ès-Sugra, proposed to seek out the old monastery five miles from the camp, and to claim an interview with the principal. In the event of their failure to reappear, he had requested the district officer to take any necessary steps.

"Can you see if they are armed, Hassan?"

"They do not appear to be armed, sir."

"Walk right ahead," Hayes said tersely.

They resumed their progress. The two shadows followed silently.

"These people, sir," came Hassan's gentle voice, "speak some kind of Berber, with which, I regret, I am not acquainted."

"There are some who speak Arabic," Hayes replied.

"That is good, sir."

"Did you ever meet Mohammed Ahmes Bey?"

"No, sir. I rarely come to Lower Egypt. I know of him. Everybody in Egypt knows of him."

"He is respected, is he not?"

"Greatly respected."

"Yet he is not a Moslem."

"That is true, sir."

"Do you know his religion?"

THEY were climbing steadily through the shadows, mounting ever upward to where blinding sunlight cut across the gully. Their shadowy followers, as Hassan ès-Sugra had noted, retained always exactly the same distance and followed silently.

"By some, sir, he is said to be a Copt. But this is not so. He is very wealthy and very charitable; he travels much."

Lincoln Hayes paused.

"I have seen you smoke cigarettes, Hassan; I am going to offer you one now."

"Thank you, sir."

The two cigarettes were lighted. Lincoln Hayes, out of the corner of his left eye, was watching their followers. They remained motionless.

"They design no violence, sir," said Hassan, as Hayes proceeded on his way.

"What I wanted to know."

They came out of shadow into blazing light. Before them, perhaps three hundred yards away, rose the wall of the second platform, the windows now clearly visible since they formed small squares of dense shadow.

They proceeded for about thirty yards when Hayes pulled up and looked back.

Their followers, now fully revealed in sunlight, resembled, as Hayes saw immediately, Buddhist priests. Their features were indistinguishable but they appeared to be Egyptians. Their garments consisted of long robes or cloaks of some coarse woolen material, with, apparently, sandals on their feet. As Hayes and Hassan pulled up, so did the two priests and stood passively watching them.

"Shall I tell these men that you object to their presence, sir? They have the look of Egyptians. If it is so, they will understand me."

"Say nothing—walk right on."

"As you wish, sir."

No evidence of life was visible at the many windows which now came into view. They were within twenty paces of the sheer rock face when a hidden stone door opened, high up in the wall, and a gaping black opening appeared!

A wide, broad ladder of palm wood was pushed out and down so that it rested on the stony path. Two more of the shaven-headed priests descended, and stood one on either side of the ladder.

A SINGLE lamp burned at the end of a long, stone corridor.

Ten or twelve of the silent priests or monks lined the walls. Their ages varied from about thirty to what might have been eighty or more. But all possessed one common characteristic—a strange serenity. Halfway along the corridor one of them stepped forward and tapped Hassan ès-Sugra upon the shoulder.

Hassan turned in a flash, his slender hand grasping the ebony cane in a manner not to be mistaken.

"Hassan!" said Hayes tersely. "He is requesting you to follow him. I am coming too."

"As you say, sir."

The monk led the way at a slow pace along a short rock passage in which presently appeared a wooden door. He opened the door and stood aside. Within, was a small cell lighted by two large, unglazed windows affording a prospect of the desert across which they had come. It was plainly but simply furnished in the native manner. A large porous bottle filled with water was set in a niche, a metal drinking cup beside it. There were a bed, a stool and a prayer mat. The wall in which the windows were pierced was very thick; the cell was quite cool.

"Evidently, Hassan, offering you this accommodation. Try the man in Arabic."

Hassan spoke rapidly; when he used his own language he had a gravely imperious manner which Lincoln Hayes had not overlooked. But the monk shook his head, smiled slightly, and bowed, indicating the room with one extended hand. He walked out, beckoning to Lincoln Hayes.

Hassan looked to Hayes for orders; otherwise his gentle expression remained unchanged.

"Wait here until I send for you."

Hayes re-entered the long corridor where the monks were ranged like sentinels against the walls. He was led by the monk, whose duty seemed to be that of guide, to the farther end. Steps were mounted and another dimly lighted corridor presented itself.

The monk who led went all but silently. Lincoln Hayes listened to the echo of his own footsteps, and tried to plan a move ahead. An L-shaped turn came; they followed it. At the far end, a very wide, unglazed window, set no more than two feet from the floor, offered a prospect of sun-baked desolation even wider and more awesome than that from the cell. Another monk appeared beside an open door on the right. He bowed slightly, and Hayes entered.

He walked into a room with two windows commanding the same prospect. There was a sunken bookshelf in one of the stone walls, but the volumes which occupied it had an unfamiliar appearance. A plain table was set before one of the windows, and a chair. There were mats on the floor and an oil lamp of peculiar pattern stood upon the table. What other appointments there were, Hayes at the moment failed to notice. He walked through an opening curtained with a piece of pale purple material, and found himself in a small sleeping-room.

Another curtained opening communicated with a bathroom. The bath, which was marble, possessed no tap; it was presumably filled by servants.

"LOOKS like they expect me to stay," Hayes murmured.

He turned to his guide, who stood just outside the door of the bathroom.

"I want to interview the principal of this monastery," he said.

A slow smile and inclination of the head constituted the only reply. The man turned and went out. Lincoln Hayes stood still for a moment, looking after him, and then in four long strides he had reached the outer door, which the man had closed behind him.

It fastened with a wooden latch. He raised it. The door was unlocked.

The corridor was empty.

He looked out of the wide, deep window and, unslinging his glasses, tried to trace the path which led back to the camp. It was a curious termination to a long journey. He wondered if by some faulty reasoning they had reached, not the headquarters of the protectors of the Light, but some perfectly harmless brotherhood who had chosen this strange retreat for study and meditation.

A quiet voice back in his brain told him that no mistake had been made.

The atmosphere of the place was definitely peaceful. He returned to the outer room and inspected the strange books upon the shelf. He saw that some were in Arabic and others in a script with which he was quite unfamiliar. No European language was represented. The character of the works he failed to make out: some of them were beautifully illuminated. They reminded him of rare books he had once been shown in the Great Mosque at Damascus.

The walls were undecorated. He saw on closer examination that they were mud walls, of that kind which, owing to the salt found in this part of the desert, becomes nearly as hard as the native rock. The furniture was made entirely of palm wood. The marble bath, which he went in to examine, he judged to have been constructed from fragments of some villa of the Roman period.

Had the monk understood him? Or was this merely the normal treatment accorded to travelers who strayed that way?

Came a sound of movement from the outer room. He crossed and looked out. One of the monks, whose refined features he could have sworn to be those of a cultured Egyptian, was setting a tray upon the table, on which he saw cold viands cut up into small pieces, some cheese, a bowl of fruit, two slices of native bread, and some greasy-looking butter. There were a pitcher of water and a small glass bottle of light-colored wine. As the man was about to withdraw:

"One moment," said Lincoln Hayes. "I want to see the principal."

The man smiled slightly, inclined his head and went out.

HAYES waited. He had meant to ask that Hassan ès-Sugra be sent to him. But the monk did not return. He unfastened his knapsack and compared the ration which he had brought with those upon the tray, to find that the latter were preferable.

He ate some fruit and tried the wine, but found it harsh and unpalatable. He was always chary of water in these districts, and he poured himself out half of what remained in his flask of whisky and Vichy.

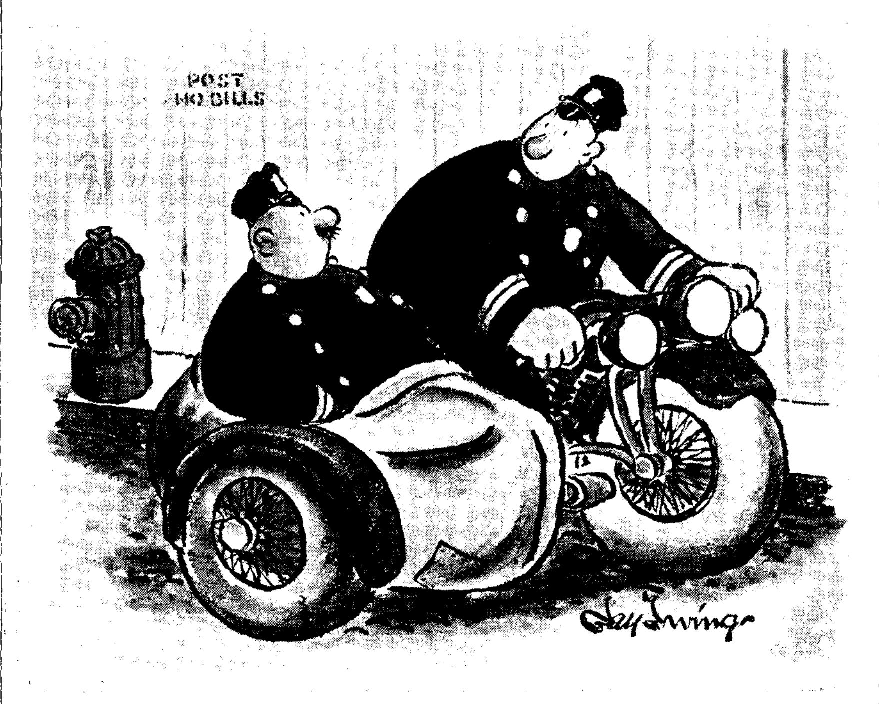
Then he very deliberately lighted a cigar and, hands in pockets, stared out of the window across the desert.

He challenged himself without reservation.

For the first time in his life a woman dominated his motives. Yes, he was too honest to deny it to himself. In his heart of hearts he had abandoned the quest of the secret Light. Intense curiosity remained—yes, a desire for knowledge, for new experiences. This had driven him—up to a point. But primarily—he knew it well—something else had urged him on.

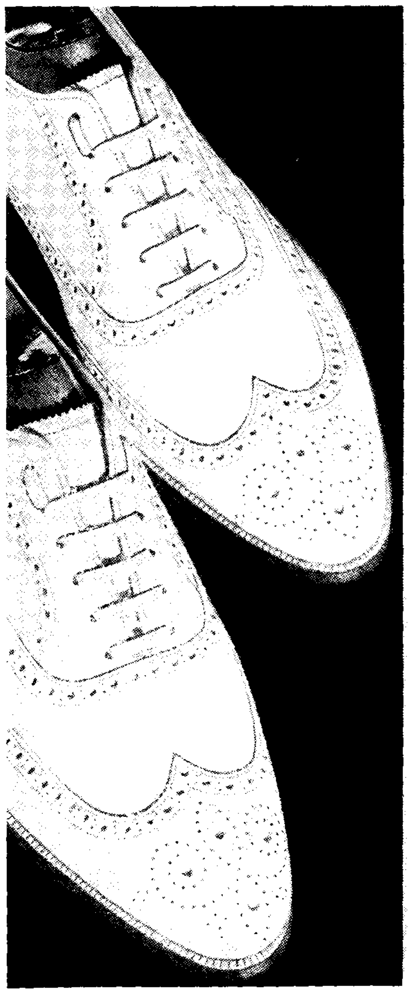
He heard the door opening, and turned . . . just as Hatasu came in!

*(To be continued next week)*



"Let's not drive through the park today. Let's go down along the water front an' wave to the ships"

JAY IRVING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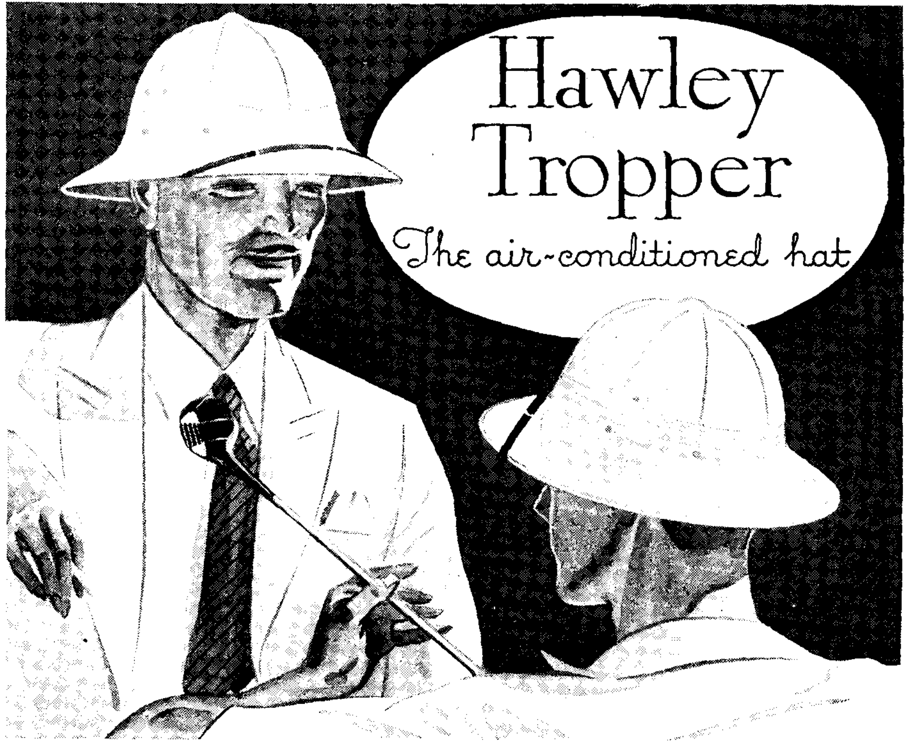

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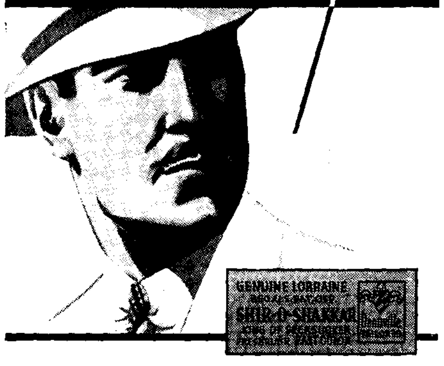

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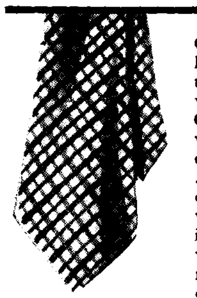

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# The Silent Act

*Continued from page 17*

need Jimmy's confidence to buoy him up.

"What's a switch engine between friends?" Jimmy would say. He could hear himself saying it, with Val relaxed on the bed, and Jimmy fussing around him, and maybe shaving him, hip and thigh. Jimmy was up fifty stories of a rising young skyscraper, a black and red iron skeleton glittering with ice under a cold winter sun; but his heart was with his partner. A little white cat had followed him out of the elevator. It was only a four-foot jump from Jimmy to a chain-slung girder; and the cat followed him. His heel scuffed her off. Just for one frantic second, out of the corner of his eye, he saw her paws claw the iron. Then she dropped; and Jimmy himself sank down and hung on quaking, his chin ground into cold iron.

They had to pry him loose and send him down. He was in a daze. He, the great Jimmy Apps, human fly, who had crawled up the domes of forty state capitols, with only fingernail holds on lapped copper plates; and now his nerve was gone like money dropping out through a hole in his pocket. A broken bone will knit, but when nerve takes flight, it doesn't perch again in a minute.

THEY gave Jimmy a day's pay for that trip in the elevator; and he went into a hole in the wall for a plate of beans. It was Flo Harlow who came and waited on him.

"Is that you, Flo? What are you doing here?"

"Just walking around to save funeral expenses, Jimmy."

"It's tough to see a girl like you waiting on table in a joint like this."

"Maybe. But I can tell you one thing, Mr. Smart, I don't *eat* here. I guess neither one of us is on the up-and-up."

"Put it at that."

"I suppose Hyson will be buying some more ice with a crack in it," Flo said, "for his new partner."

Jimmy said humbly, "It was me that got Val to buy that bum piece of ice for you in the first place. I planted it, Flo, knowing how you liked perfection."

"That was sweet of you," Flo mentioned.

"I had a notion women spoiled the act," Jimmy said. "Looks like I was wrong."

"Wrong. Ain't there no stronger word than that in English? . . . Here, let me have your check and I can punch a hole in that instead," Flo snapped.

"I know how you feel, and I don't blame you. Still, knowing what you know now, you can patch it up with Val. He's still nuts about you."

"Him? Hyson? That's a laugh. Locke has put him in her pocket right where she can get at him."

"Ivy?"

"Ivy." Flo stood close against Jimmy's chair and bent down to him. "It's your song they're singing, ain't it?"

"Sure, it's my song."

"Why don't you take your cut?"

"Oh, that's all right with me. Songs come cheap, Flo."

"I'll sing you one cheap. Hyson dropped you off that pole on purpose."

"You're crazy."

"Maybe. Still, I can see flaws as far as anybody now, and I don't have to have 'em pointed out to me any more. I was in the gallery that morning, watching. I couldn't keep away from him. He dropped you, Jimmy, so he could have her to himself. In your shoes, I know what I would do."

"Where's the act?" Jimmy whispered. His fingernails screeched on the table top.

"It's uptown, ain't it? Or maybe it's over in Brooklyn. Here. Here's an evening paper."

VAL HYSON sat in his dressing-room under a chart of the Farnese Hercules that showed all the muscles with the Latin names. The room was paneled and carpeted; and had a wall mirror and a lounge heaped up with iron bar bells. Val was stretching rubber. That was how he spent most of his idle time, for fear of losing definition. Strength is only victory for a day; and fat is a perpetual ambush. Val's body gleamed herculean out of a flashy dressing-gown. Jimmy Apps opened the door without knocking and shut it softly back of him, and stood against it.

"Hello, Val, how's the ticker?"

"Jimmy, old man," Val yelled. "Where you been hiding out? Wait till I call Ivy. She'll be tickled pink."

Jimmy barred the way.

"Ivy can wait. I just got a minute. Where's the switch engine?"

"Ain't no switch engine. We got a boy constructor instead."

"A boy constructor?"

"Sure. About twenty-eight feet long. You know, one of them big snakes."

"Jaky unwrap it from his bed post?"

"He got it from a Brazilian explorer that came home with it. He got into an argument with his zoo, and there he was with a snake on his hands. Now I got it on my hands. It's a swell little routine," Val said. "I can let it get two coils around the old midriff. Two is all. It can hug like twenty lovers. Say, Jimmy, come on in and talk with Ivy."

"I'm in a hurry, Val. Say, that snake sounds bad. Sandow died at forty-four, don't forget, lifting an automobile out of a ditch."

"He was right off a sickbed," Val argued, but he had a flash of apprehension in his eye corners.

"Sickbed, hey? You're looking a little moldy yourself."

"Moldy? Me?"

VAL drummed defiantly on his pectorals with his fists.

"Don't kid yourself," Jimmy whispered. "Jaky's running you ragged, I could see that the minute I came in. The old pump is a little on the queer, ain't it?" Jimmy poked his old partner under the fifth rib.

"Pump's O. K., Jimmy."

"Not if I know the indications. Thousands of people have heart trouble and don't know it. You're due to crack, mister, and I'm the man that knows it."

"Crack?" Val echoed dismally. He let the rubber hang limp.

"Crack," Jimmy Apps notified him crisply. "You remember that time I had a doctor to you, and he said you were all right? Well, he said to me, going down in the elevator, 'Sure, he's pretty good, but you tell him to go easy, and quit picking up bells.' Well, we took it easy without my telling you, didn't we? We took it easy in bed, on account of no bookings. . . . I tell you flat, you ain't good enough to beat tired horses, right the way you stand."

"Jimmy—"

"You put that snake in the moth balls, or the snake will put you there, understand me? Why, if it was a garter snake, I wouldn't let it wrap itself around me, if I was you. I wouldn't even lift a tea-kettle."

"I got to, Jimmy," Val whispered. "It's put the act in a sweet spot. I can't

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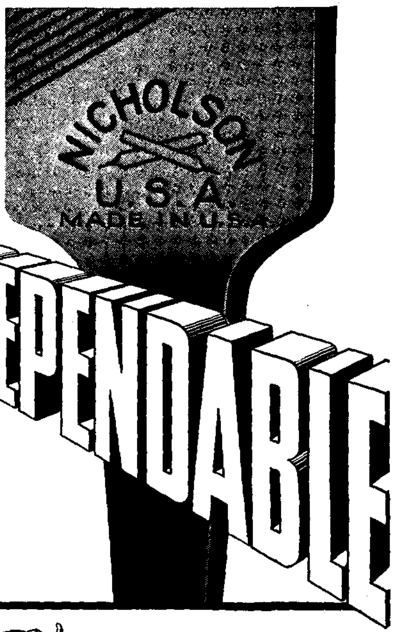
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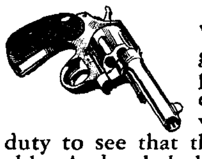

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let Jaky down. An act is either a wow or a flop nowadays. There's no such thing as a respectable success."

"Some things are still respectable. Like curtains."

"Say," Val stormed. "Don't get technical. Jimmy, the act is due to go on any minute. Wait for me. I got to see you afterwards. And don't blab anything you know to Ivy. She wouldn't want—"

"I know. She wouldn't want you to fluff out. She wouldn't—"

And then Ivy Locke was in the doorway. She was in straw-colored satin slacks with a blue bachelor's button over her left ear. Her eyes popped open wide.

"Jimmy darling."

She threw herself all her powdered length, right against him hard and kissed him with her arms locked round his neck. She babbled something about the prodigal son. Then the strength went out of Jimmy Apps, because he hadn't eaten in two days. His knee-hinges turned to finest swan's-down.

"Jimmy, you're so white. You've got to give an account of yourself. You're so absent-minded, I bet you've not been eating regular."

"I ain't come to holding out my hand for coffee money," Jimmy muttered.

"Coffee money," Ivy whispered. "Don't tell me that—coffee money. You've got to give an account of yourself. Wait for me in my dressing-room. The act's on."

JIMMY stood in the wings, with Ivy's kiss hot on his lips; and he swayed like a drowned man at the bottom of the sea. She had gone; but scent from her hair still lingered round his throat. His ribs were like iron and had no play to them. He felt like something dangling, something worked by strings; and Ivy was pulling the strings. She knew he was stalking the act, and seeing red; he might do more harm than if he came with a stink bomb in his hand.

And Ivy was a nurse. She knew how to coddle brain-sick men. Before now, on request, she had kissed dying men without passion, just to help them on their way. That heart-shaped upper lip of hers was just a red barb, the chances were, Jimmy Apps was thinking in the wild flurry of his starvation mood. He didn't mean to be taken in the toils, even if he had met a woman at last too cunning to be dusted off Val's doorsill.

He slipped through the door that opened into the orchestra seats, and sat down in the vicinity of a lot of dead-pan musicians. Hyson and Apps was on. The man next to Jimmy muttered, "I see Apps is out."

"Apps is out," Jimmy repeated.

"The girl, though, is a glim-getter," the voice went on, "but the act is a little weak now for laughs. Apps was good. If his partner tossed a shot, that little guy knew how to cover the stumble with a bit of clowning. Hyson has got a good girl foil all right, but she ought to part her hair on her side."

Hyson was leading off with his sword tricks. He had a Japanese sword, tempered to cut bar iron; he was halving silk handkerchiefs in mid-air as fast as Ivy Locke could fling them at him. He severed a broom-handle laid across two glasses filled with water, and that without cracking the glasses, or so much as spilling water. He was in the mood to split the earth in two neat halves, like an apple.

"Hyson's poses are good," Jimmy's neighbor said. "Look at him taking a snake out of a box. I'll bet it's rubber."

Jimmy was on the outs with Val, but he couldn't stand for that.

"There's not that much rubber in the world," he muttered.

In fact, the boa constrictor was enormous, as thick through as a man's upper leg; and it was warming to its work. It had got one coil round Val's middle already.

Val's display was superb; the muscles moved close to the skin; the deltoids were bunched sharply. He let the snake get a second turn, with a rasping of scales like dry pine cones brushed together. He stood straddled in his original position; his feet hadn't moved, his right hand held the snake's head raised high, when looking down, he caught his partner Apps' eye.

That was when the snake got a third turn round him.

"Sure it's rubber," Jimmy's friend said scornfully, "with a spring in it."

Jimmy looked into the wings. He could see Pegleg, the contact tap artist, standing there at ease; and Sudds and Donkersley, the ax-throwers, standing with their mouths open in rapt tribute to an artist. They hadn't seen that white flicker of apprehension in Hyson's eyes; a dumb cry of the constricted soul of him to his old partner for help. Val had stopped just short of putting forth that last ounce of his colossal strength which might still have untied this fancy knot. Jimmy's warning had struck to his marrow. Suspicion alone will make a good egg rotten; and Val's mistrust of his own powers for that second had made a puffball of him.

None of those around him knew it. The music had stopped, but then, at the high point of an act, it often did. Nobody supposed the great Hyson could stand in need of help. Not even Ivy, who stood waiting and smiling, but then Val's head was turned away from her.

Only Jimmy Apps had sensed Val's plight; and Jimmy that same second knew his own guilt in connection with it. He had known just what levers to take hold of in Val's brain. He had meant to frighten him out of the contest with the snake entirely, bring the act down in a heap, scoop it out clean. Now his vengeance, he saw, had a more terrible twist.

SUDDENLY he could bear no more. He lunged out of his seat, crashed through the violins like a tiger through jungle trash, cleared the footlights at a bound. He snatched up Val's sword—that sword of the samurais that had lopped off so many heads already—and clipped off the head of the snake close to Val's relaxing grip. He remembered then his chatty neighbor's complimentary reference to Apps' ability to cover a stumble with a little clowning. His heart had melted toward his partner in that instant; he wouldn't for anything have had Val's reputation as a strong man suffer. He faced the audience with a crazy laugh that ended in a kind of exhausted titter, with a ragged hank of his black hair falling across his eyes.

"Folks, the joke's on me," he shouted huskily. "I argued with a guy the snake was made of rubber. Well, there's no harm done. You cut a snake in two, it joins up again at sunset."

He made a gesture indescribably comic, but there were those back of him that couldn't see the joke. The curtain came down; the ax-throwers trapped Jimmy's arms. The air was thick with words like "mug" and "hophead." Ivy Locke seemed to be here, there and everywhere like a five-girl-flash. First, she was helping to unwind the snake from Val's body; then she was arguing with Jaky Beeson and the policeman in the wings.

"He had no need to kill that snake any more than cut my throat," Jaky yelled. "My man was all right. This guy's a sorehead. It's the guy that threw the stink bomb last week. It's the guy you're looking for. Do the needful, Officer."

(Continued on page 72)

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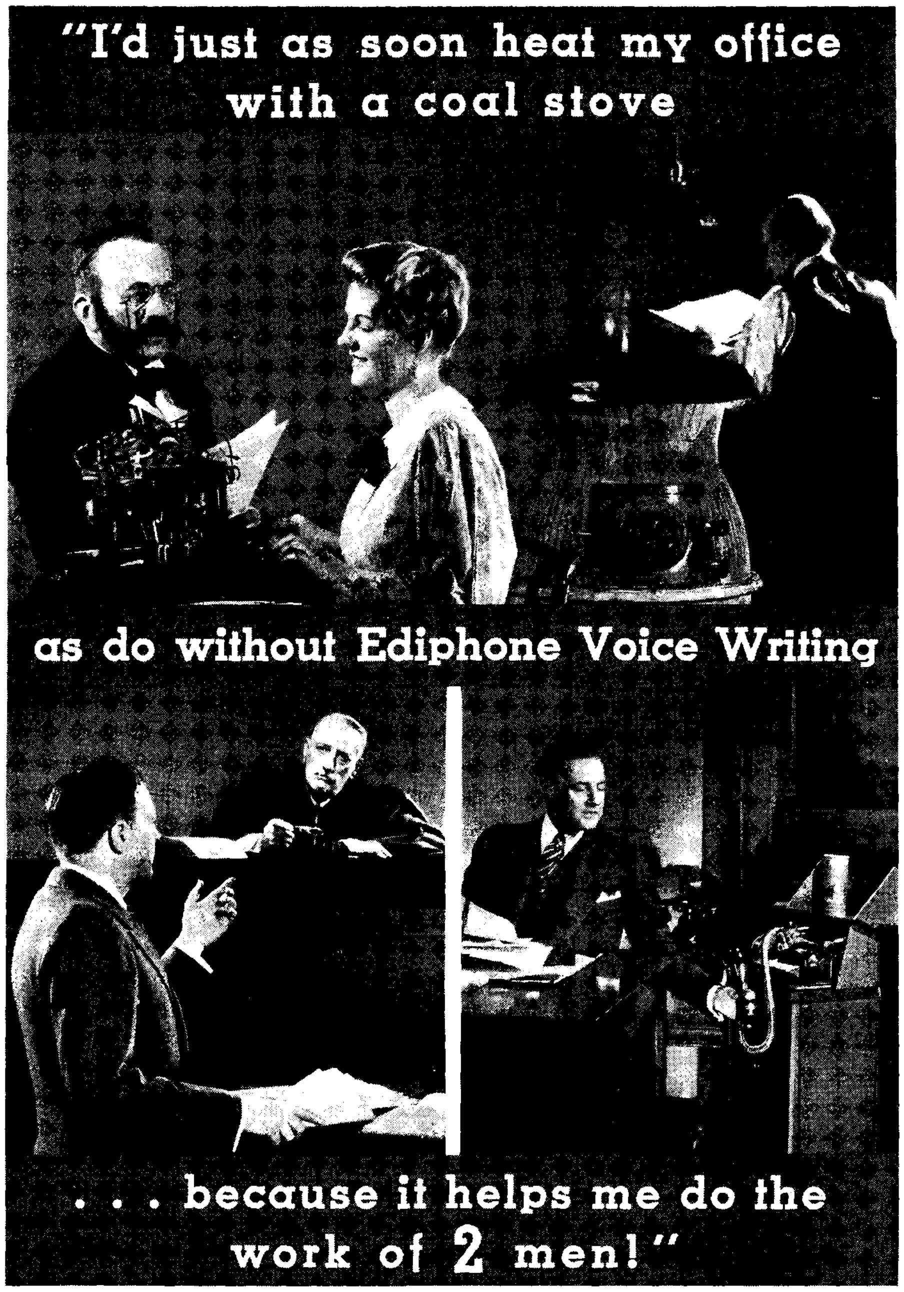

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THE COMPLETELY ENCLOSED DICTATING MACHINE

*(Continued from page 71)*

Jimmy, hanging between Sudds and Donkersley, saw the conventionally irate countenance of the officer pushed up, close and critical. The knives were out for Jimmy Apps; but Jimmy heard the racket of Ivy's toe boots on the boards. She was backed up against him hard, and breathing furiously, with her elbows out.

"This is the only man of us that had his wits about him," Ivy cried. "The snake went torch, the way I've been afraid it would, and Hyson will tell you so, as soon as he can get breath back enough to say anything. Only for Jimmy, Hyson was a gone goose."

"How about it, Hyson?"

"Sure I was. Sure I was a gone goose," Hyson gasped. "Apps is what I call a partner."

JIMMY APPS lay on the couch in Val's dressing-room, with his head propped on a bar bell. Val had locked the door.

"Where's Ivy, Val?"

"Gone to spear a bottle of milk for you, Jimmy. You—you ain't been eating regular, have you, kid?"

"You can—lop off that word 'regular'," Jimmy muttered. "I ain't been eating. My nerve's gone, Val."

"Your nerve? You got more nerve than a cast-iron monkey on a shelf."

"I am lower than a snake's belly in a wheel rut," Jimmy brought out with a gulp. "I'm a human fly, only I can't be helper to a second-story man any more."

"Can't you climb, Jimmy?"

"Not if they lower down a rope to me."

"It's like I said," Val stormed. "I said at the time it was liable to knock your nerve, pumping a girl's blood into you like that."

"Girl's blood?"

"Sure."

"What girl, Val?"

"Ivy."

"Not—not Ivy Locke?"

"What the hell other Ivy is there?" Val inquired. "They nabbed her just coming off a nursing job. You know, that time I threw you into the footlights. Seems she had seen you before, and what she liked about you was your nerve."

"I got nerve and you got muscle," Jimmy muttered. "Sure, we did have. And now look at us. I got nerve like a scared rabbit, and you are strong like a puddle of rain water."

"I can push 'em up still, Jimmy," Val pleaded.

"You can push 'em up like the boy that got his hair cut in his sleep," Jimmy persisted. "How much blood did Ivy give me?"

"Must've been a pint or more."

"You telling me it was a truck-driver."

"I knew how women haired you up, didn't I?"

"A pint. Pint of dizzy blood like hers," Jimmy gasped.

"Dizzy blood is better than no blood, Jimmy. You had to have it and she was your type, don't I tell you? They tested her."

"My type. They ever catch her climbing up the outside of a building? And me thinking it was watching a cat drop that lost my nerve for me. Why should I be sympathetic with a cat? I don't like cats."

"You're screwy," Val roared. "Talk sense, will you?"

Pegleg stopped outside the locked door and said to the stage manager, "Them two are at it again."

"Silent act," the stage manager grinned. "They hold in till they get off stage, and then they are down each other's throats like a man that has laid off liquor coming back to it."

"My nerve's coming back," Jimmy was babbling. "It's coming back in wads, from what you tell me. I got to tell you something, Val. I lied to you. About your heart, see? There's nothing the matter with it, any more than there is with my nerve. You go ahead and juggle beer barrels. You play tiddly-winks with man-hole covers if you want to. What the doc really said to me was, 'If that guy ever does die, it'll be like a tree—at the top first.' "

"Must be you was kidding me, Jimmy."

"I got to tell you, Val. I thought you dropped me off the pole on purpose."

"Dropped you, kid—"

"You know, to give me a vacation in bed, so you and Ivy could go torch."

"That's a good number," the big man said helplessly. "That's a good number, from one partner to another."

He picked up his rubber and began stretching it and it broke in his hands.

"You ought to know I got nothing but a diseased sweetbread in place of a brain," Jimmy muttered. "The rubber saved the day. "If you had handled that snake like you do rubber," Jimmy said, "maybe it would be alive today. . . . Ain't that Ivy knocking?"

It was Ivy with the milk and sandwiches.

Jimmy wolfed them.

"Nothing like a little food for best results," he said. "You remember, Val, that time the landlady was going to put us on the sidewalk, but you had got too weak to lift your bells, and nobody but you could lift 'em, so she had to let us stay and feed us up, if she was going to get rid of the iron. Give me another sandwich, Ivy, and I'll be on my way out."

"Not while I got my strength," Val shouted. "It's Hyson and Apps, ain't it still? Sure. Sure it is, Jimmy. Like a snake, if it does get separated, it comes together at sunset. Why wouldn't it?"

"YOU mean it, Val?" Jimmy cried joyfully. "I got an act for us sketched out."

"What's the act?"

"I been having dreams in place of food, see? I dreamed I was going up a silver staircase, and I saw Val at the top with a bar bell hoisted up over his head, and twelve girls sitting on the bar playing ukuleles."

"Twelve," Val yelled.

"Sure. I used to think there was too many women in the world; I think now there ain't enough. Twelve. Six on a side, see, and they are dressed in black silk stockings and rhinestones and rice powder and silk opera hats. Ought to make a nice routine."

"It's a push-over," Val shouted.

"Maybe, though, we'll have to start with two women just at first. Ivy here on one end and Flo Harlow on the other. You remember Flo?"

"Sure I do, Jimmy. I used to be engaged to her."

"She's open for engagements. Get engaged to her again."

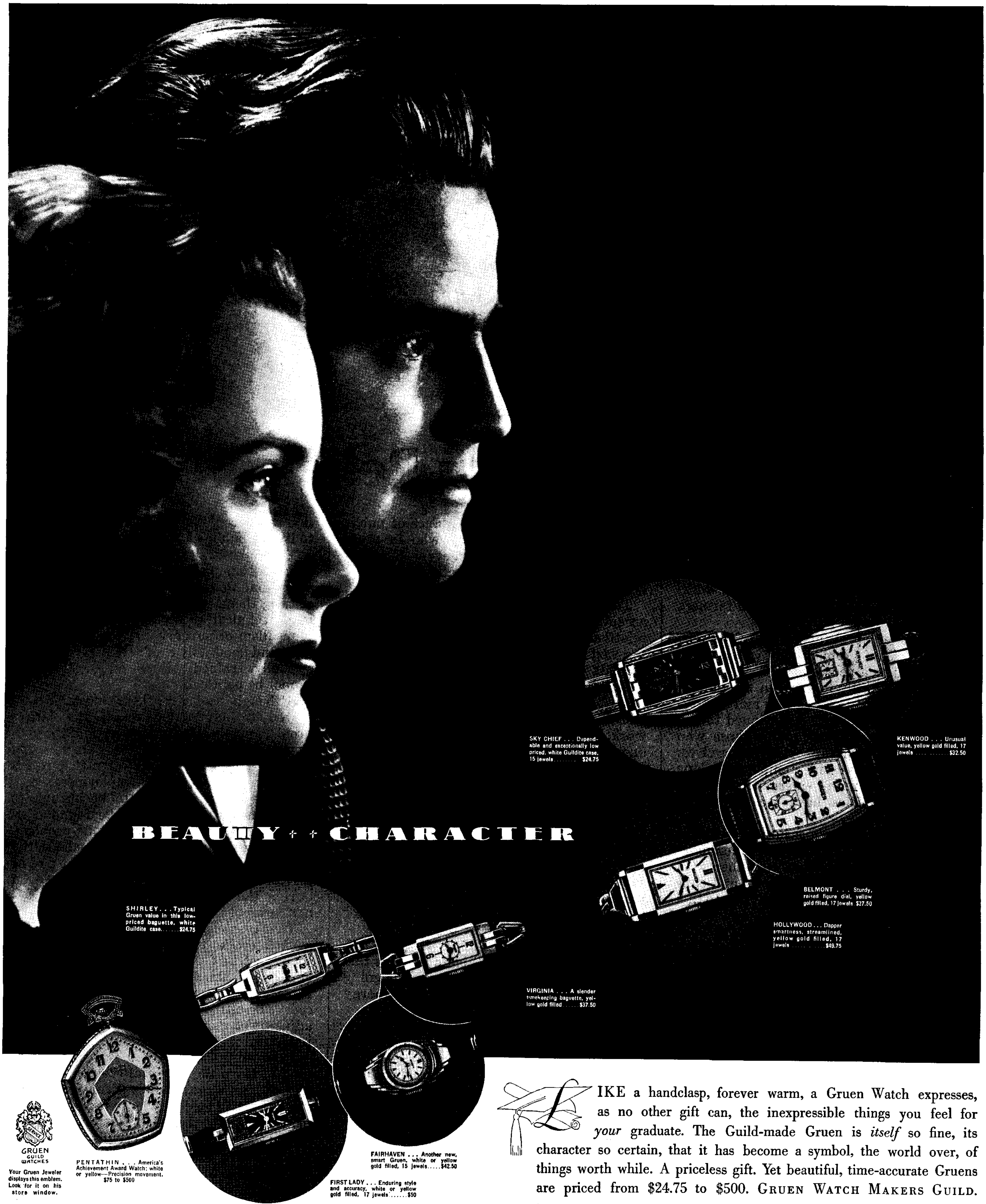
"What will you be doing, Mr. Apps?" Ivy Locke inquired softly.

"Me? I'm doing a one-arm handstand on Val's head. I never did believe that old crack about the last straw breaking the camel's back. I don't care how he's loaded, one straw is nothing. It just shows which way the wind blows."

"How does it blow?" Val grunted.

"How does it?" Ivy whispered; and ran her fingers through the ragged fall of Jimmy's hair.

"How does it? I got my nerve back now, I'll show you. . . . That's how, Ivy. . . . Don't take it hard. A nurse like you can do a lot worse than marry an acrobat, and I'll tell you why. She's bound to see a lot of her husband if she does."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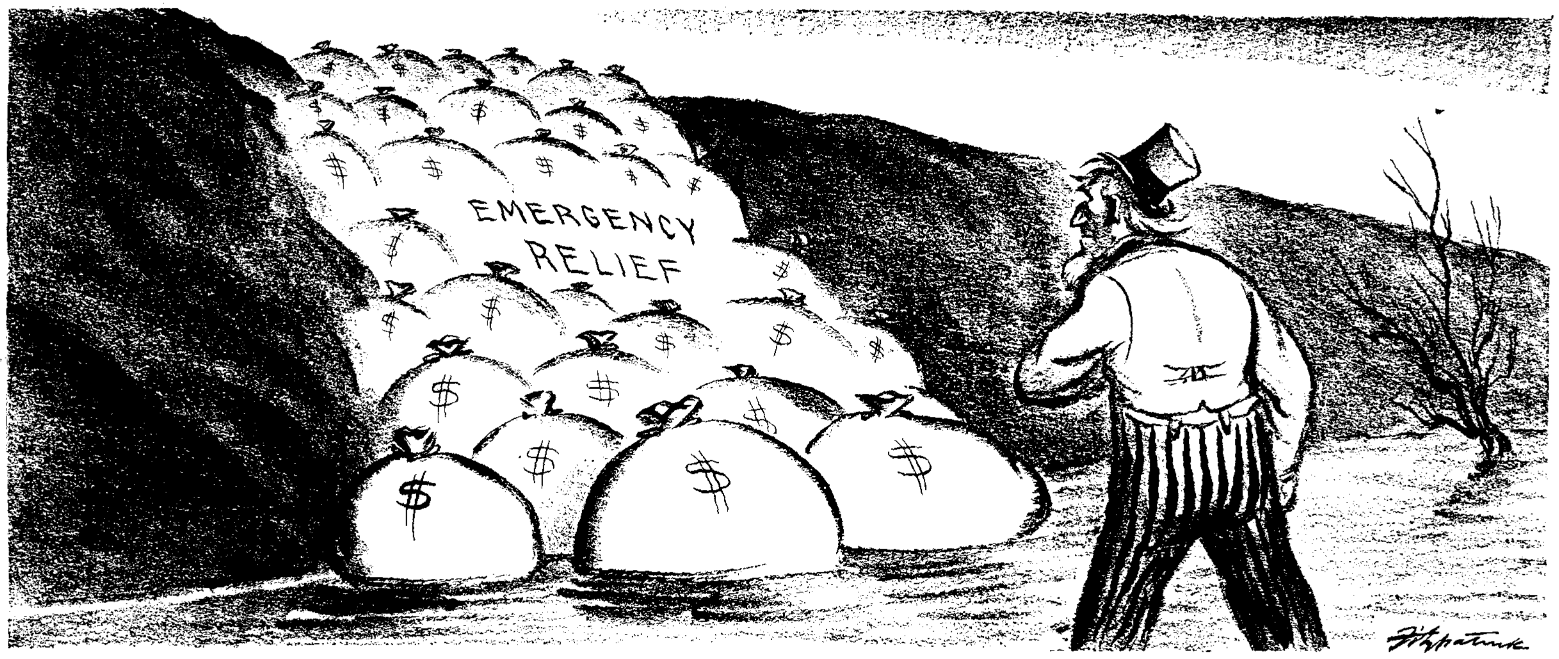


# Relief from Relief

BECAUSE farmers could not get enough help to put out their crops, relief work this spring was curtailed in the rural sections of Illinois and Iowa. St. Paul's advice to the Thessalonians, "If any will not work, neither let him eat," seemed to the farmers to be sound.

This is one aspect, and a revealing one, of the vast relief problem with which we as a nation and as a people must deal.

Relief notoriously has grown to gigantic proportions. Need was so dire and so driving that during years we continued to improvise schemes for caring for those who seemed incapable of supporting themselves. The result of successive temporary plans for meeting continuing emergencies is that fundamental policies have escaped attention.

The Social Security measure, which was planned to provide old-age and unemployment benefits and insurance, together with certain aid to dependent mothers and children, is the one conspicuous exception to this rule. The Social Security proposals do set forth long-time policies intended to cover the necessities of an oncoming generation. Present relief continues haphazard, however, and this in spite of the fine character and extraordinary capacities which Harry L. Hopkins brought to his responsibilities as Federal Relief Administrator.

At the end of winter it was estimated that 21,000,000 people were being aided by government money. This huge number of course included infants and children as well as the sick and the old.

The number, beyond all question, is very large. The magnitude of the army of dependents is, however, not merely an evidence of the peculiar needs of this year. It is easier to get governmental relief than at any previous time. In earlier times the poorhouse was the principal refuge of those who looked to the government for support. To go to the poorhouse was counted—unreasonably enough—a disgrace. No shame now is attached to the acceptance of public relief. Consequently, many who in other years would have exhausted every effort before taking the pauper's oath now do not hesitate to seek public relief.

The facts that no stigma is involved in accepting public charity and that relief is relatively easy to get must explain some of the vast numbers now on the charity rolls. In this country, as in every industrial nation, some unemployment is chronic. The busiest and most prosperous year we ever had would still find not less than two million workers unemployed. If you add to these unemployed all of their dependents, it would have been possible in 1926 or 1928 to work up a relief army of seven to ten million people.

The truth is that we have been moved by a new sense of public responsibility. So many good and energetic people could not find work that we decided to assume the support of anyone who seemed to be unemployed. The change in the rules is important in piling up the numbers on the relief rolls.

This new acceptance of public responsibility is good and it will endure. But this does not mean that the government is going to continue to help those who with energy and initiative might help themselves.

At this very moment taxpayers in numerous states and cities are restive under the relief burdens. Investigations undertaken in the hope of getting rid of some of the load are being made in various states.

The time has come when the federal government, the states, cities and local governments must appraise the relief policies in operation and agree upon a program. The existing drift is full of menace and danger to all concerned.

As a long-time policy no government can afford to assume responsibility for the support of all who want to be cared for by public charity. Very practical and just methods must be devised to separate those who can't find work from those who merely are willing to live at public expense.

The separation can only be made by an organization qualified to consider individual cases and to reach sound judgments concerning them. The administration of relief is as technical an occupation as plumbing, journalism or surgery. It can be economically and honorably conducted only by those specially trained. Such an organization cannot be political.

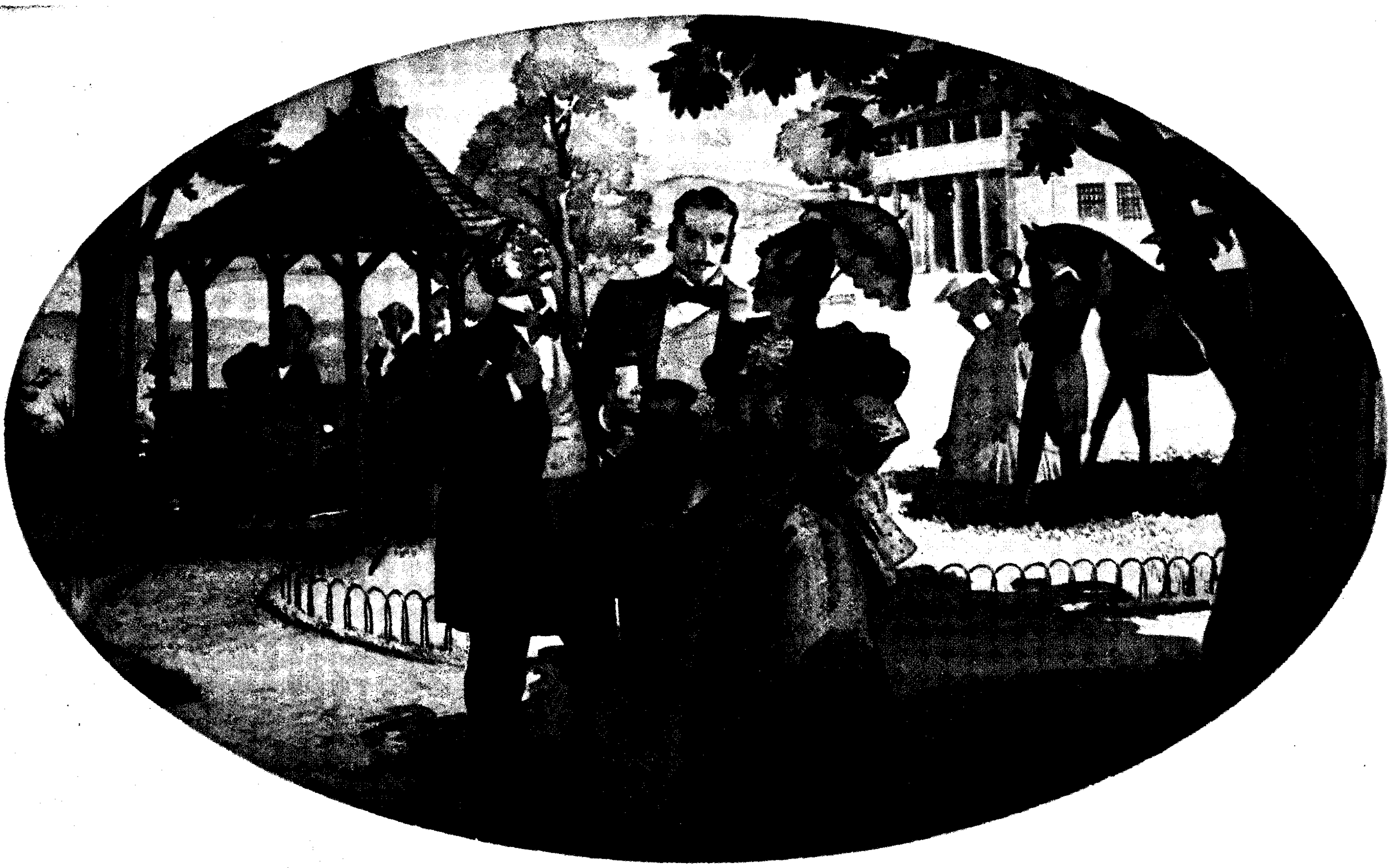
Although social workers must be employed to administer relief, the larger problem involves both industry and the government. Billions of dollars have been appropriated in the expectation that reviving industry can provide employment.

If the relief rolls are to be shrunk to minimum limits, jobs must be found. Industry must find an answer to the problem. Far-sighted industrial leaders realized the necessity of reducing unemployment and of increasing the incomes of workers even during the boom years. The necessity is more urgent now.

The responsible managers of business cannot evade this responsibility. Either jobs must be found for those able to work or the government will permanently support large numbers in idleness. Jobs will of course be ultimately provided. The time of adjustment may, however, be shortened as industrial managers coöperate.

Between 1922 and 1929 we were beginning to learn the essential economic soundness of high wages and plentiful work. The clear-visioned leaders who first grasped this principle made themselves strong and enriched the nation. As the fruits of industry are the more widely and equitably divided, the necessity for charity will disappear and the foundation upon which industry rests will be strengthened. The very extent of relief today is a reminder of past neglect and a challenge to better building for the future. We shall do well to get the house in order with the least possible delay.

# To quality folk" throughout Kentucky that name Crab Orchard stood for good food and good whiskey



BUBBLING out of the limestone hills, down in the heart of the Blue Grass country, a sparkling spring first drew people to Crab Orchard.

They came to "take the waters," and, because they knew good living and enjoyed it, the local hotel strove to make their visit memorable with such tempting Southern delicacies as barbecued squirrel, delectable pohickory, or roast 'possum and candied yams.

And there was something else—a straight bourbon whiskey, rich and ruddy, of a flavor which even the flower of old-time Kentucky's gentility praised.

To find this particular whiskey, the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel had searched far and wide, and finally—from a little distillery up Louisville way—had a private supply shipped in by the barrel. It wasn't a widely famous whiskey then. It wasn't even bottled or labeled. It was only in later years that it came to be known as Crab Orchard whiskey.

The name Crab Orchard might never have leaped to nationwide favor, except for one thing.

It stood for a whiskey which was not only rich and mellow—not only made in the good old-fashioned way, straight as a string, *but also economical.*

And suddenly, after repeal, all America wanted such a whiskey.

In a few brief weeks, the name and goodness of Crab Orchard whiskey was on a million tongues, and this one-time local favorite is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

**Kentucky straight whiskey**
**Made the good old-fashioned way**
**Smooth and satisfying to taste**
**Sold at a price anyone can pay**

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